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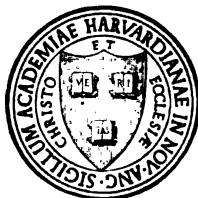
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THE
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A Magazine of General Literature.

EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

NINETEENTH YEARLY VOLUME,

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NOTICE.

The many kind friends who take a personal interest in the prosperity of this Magazine can serve it best by forwarding at once their subscription of Seven Shillings for the year 1892, to the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin.

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1891.

THOMAS DAVIS.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN.

THE eighteenth yearly volume of this Magazine was brought to a close last month with a brief tribute of love and admiration to the memory of Mr Justice O'Hagan, who died on the 12th of November. That volume contained his last verses—"The Children's Ballad Rosary." Our present volume must begin with his last prose. It was written for an English review—*The Contemporary*—as its opening sentences imply; but it is reprinted here at the suggestion of the person most concerned in it among the living, and with the consent of the author, given a week or two before his death.

* * * *

The name of Thomas Davis has begun to be known in England as that of a young Irish patriot of a past generation, the foremost of the Young Ireland party of his day, fervent in his passion for Irish nationality, yet from his personal qualities winning the esteem of those who differed widely from his opinions. He died in his thirty-first year, in 1845—that is, three years before what is commonly regarded as the Young Ireland era, 1848. A few years ago Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in his historical work named "Young Ireland," gave a vivid portraiture of his early friend and associate, with the story of his public life, so far as that term could be applied to one who cared nothing for publicity. Sir Gavan Duffy has now published a full and most interesting biography, tracing his career throughout, and giving large extracts from his private letters, which disclose the inmost thoughts and aspirations of the man. Some months ago an admirably chosen selection from his prose works was published in the Camelot Series, edited by Mr. T. W. Rolleston. Take also the little volume of his poems brought out shortly after his death by his friend Mr. Thomas Wallis, and frequently reprinted. From these sources

we have the means of judging what he was. It is a study of interest to all who prize men of the stamp of Davis, of whatsoever land or race. It is one of deep import to all who desire to have a real discernment of the Irish question.

The biography is in itself a remarkable phenomenon. We have an author who has held the highest political positions in Australia, and who during his long life has had the widest and most varied experience of men in both hemispheres. He now, in his old age, turns to the friend and fellow-labourer of his youth, not with admiration merely or the tenderest affection, but with all the reverential attitude of a disciple to his teacher. In Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, the master looks down in a kindly but somewhat contemptuous fashion upon his scholar. Sir Gavan Duffy can hardly permit the least breath of criticism or disparagement to mingle with his veneration. He speaks of Davis as the best man he had ever known. And of the repute in which he is held at this hour, he says in the first page of his work: "If the educated Irishmen of to-day of all classes and parties were to name the man who came nearest their ideal of an Irish patriot, no one born in the century now drawing to a close would combine so many suffrages as Davis."

And yet what was he? A barrister who never pursued his profession, an anonymous journalist, a writer of verses signed with a pseudonym, a man who never entered Parliament nor spoke from a platform, nor courted popularity in any way. He almost seemed born to realise the prophecy once made concerning a young man's future. "He has fine gifts," it was said, "but he has no vanity, no avarice, no ambition—he will never come to anything." Such cynical predictions are too hard even upon this poor world of ours. It was by the very absence of selfish passions, by the concentration of his nature upon one unselfish aim, that Davis won during his life the devoted allegiance of a band of close friends and ardent disciples, and since his death has drawn to him the admiration of his countrymen in ever widening circles. At this day among the body of his people there is scarcely a line of his which would not be cited as a guiding light which no Irishman should gainsay. In the far too scanty literary furniture of Irish households, you are almost sure to find the verse and prose of Davis.

He was by birth and long descent a Protestant, and always adhered to that faith. His family and early surroundings were of the well-known Irish Tory type having no part in the ideals of the English Cavaliers, but full of the old hide-bound prejudices against everything Catholic and Celtic. He afterwards loved to trace two diverse currents of descent, one from the Kymri of Wales, and the other

from the Gaelic clan O'Sullivan; and he adopted the name of "The Celt" as his literary signature. But these rivulets of his blood had little effect on the formation of his opinions. He was educated in Trinity College, at that day a hotbed of Orangeism, now happily much changed. Like Swift and Burke, he never competed for college honours, but he was an omnivorous reader, chiefly of moral and political philosophy and of history, above all Irish history. His earliest political views, formed independently, were Benthamite-Radical, a class of opinion which he came afterwards heartily to detest. His deliverer from that barren coast was not, as with many of his juniors, Carlyle, but Wordsworth. The ideals he found in Wordsworth, especially the ideal of a pure and exalted love of country, took full possession of him. This must have been early, when he was two or three and twenty, at most. Sir Gavan Duffy heard of his having derived his patriotic ideas from three young men, his seniors, in Trinity College—Francis Kearney, Thomas Wallis, and Torrens McCullagh (all Protestants), who reflected the lingering rays of the Protestant patriotism of 1782, and even of 1798. It may be so; but the mass of reading upon Irish subjects which Davis must have hived before 1840 would seem to show rather that his mind was working in the same direction and at the same time with theirs. In that year, at six-and-twenty, he delivered his address as President of the College Historical Society, then meeting outside the walls. Sir Gavan Duffy reminds us that at that time O'Connell was trying out his experiment of alliance with the Whigs. Repeal was in a sleep like death, nor was there even a whisper to presage the storm of national feeling which in two years more was about to shake the island to its centre. From this address considerable extracts are given in the biography, and Mr. Rolleston has printed it entire. It is remarkable for the acquisition it displays and the maturity of the views which it presents. But most remarkable of all is its patriotism. In the whirlwind of the monster meetings, in the zenith of the success of the *Nation*, when he was the acknowledged head and leader of the Young Ireland phalanx, he was more buoyant, sanguine, and elated, but not more devoted to his cause, than in that ebb-tide of Irish national aspiration.

"I do not fear that any of you will be found among Ireland's foes. To her every energy should be consecrated. Were she prosperous, she would have many to serve her, though their hearts were cold in the cause. But it is because her people lie down in misery and rise to suffer, it is therefore you should be more deeply devoted. Your country will, I fear, need all your devotion. She has no foreign friend. Beyond the limits of green Erin there is none to aid her. She may gain by the feuds of the stranger; she cannot hope for his peaceful help, be he distant, be he near; her trust is in her sons. You are Irishmen. She relies on

your devotion; she solicits it by her present distraction and misery. No! her past distraction—her present woe. We have no more war-bills; we have a mendicant bill for Ireland. The poor- and the pest-house are full, yet the valleys of her country and the streets of her metropolis swarm with the starving. Her poet has described her:—

‘More dear in her sorrow, her gloom and her showers,
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours.’

And if she be miserable, if ‘homely age hath the alluring beauty took from her poor cheek,’ then who hath wasted it? The stranger from without, by means of the traitor within. Perchance ’tis a fanciful thing, yet in the misfortunes of Ireland, in her laurelled martyrs, in those who died ‘persecuted men for a persecuted country,’ in the necessity she was under of bearing the palms to deck her best to the scaffold-foot and the lost battle-field, she has seemed to be chastened for some great future. I have thought I saw her spirit from her dwelling, her sorrowing place among the tombs, rising, not without melancholy, yet with a purity and brightness beyond other nations, and I thought that God had made her purpose firm and her heart just; and I know that if He had, small though she were, His angels would have charge over her, ‘lest at any time she should dash her foot against a stone.’ And I have prayed that I might live to see the day when, amid the reverence of those, once her foes, her sons would—

‘Like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one foot-stalk of right:
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.’”

When Davis sent a copy of this address to Wordsworth, the latter, praising it in other respects, found fault with it as containing “too much insular patriotism.” Strange limitation of the minds of men! To the poet of the purest patriotism it seemed censurable that Davis should feel for *his* country “as a lover or a child.”

Another paper, written at a later period and published in the *Dublin Magazine*, is particularly notable at the present time. It is a study of the land system of Norway, termed “Udalism and Feudalism,” based chiefly on the writings of Mr. Laing. The greater part of this essay is given by Mr. Rolleston. It is a forceful and well-reasoned paper in favour of the system of peasant proprietary. Half a century ago Thomas Davis demanded for Ireland a land reform which was subsequently advocated by John Stuart Mill and John Bright, and which the Governments of this day have been strenuously endeavouring to carry into effect.

Sir Gavan Duffy has narrated in his “Young Ireland” the story of the founding of the *Nation* newspaper. It is told more circumstantially in the present memoir. The journal was planned during a walk in the Phoenix Park by himself, Davis, and John Dillon, in the autumn of 1842. All who remember Dillon will echo what Davis

said of him to another friend, "It is impossible to express all that there is to love in that man." He had not the abounding and restless energy of Davis, but he united a lofty enthusiasm with great lucidity of intellect and an unvarying candour. He seemed incapable of the least sophistry or insincerity, giving the fullest weight to arguments used against him, and replying always directly, and generally with calmness, though where his feelings as well as his convictions were enlisted, he did not fail to show it. He had succeeded Davis as President of the College Historical Society, and his address was devoted to a defence of patriotism perhaps even more consistently thought out and more impressive in its language than Davis's own. Sir Gavan Duffy gives several passages from this address, which to many English readers may seem mere Irish rhetoric of a bygone day. They expressed the conviction of the speaker, in his inmost heart and soul, the conviction of his associates, the latent, unspoken, but deep-seated conviction of nine-tenths of his countrymen.

With the establishment of the *Nation* came Davis's three years of prodigious activity, to end but with his death. His great desire was to write a history of Ireland, but this object was thrust aside by the necessities of the hour. Sir Gavan Duffy's memoir shows us all that he did and designed; brain, heart, and hand working together in the one cause and towards the one goal. Strange to say, a new fountain sprang forth. He had never been known to write a line of verse before the establishment of the *Nation*, but now, in the midst of all his other labours, he enriched that journal with a profusion of songs and ballads in a high degree vigorous and glowing, and at times full of tenderness and pathos. Amongst the poets of "the Spirit of the Nation" he held the first rank. Amongst all his Irish contemporaries, perhaps only two could be named who surpassed him, Clarence Mangan and Sir Samuel Ferguson. His early Wordsworthianism was now totally put aside. Thoughtful philosophy he deemed unsuited for the time.*

One of Davis's favourite projects was a ballad history of Ireland—that is, a series of poems in ballad form, giving in a vivid way the main events of Irish history, especially those of which the Irish might be justly proud. In this path, however, he himself was the chief workman. Duffy did a few ballads, such as the "Muster of the

* In some hastily written instructions designed for a few friends making an excursion through parts of Ireland, he concluded by writing in large letters, "No tea—no metaphysical poetry," an injunction, by-the-way, very imperfectly obeyed in either case.

North" and "Laurence O'Toole's Address to his Countrymen," but the great mass of the series were from the pen of Davis alone.

Another project on which he was passionately bent was the revival of Irish music, the fulfilment of the idea which Moore had in large degree accomplished, the marriage of the old Irish airs with modern words to be sung by the people. In this task he had for his chief coadjutors William Elliott Hudson and John Edward Pigot.*

Poetry and music, however, were the occupation of his comparatively leisure hours. He was full of more prosaic labours. The development of the industrial resources of Ireland, the revival of her manufactures, her shipping interests, her land tenure, the education of her people, high and low—all these in turn occupied him, and all were ancillary to his one dominating idea, the restoration of his country to herself. For personal notoriety he cared nothing. He not only did not seek it, but deliberately avoided it. He never mounted a platform, but he worked assiduously in the Committees of the Repeal Association. All this was in addition to his weekly articles on the passing events of the hour.

Did he believe in the success of his cause? Unquestionably he believed in it. Of its ultimate triumph he never doubted. It is true that before his death, when there was an inevitable lull in the agitation, he began to doubt of its proximate advent, and to think that even another generation might have to be passed before the people were sufficiently educated and prepared. But in the height of the movement, in the tempest of the monster meetings, amid the fervour of his own associates, he undoubtedly looked forward to "a sterner ending." His personal aspirations were embodied in his well-known lines :

"The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in prostrate men ;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown.
No more I'll sing, nor idly pine,
But train my soul to lead a line :
A soldier's life's the life for me,
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free."

If Davis had lived to our day, no one would have more clearly discerned and denounced the madness of such an enterprise. But at

* John E. Pigot, son of the distinguished lawyer who was for many years Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. John Pigot was among the warmest and closest friends of Davis, as the correspondence given in the memoir shows. He was a man of great talent, and the highest purity and honour. He died in middle age, after a successful career at the bar in India.

that time it seemed to him far from desperate. Arms of precision had not been invented. The Celtic Irish numbered close on seven millions. The recollection was still comparatively recent of what the single county of Wexford had done in 1798. Nor did he look forward to such armed strife as arising from set conspiracy and design, but as the inevitable outcome of the determination of the Irish on the one hand to redress the iniquity of the Union, and of the English on the other to refuse the Irish demand.

But so far from rejecting the idea of a pacific settlement, he urged and welcomed it with all his heart. And that, not only in the form of simple repeal which was O'Connell's programme, but of federalism, an arrangement to which many of the most thoughtful intellects of Ireland were then seriously inclining. The sixth and seventh chapters of Sir Gavan Duffy's book detail the efforts made for the creation of a Federalist party standing midway between the Repealers and the Whigs. Davis himself published an anonymous letter to the Duke of Wellington written in the character of a Federalist, in which he expounds these ideas :

"It is not impossible to combine an Irish Legislature for local purposes with the integrity and foreign importance of the empire. A local Parliament granted soon, and in a kindly and candid spirit, would be fairly worked, and would conciliate that large and varied body which, from wisdom, or want, or patriotism, or ambition, are intolerant of having their local laws made, and their local offices filled, by Englishmen. Allow them to try their hands and heads at self-government ; it will consume their passions, and, unless they are blockheads, will diminish their sufferings. Aid them by advice. You are an Irishman and a consummate genius—you might have been a hero. Do not lose your last opportunity. Believe me, my lord, if you and half a dozen men of business—Imperialists, Federalists, and Repealers—were to sit down in earnest to devise a plan for satisfying the wants and calls of Ireland for local government, while you guaranteed the integrity of the empire, you would accomplish your object without much difficulty, and disappoint the foreign foes of that empire who justly regard Ireland as an ally."

But it is not merely that he would have joyfully welcomed a just and pacific compromise ; he was willing and even eager to accept in the meantime any legislation at the hands of an English Minister which he believed to be beneficial. A striking instance was his attitude with respect to the Queen's Colleges. He welcomed them most zealously, as did the greater number of the Young Ireland party. Education was a crying necessity for Ireland. Her position in that respect, arising from the hateful exclusiveness of her past government, was disgraceful in the extreme. The Catholic Bishops did not accept Sir Robert Peel's proposal, because they looked at the measure, as they were bound to do, from a religious point of view, and they deemed that the Colleges did not afford sufficient security for the

faith and morals of the inmates. That idea was naturally external to Davis, who on national grounds desired to see young Irishmen of different creeds educated together. It is not to the merits of the controversy I desire to draw attention, but to the character of Davis. So little had he of the demagogue or self-seeker, that he stood up against O'Connell and the body of his countrymen, and confronted unpopularity amongst the people he loved, all in favour of a measure of the Englished Minister which he believed would serve Ireland. The passage of arms between him and O'Connell upon this subject is told with graphic detail by Sir Gavan Duffy. Davis became excited to the extent of shedding tears.

Of all the phenomena of the mind of Davis, none is more noteworthy than his attitude towards the "mechanical civilisation," as he terms it, of the nineteenth century. I have mentioned his early Benthamism and his revolt against it. Next to his love of Ireland, his dominant feeling became a hatred of what he deemed to be the tendency of England towards a progress of an unspiritual and sordid type. In one of his essays published by Mr. Rolleston he says :

"There was one civilisation in Ireland. We never were very eminent, to be sure, for manufactures in metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet was Ireland civilised. Strange thing ! says some one whose ideas of civilisation are identical with carpets and cut-glass, fine masonry, and the steam engine ; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honoured by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the Continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Without going into the disputed question of whether the Irish Church was or was not independent of Rome, it is certain that Italy did not send out more apostles from the fifth to the ninth centuries than did Ireland, and we find their names and achievements remembered through the Continent.

* * * * *

"Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilised because mechanical arts were rude, and 'comforts' despised by them ?

"Scattered through the country in MS. are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds and manners and poetry of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. Their music lives in the traditional airs of every valley.

"Yet *mechanical civilisation*, more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and therefore it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral

home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past.”

In one of his familiar letters given in the memoir, he expresses this opinion more openly and vehemently :

“ The machinery at present working for repeal could never, under circumstances like the present, achieve it ; but circumstances must change. Within ten or fifteen years England must be in peril. Assuming this much, I argue thus. Modern Anglicism—i.e., Utilitarianism, the creed of Russell and Peel, as well as of the Radicals—this thing, call it Yankeeism or Englishism, which measures prosperity by exchangeable value, measures duty by gain, and limits desire to clothes, food, and respectability,—this — thing has come into Ireland under the Whigs, and is equally the favourite of the ‘ Peel ’ Tories. It is believed in the political assemblies in our cities, preached from our pulpits (always Utilitarian or persecuting) ; it is the very Apostles’ Creed of the professions, and threatens to corrupt the lower classes, who are still faithful and romantic. To use every literary and political engine against this seems to me the first duty of an Irish patriot who can foresee consequences.”

He must not be misunderstood. He did not slight or make little of material progress if it were duly subordinated, not deified. On the contrary, he looked eagerly towards a condition of greater comfort and independence for the peasantry, towards the advance of Ireland in industry, in manufactures suited to her, in material well-being of every kind. His admirable paper on Sir Robert Kane’s “ Industrial Resources of Ireland ” clearly demonstrates this. It concludes thus :

“ Why, then, are we a poor province ? Dr. Kane quotes Forbes, Quetelet, &c., to prove the physical strength of our people. He might have quoted every officer who commanded them to prove their courage and endurance ; nor is there much doubt expressed even by their enemies of their being quick and inventive. Their soil is productive—the rivers and harbours good—their fishing opportunities great—so is their means of making internal communications across their great central plains. We have immense water, and considerable fire power ; and, besides the minerals necessary for the arts of peace, we are better supplied than almost any country with the finer sorts of iron, charcoal and sulphur, wherewith war is now carried on. Why is it, with these means of amassing and guarding wealth, that we are so poor and paltry ? Dr. Kane thinks we are so from want of industrial education. He is partly right. The remote causes were repeated foreign invasion, forfeiture, and tyrannous laws. Ignorance, disunion, self-distrust, quick credulity, and caprice were the weaknesses engendered in us by misfortune and misgovernment ; and they were then the allies of oppression ; for, had we been willing, we had long ago been rich and free. Knowledge is now within our reach if we work steadily ; and strength of character will grow upon us by every month of perseverance and steadiness in politics, trade, and literature.”

But *le cœur c’est le fond*. What a man loves or a people love is the test of what is in him or them. To love their country, to love religion, charity, hospitality, to love poetry and art—all this is in the

highest degree beautiful and desirable, and these traits Davis believed that he found in the ancient, unobliterated character of his countrymen. To have the heart in material wealth was the abhorred thing which he dreaded for his country more than her being steeped in penury for centuries.

All this is surely no more than has been preached by Wordsworth, by Ruskin, by Carlyle. It has been preached to his countrymen, in a series of poems at once highly spiritual and highly national, by the purest as well as the foremost of Ireland's modern poets, Aubrey de Vere.

To speak of Davis as a revolutionist, in the modern sense of that word, would be grievously to misjudge him and his fellows. He sympathised no doubt with the great French Revolution as the sweeping away of an old system grown rotten; nor had he come to see in his brief lifetime what a mass of evil principles that Revolution bore in its bosom. He was excited, too, by the national and military virtues which it awakened. In these aspects it was to him an exalting and ennobling movement. But for "the Revolution," the blind, levelling, envious, anarchic forces which are the awful menace of our time, he could feel nothing but repugnance.

Mr. Thackeray, who knew nothing of him, once descended to a personal attack upon him in the pages of *Punch*. He described him as a statesman such as Europe had not produced *since Marat*. Davis, as his manner was, did not reply or defend himself, and Thackeray had the good feeling to omit the article from his collected works. Davis was a revolutionist as Milton or Somers or Manzoni or Deak was, hating evil government, but loving law and an ordered social hierarchy embodied in a nation and existing for her good. In the best sense, he was Conservative. When some belated Radical took to abusing Southey in his old age on the worn-out charge of apostacy, Davis in the columns of the *Nation*, though he addressed an audience who knew nothing of Southey save from his calumniators, fearlessly defended him. In abandoning the false and visionary notions of his youth, and devoting himself with thorough loyalty to all he deemed highest in the past of England, Southey, he maintained, had acted like a man of genius and a patriot. The mechanical civilisation which he hated, was hated by Southey also.

For the later details of his life, and the history of his illness and unexpected death, the reader must be referred to Sir Gavan Duffy's work. The story may be condensed into very brief space. He was worn with overwork. He caught a chill, which took a feverish turn. He thought the illness could be shaken off by vigorous exercise, and instead of hoarding his strength, exhausted it by taking a long solitary

walk. Fever or scarlatina came upon him before he was aware of his danger, and in a week he was dead. To his own friends and party, the blow was stunning. But the height and purity of his character and aims had made him appreciated by the best men of all parties, and they united to do honour to his memory. He had ever preached in prose and verse that, as Ireland had a claim to the allegiance of every man of whatever race or creed born upon her soil, so from Irishman to Irishman all hope, all tolerance, all conciliation were due. *The anti-Irish Irishman* he regarded as an abnormal and unnatural being, the legacy of an evil past, who could have no existence in a self-contained country. His friend Mr. Wallis, who edited his poems, cited Byron's beautiful lines on Marceau as portraying both the man himself and the spirit in which friends and adversaries gathered round his bier :

“ Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons : he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.”

It adds keenly to the pathos of his death that he was on the threshold of the highest personal happiness. He was about to be united to a beautiful and highly cultivated girl, his engagement with whom was the fruit of deep and mutual love.*

His most striking personal trait was what the Italians express by the word *gentilezza*, a graciousness of nature and manner which never failed to attract ; and he kept himself true to his nature. He had the poet's hate of hate and scorn of scorn. Sir Gavan Duffy gives one instance in which he inflicted well-merited chastisement on a literary *ghoul* who had defamed Thomas Campbell the poet, after his death. But on personal grounds he fell out with no one, hardly seemed to heed attacks upon himself, and went on increasing the circle of his friends until his death.

What is the final judgment to be given upon his character and career ? For Irishmen nothing can be added to the tribute couched

* Our Magazine claims the credit of having first revealed the sweet name of Annie Hutton, in publishing two interesting batches of “ Letters of Thomas Davis ” (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. XVI., pp. 261, 335). Further information about “ the Betrothed of Thomas Davis ” is given at page 443 of our eighteenth volume (1890).—Ed. *I. M.*

in almost matchless language by Sir Gavan Duffy in his "Young Ireland," and reproduced in the present memoir :

"Judging him now, a generation after his death, when years and communion with the world have tempered the exaggerations of youthful friendship, I can confidently say that I have not known a man so nobly gifted as Thomas Davis. If his articles had been spoken speeches, his reputation as an orator would have rivalled Grattan's, and the beauty and vigour of his style were never employed for mere show, as they sometimes were by Grattan; he fired not rockets, but salvos of artillery. If his programmes and reports, which were the plans and specifications of much of the best work done in his day, had been habitually associated with his name, his practical genius would have ranked as high as O'Connell's. Among his comrades who were poets he would have been chosen Laureate, though poetry was only his pastime. And these gifts leave his rarest qualities untold. What he was as a friend, so tender, so helpful, so steadfast, no description will paint. His comrades had the same careless confidence in him men have in the operations of Nature, where irregularity and aberration do not exist. Like Burke and Berkeley, he inspired and controlled all who came within the range of his influence, without aiming to lead or dominate. He was singularly modest and unselfish. In a long life I have never known any man remotely resemble him in these qualities. The chief motive-power of a party and a cause, labouring for them as a man of exemplary industry labours in his calling, he not only never claimed any recognition or reward, but discouraged allusion to his services by those who knew them best. Passionate enthusiasm is apt to become prejudice, but in Davis it was controlled not only by a disciplined judgment, but by a fixed determination to be just. He brought to political controversy a fairness previously unexampled in Ireland. In all his writings there will not be found a single sentence reflecting ungenerously on any human being. He had set himself the task of building up a nation, a task not beyond his strength, had fortune been kind. Now that the transactions of that day have fallen into their natural perspective, now that we know what has perished and what survives of its conflicting opinions, we may plainly see that, imperfectly as they knew him, the Irish race—the grown men of 1845—in the highest diapason of their passions, in the widest range of their capacity for action or endurance, were represented and embodied in Thomas Davis better than in any man then living. He had predicted a revolution; and if fundamental change in the ideas which move and control a people be a revolution, then his prediction was already accomplished. In conflicts of opinion near at hand a prodigious change made itself manifest, traceable to teaching of which he was the chief exponent. During his brief career, scarcely exceeding three years, he had administered no office of authority, mounted no tribune, published no books, or next to none, and marshalled no following; but with the simplest agencies, in the columns of a newspaper, in casual communication with his friends and contemporaries, he made a name which, after a generation, is still recalled with enthusiasm or tears, and will be dear to students and patriots while there is an Irish people." *

But what is to be thought of him by those who are not his countrymen? Is he to be dealt with as a mere enthusiast, one of the succession of devoted and unselfish men who have dedicated themselves to

an idea, lived in it—possibly died for it—but to whom as martyrs of lost causes mankind can afford to yield little but a sigh? So to consider it would be a grave error. Davis was in his day the spokesman and representative of one of the most vivid and enduring sentiments that ever held possession of a section of the human race, Irish love of country.

Tolerance and fair-play, it has been often said, are the favourite virtues of the weaker party. Arrogance is the eternal temptation of the strong. Educated Irishmen could fully appreciate the magnificent passages of Shakespeare, the ballads of Drayton, the prose of Milton, the sonnets of Wordsworth, in which love of country and exalted zeal for her welfare are immortally bodied forth; but what did they find on the other side? A height of scorn and loathing which almost defied expression. It seemed as if the famous aphorism of Dr. Johnson (himself the sturdiest of patriots) was made for the patriots of Ireland alone. Her ancient kings and chieftains, her lawgivers and saints, were only mentioned to be the theme of vulgar ridicule. How often in those days, on hearing the enthusiastic words of Englishmen about their own country, must an Irishman have recalled the bitter words of Achilles:

“Of mortals are there none that love their wives,
Save Atreus’ sons alone? or do not all
Who boast the praise of sense and virtue love
And cherish each his own.” †

Even when the old dogged John Bullism, in its contemptuous attitude towards foreigners, became mollified, and there was full sympathy for the national feelings of Italy, Hungary, Germany, the claim of Irishmen to have a country of their affections still provoked a sneer. Even now it is spoken of as a factitious feeling, and in great degree of modern growth, because so long as Ireland was divided into petty kingdoms or chieftaincies, no true Irish patriotism, it is said, could have existed. But this is a confusion of thought. No doubt the allegiance of the clansman was due to his own chief, that of the chief to his immediate king. Quarrels, wars, raids, bloody acts and bloody reprisals were inevitable, and were chanted in the songs of bards and told in the legends of Seannachies. These are features common to all primitive communities, and even existing in the feudal organisation of the Middle Ages.

“In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died.”

† *Iliad* ix., Lord Derby’s translation.

But through all, and with a tenderness almost unknown elsewhere, which found its expression in terms of the greatest endearment, was the affection for the mother-isle which embraced them all, Erin, or Banba, or Inisfail. The very books of their laws, such as the Book of Rights, defining the mutual obligations towards one another of kings and vassals, breathe of this feeling. We may recall the incident narrated by Montalembert in his *Life of St. Columba*. The saint first chose for the seat of his missionary labours in the Hebrides, an island from which the coast of Ireland was visible. But the sight of that beloved shore created a yearning in his own breast and that of his monks too strong to permit him to pray in peace. He therefore removed to Iona, where the view of Ireland was lost. The Irish feeling became intensified by the English conquest. The letter of Donald O'Neill to the Pope in the fourteenth century contains the same tale of wrong as that of the Chevalier Wogan to Swift in the eighteenth. The Irish poetry of the Jacobite period is all cast in one mould—a lament for the wrongs of Ireland, personified as a beautiful and unhappy woman, deserted by her friends and crushed down by her enemies. Since the days of St. Columba thirteen hundred years have passed, and the same *storge* is as keen at this day in the breasts of the emigrant Irish in every quarter of the globe. To attribute this deep-seated, ineradicable love of country to the speeches of O'Connell, or the melodies of Moore, or the songs of Young Ireland, or the writings of such a man as Davis, is to confound the deathless plant with the dying fruit. There it is, not to be trodden out, not to be conjured away. The last is fallacious as the first. The hope that the satisfaction of his land hunger, the absolute property in his own piece of land (however great a good it may be in itself), is to make the peasant's heart dead to the intuitive love of country which has survived through countless generations, will end, as so many others have ended, in a confession of failure—a failure, it may be said, springing from the inveterate root of error—the assumption that Englishmen know better what Ireland wants than Irishmen do themselves.

Nor is the old enchantment wholly dead which won those who came as conquerors to feel as natives. It is true that many obstacles—diversity of religion, fear, the habit and tradition of ascendancy—have prevented the children of the last wave of conquerors becoming, like their predecessors, more Irish than the Irish themselves. Yet even upon them the spell had begun to work. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century they were ceasing to be, as Swift termed them, English settled in Ireland, and were adopting the very traditions of the natives. They set up busts of Irish kings and lawgivers. They

cultivated Irish music, and wrote love-songs with sweet Irish burthens. To enter into the causes which at the parting of the ways drove them backwards and made them prefer the continuance of the phantom of their old domination to a freedom shared with a mass of their fellow-countrymen, would go far beyond the limits of this paper. A remnant only adhered to Irish nationality in any political sense. But there was another field into which men of the highest talents and culture eagerly cast themselves. They devoted great talent and unsparing labour to the elucidation of ancient Ireland, to the preservation of her truly wonderful monuments of ancient art, of those specimens of work in the precious metals unique as they are beautiful, and now confessed to be in their kind unsurpassed; and to the laws, customs, language, and social history of the centuries which preceded and followed the invasion down to the final conquest.

The *Transactions* of the Royal Irish Academy, and its wonderful museum, are the fruits of these labours. For the men and the work Davis had the highest admiration.

And this leads to the last consideration. Many who desire to adopt neither tone or attitude towards Ireland save what is fair and friendly, speak as follows. "We regret," they say, "the contemptuous and illiberal spirit assumed by Englishmen towards the patriotism of Ireland. But that is also passing away under the light of better knowledge and better feeling. We are beginning to see that it is right that Irishmen should hold their country dear, and that she should be the more endeared to them by her sufferings. Moreover, we are no longer blind to all that Ireland has to be proud of in the past; her band of missionaries who converted a great part of Europe; her schools and scholars who were the light of a dark age; the treasures of ancient art spoken of above; the writers, soldiers, statesmen, to whom she has given birth in later ages. All this is the natural fountain of just and laudable feelings. But why not rest in this? Look at Scotland. No more intensely patriotic people exists. And it is not so long since English feelings and expressions towards them were almost as illiberal as they continued to be towards the Irish. If England has learned not only to tolerate, but absolutely to adopt and make herself one with Scottish feeling as embodied in Burns and Scott, and other great writers of that land; and if the Scotch, on their side, are content with this, and have their strong national sentiment thus fully satisfied, while they are fused politically with England as regards Legislature and Government; why should it not be so with Ireland, at least after a little time?" On this view it is right that some observations should be made.

What a country instinctively desires of its Government is, beyond everything else, that it should be representative; the mirror in which her best aims, aspirations, and tendencies are reflected, as well as the hand and instrument for carrying them into effect. In a land mistress of herself, the most unpardonable of sins in a statesman is not to place his country before all. He may or may not be capable of much sentiment upon the subject, but he must act as if he possessed it. That he shall so act is ensured by his responsibility to the Legislature. Political parties, wars of ins and outs, are all subordinate to this primary condition. It is so, not only in countries absolutely independent, but also in free colonies, as Sir Gavan Duffy himself has so powerfully shown in his writings on colonial affairs. It is this necessary of life which is denied to Ireland, the want of which she feels in every pore. Among the long list of fleeting Viceroys and Secretaries, chosen by the hands of English parties for party motives, far be it from me to say that many have not been just and upright in intention; but the system is one which absolutely forbids them to make the good of Ireland their first object. The interests of their party are necessarily paramount, and they bow before the public opinion, not of Ireland, but of Westminster and the press of England. This is so true as to be incapable of denial. To have this fundamentally reversed, to have an Irish Minister enter on his task of government, not only armed with a life-long knowledge of the country, but in a spirit of sympathy with her and devotion to her welfare—this is the passionate desire of Ireland, which she will never be at rest till she obtains. Lord Salisbury declared in one of his speeches that the really vital question was not so much the Irish Legislature as the Irish Executive. Though he meant it as an argument on the adverse side, it is completely true. But a national Executive without a national Legislature to control and guide it, is a chimera.

As for Scotland, she has solved the question, or it has been solved for her, in another fashion. Partly by the terms of her Union (a compact, not a new conquest), partly by the wise concessions of England, she has long ago practically obtained the result of being governed *ab intra*. There is nothing which the Scottish people, or the great majority of them, have desired that has not been done, almost as a matter of course, without the hateful necessity of a convulsion to extort it. No such solution is possible in the case of Ireland. Her whole past history forbids the expectation of it. She will be contented and the friend of England on the day when she obtains the leisure and the power to devote herself to her own internal affairs. The antipathy to England will, as all

example teaches, die with the causes that produced it. Otherwise, there is no hope indeed that it may not last till the grandson of the youngest of the present generation sinks into the grave, and that grandson's grandson, and for an indefinite future beyond.

"When Nature cast the two islands side by side in the bosom of the Atlantic," says Gustave de Beaumont, "she linked them indissolubly together." True, but the Union, if it is to be pregnant with aught but ruin to both, must be one of affection, not of force.

To have discerned and proclaimed these truths is the glory of the foremost statesman of our time. To descend from power, to relinquish for years the government of a mighty Empire and a personal position of undisputed authority and pre-eminence, to bear the postponement of all that his fertile brain conceived of progress and reform at home, in order that he might lay the foundation of the future peace and welfare of that Empire in a thorough reconciliation with Ireland—this is an act of greatness for which in the annals of statesmen, past and present, we might look in vain for a parallel.

Thomas Davis was prepared to be a rebel against England if she sought to repress his country by armed force. But even then he was ever found to welcome the least breath of amity. At the commencement of the Repeal agitation of 1843, the *Times* had one of those rare articles which at far too distant intervals have appeared in its columns, breathing a spirit of friendship and generous appreciation towards the Irish. Articles had appeared at the same time in other English journals, which seemed literally steeped in gall. It was proposed to him to reprint the letter so as to intensify anti-English feeling. "No," he said, "I will not do so. I would far rather republish that kindly article in the *Times*. Why should we unnecessarily augment bitterness of feeling?"

Such was he. Such would he be if he were living at this hour. The notion of Ireland subsisting at this day as an independent nation would be discarded by him as an impossible chimera, and the hope of being united to England through the medium of Home Rule would have no more enthusiastic adherent.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

ALTAR LIGHTS.

AN altar and an altar stone
 Within my heart are set for Thee,
 Carven and pale, and thereupon
 My separate loves shall be
 Candles whose lights are bright in Thee.

 Draw the flames upward high and higher.
 Ever towards Thee, ever towards Thee,
 Into clear tongues of lucent fire
 Golden and pure to see,
 Steady where many winds shall be.

 No earth-born vapours come to mar
 My lights immortal : they shall rise
 One day beyond the farthest star,
 In the Lord's Paradise,
 Making a hidden altar's eyes.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

FATHER DAMIAN.

ON READING A MEMOIR OF HIM SHORTLY AFTER HIS DEATH.

AS comes a shaft of light through densest gloom,
 And purest breath through air which foul things taint ;
 As to the ear and heart speaks music faint,
 'Mid noise of revellers in crowded room ;
 As to the eye, refreshed, appears the bloom
 Of real flowers by those that fingers paint :
 So comes, speaks, seems thy history, Priest and Saint,
 To me, to thousands weeping o'er thy tomb.

Thy bright faith pierces night of unbelief,
 And thy sweet virtue, atmosphere of sin ;
 Thy love is like to that of Christ thy Chief,
 Not to the world's, which self-love doth control ;
 Thy gentle words, amid earth's senseless din,
 Whisper of Heaven and thither draw the soul.

G. T.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Born Dowth Castle, Co. Meath, June 28, 1844: Died Hull, Massachusetts, August 10, 1890.

IT is no easy task for a friend to write of his dead friend. The profound emotion which swept over America on the announcement of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly has silenced the more individual tributes to his memory. Yet I must claim a brief hearing on the score of my debt of gratitude for services he rendered me in public and private, and I hope that these personal recollections may be welcome on account of the noble Irishman round whom they cling.

On first setting foot in Boston, I called at the *Pilot* office with one of O'Reilly's best friends—a distinguished countryman of ours. The editor was not at work, so we followed him to Young's restaurant (where he used to meet Emerson, Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, and many a lesser star). As he rose from his seat my visionary picture of the dauntless rebel faded before the reality. I knew the leading incidents of his wonderful career, as a Methodist parson, Rev. Louis Banks, has summarised them. "At thirteen a student in school at Drogheda, Ireland; at seventeen a stenographer in England; at nineteen a private soldier in the Irish Hussars; at twenty-two lying in a dungeon in Dublin, condemned to death for treason against Great Britain; at twenty-four a nameless convict in a criminal colony in Western Australia; at twenty-five in Philadelphia without friends and without money; at thirty a successful journalist and a promising poet in Boston; and at thirty-five the acknowledged leader of the Irish cause in America." This crowded life had left no line on his fine Irish face. The large, arched brow was seamless, the Irish blue eyes were clear and mild, the well-shaped head was carried with dignity. In complexion he was neither dark nor fair; his features were bold, yet refined. No beard hid the oval of his face, though he wore a heavy dark moustache. His hands were small, like an artist's. He seemed of medium height, but in his close-fitting blue suit, which showed to advantage his broad shoulders and well-knit figure, he looked the hero of his own "Moondyne."

His easy good humour made us friends at once. Though

usually thoughtful, when he relaxed his mind "he laughed all over," as one of his friends said. His delicacy of thought and feeling made his manner almost feminine. Once taken into his friendship, he made me free of his fancies and beliefs. He often made me talk when I wanted to listen, for his conversation was always a delightful surprise. Such unabashed poetry, such startling paradox (with a kernel of truth), such a sweet flow of dear recollections, like an Irish mountain stream, coloured by all it had passed through, with a sobbing music, and a glint of heaven in it! I showed him an old Irish harp, and he said: "I remember my mother playing the harp when I was a child." We almost pledged ourselves to do great things for Irish music—Irish manufactures—nay, everything Irish! We planned an Irish-American magazine, of which he sketched a masterly programme on the moment—forgetting, in his eagerness, a great dream of which he was evidently fond, "the brotherly federation of the Latin races." His fancifulness was but as the lichen on the rock of his convictions. O'Reilly, in truth, "spoke a large word in a little place," founding the free Republic of the spirit above all the ignoble strife of a sordid city.

He gave me many curious details of his adventures in Australia, and with no trace of bitterness save against the vile system that had made him a felon. His nationality was broad and tolerant; he could not hate any man who loved Ireland. I need hardly say how strong was his devotion to the land that gave him freedom and a home.

He was a founder of the Papyrus Club, the Bohemian Academy of Boston, and to the last it obeyed his welcome sway. I well remember one pleasant evening I spent there by his invitation, in company with many kindly workers in the arts and sciences. I believe a few creeds and nationalities were represented; I fear we two were the only Irish, and the only Catholics there. O'Reilly sat silent most of the time, listening with his usual quiet smile, and finally leading me into a speech. What I said is of no account, and yet I feel I must have hazily echoed O'Reilly's old-world dreams, for Boston's store of last-century mementoes in the "Old South" church had brought me back to the children's toys in the Roman catacombs, and thence to this land of ours, grey with ancient memories. As the night wore on, he drew me into argument with an able architect (English of the English), whose

good fellowship finally expanded into appreciation of the power and beauty of the *Opus Hibernicum*. O'Reilly's geniality was a force that broke down all barriers of race and creed; and I believe that some who tried to hate him for his opinions, were constrained to love him. How could they do otherwise? He had a heart for all—a heart always young.

He brought me through the fine halls of Harvard University, dwelling on everything memorable, and describing with fire and pathos the heroism of some of its students—whose portraits hung upon the walls—who had died in the Civil War. But his deepest feeling was moved when he had some illustration to give of a young soldier's sense of brotherhood with the negro. Even the old Puritans, in our easy conversation, came in for a kind word from him, for his liberality was not a mere matter of parade. He was very fond of the Harvard students, and greatly flattered to be the judge of their sports, spending many an afternoon in their gymnasium, where he seemed the youngest, and certainly the strongest and most alert, save when the redoubtable John L. Sullivan came in for a "bout with the gloves" with him. The love of courage and manliness was almost a passion with O'Reilly; and it seemed but natural that a powerful physique should be shaped on a nature so brave, a soul so true.

Editors are not usually credited with the conscientious earnestness which O'Reilly brought to his work in the *Boston Pilot*. I can see him flying up the steep office stairs, with his hands deep in his pockets in the wintry weather, and calling out cheerily to his frail young secretary, Dan O'Kane. (Poor Dan! consumption lately overtook the orphan boy; and they say that his death was hastened by the news of the loss of his benefactor). Once at his desk, O'Reilly turned the key on the outside world. His journalistic style was keen, epigrammatic, trenchant, tender—always manly and human. He drew out much of the latent talent in the little Ireland around him, and he attracted the best of our home-writers, of popular sympathies, to strengthen and sweeten his work in the land which he daily made less strange. In spite of his hearty Irish humour, his honest concern for the *Pilot's* readers made him sensitive even to a flying jest at their expense. "I am half-owner of the funds of this diocese, and responsible for half its debts," he said laughingly, referring to his share, with Archbishop Williams, in the property of the paper.

In his picturesque home on Breed's Hill the task-work of the office found no place. Apart from the traces of a woman's delicate taste in his large study, the characteristics of the man were everywhere in evidence there. A fine harvest of books, and in their midst a decorative panel—a sunset in red and gold, Celtic in boldness of colouring; in the corner a type-writer: portraits, autographs, miniature statues and friezes from the antique, in orderly profusion. Here his friends came to talk and listen, sometimes to work—often to receive the strong man's help with a word in season, for poor and rich came to O'Reilly for that charity which covereth a multitude of another's sins. In this room he wrought his poems, working far into the night; for verse did not flow easily from his pen. Speaking of a poem which I gave him, he said: "Is it possible you wrote this during your journey? I never could write on the road." His conversation was full of interesting reminiscences of men whose success is closely associated with his name—as Dr. Dwyer Joyce, so familiar to us in Ireland, whom he helped to establish in Boston, nerving that poet to his boldest flights of imagination, in "Deirdre" and "Blánid."

O'Reilly loved the arts no less than literature. I have seen him linger in undisguised delight before one fine picture in the Boston Gallery. To him was largely due the popularity of the short-lived Irish-American sculptor whose bronze statue of "the Soldier" has been adopted by several Northern towns as the national memorial of the War. O'Reilly stood by Mulvany, the battle-painter—but I cannot catalogue the many able men, of Irish birth or blood, in whose service he spent his life. It is especially to his glory that he did not give up to party "what was meant for mankind." How can I convey to those who never knew him a sense of the openness and largeness of his mind and heart? Surely the man of unrestrained speech, unconscious of the Christian law, the very Red Man of poets: surely the scientist of fine intellectual culture, who had passed from the shallows of Puritanism into that deep which his human plummet could not sound—what touch had these in common with O'Reilly? Yet they loved him as a brother.

As for the poor, the ignorant, the helpless, these naturally turned to him. Misery swarmed from the West of Ireland directly to Boston. There it was penned in, as in a Ghetto. He organised it into an army of voters: he gave it voice and

counsel ; he stirred its hungry intellect to rise above mere feverish greed and mere base content, for God and Ireland's sake. Ay, this man who had won for himself a right of way into the salons of refinement, a master of fence, ready to tilt with the most subtle brains in a young people, often spent his evenings in the rude homes of Irish peasants, pleading for high aims, holy duties, gifts and opportunities unused—pleading with those who saw his heart. Educate! was his great cry. Education to him meant, not a mental exercise, but a moral growth. Like a great tree, whose roots are deep in the solid earth, while its leaves sun themselves and flutter and play with every breath, his nature was planted deep in the religious instincts of his race.

"What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily," so Shakspeare, at one stroke, paints the noble ambition of the Gael. O'Reilly urged the Boston Irish to turn their growing wealth into power by giving their sons a University training, and a status in a strangely exclusive community. That he never relaxed his zeal for religious education is sadly and gloriously evidenced by the spiteful outburst of a few know-nothings, at the suggestion that his name should be honoured by some public memorial.

His private charity had hardly any limits. "I am from Ireland," was a call that he should answer, though he knew no barriers of race. Priest or nun, working for the poor, claimed his brain as well as his purse; and, until his doctor interfered, he lectured freely for charitable purposes, bringing his little daughters round with him, "for inspiration," he said. Any scheme for the alleviation of the hard lot of sufferers (honest or criminal), captured his heart at once. But he set his face against anything likely to injure self-respect or promote mendicancy.

O'Reilly's ample charity of speech and act, though a constant surprise to his careless friends, was only "ore from the mine" to those who knew his earnest piety. Of late he frequented the sacraments with increased assiduity, as though instinctively preparing for the end. He helped to found the Boston Catholic Union, of which he was the first secretary, and naturally the spokesman. His Addresses to Pius IX. and to Cardinal Gibbons are still well remembered for a lofty virile eloquence, free from idle words. A man of his social and intellectual gifts could find no rest in America. "The world is too much with us," he felt; and in the effort to apply all his forces to his work, he gradually

freed himself from the wasteful distractions of popularity. A deep seriousness fell upon his life with the growth of his mind. He had loved, as he has written, to shut his senses, in order to study the soul of man in the silence of the spiritual world. The enthusiasm that had carried him so lightly through many daring theories of human reform was not exactly waning, but turned to graver issues; while the unstable character of humanity wanting religion, came as a home-thrust to his heart, through the lives of many of his fellows.

Feeble and false the brightest flame
By thoughts severe unfed;
Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
Nor gifts where Faith was dead.

The stress of his experience in Boston began to tell upon the strong man, and he fell a victim to the American plague—insomnia. Still his courage never failed him. In the prime of life, alert and full of energy, and ever impressionable, O'Reilly brought a ripened judgment to bear on his labour of love. The careful finish of his latest writings reminds us that he inherited scholarship. He mapped out work to be done, and his plans kept growing, and to him it was a duty to lead the van of our hard-pressed little army of writers in their daily struggle for Catholic principle.

For a breathing space he was at Hull, on the lovely sea coast near Boston, in August last. In view of the place his heart saw Ireland. Even at Hull there was work to be done which a weary brain could ill do, and he tried the common remedy, a sleeping draught. On August the 10th, in the white dawn of Sunday morning, his delicate wife found O'Reilly apparently asleep, in his chair, his hand beside an open book. He was insensible. All that medical aid could do was to call him back to consciousness. He pressed the hands of his wife and children, and with a few inarticulate words he passed to God.

So from "heart-failure" Ireland lost John Boyle O'Reilly—

"as many an exiled heart has died
Of its own love to see again thy shore."

The best hearts in America have told our loss—"a loss to country, to Church, to humanity," in the words of Cardinal Gibbons.

Priest and Puritan vied in praising him ; even prisoners had tears for him who " had tears for all souls in trouble " ; on his coffin lay a bunch of shamrocks, beside sprays of palm from the Boston negroes.

His memory is sweet and brave and beautiful, and it holds and will hold a place for Ireland even in the heart of Puritanism.

Speaking of his dead friend, after twenty years of affectionate intimacy, Father Fulton, S.J., President of Boston College, says :

" The predominant feeling was one of *loss* : loss to his countries, loss to his creed, loss to all of us his lovers : a loss to be estimated from the excellencies and the utilities of his past. Loss to his countries—an unusual form of speech. He owned two countries ; his country by birth, his country by adoption. The first he served heroically, the second loyally. . . . Love is to be measured by sacrifice. I do not of necessity value very highly him who merely speaks or writes, prose or verse, in the cause of fatherland. One may do both very comfortably. . . . This man, this boy, risked his all for Ireland. . . . Is it a fancy of mine that there are who advancing in social distinction, cut themselves loose from their fellows in race and religion, lest they impede their rise ? Such base and paltry feeling found no place in O'Reilly's chivalrous heart. He understood that there was no shame, but glory rather, in being Irish and Catholic. He thoroughly identified himself with his kind, and in rising sought to raise them. Let no one misunderstand me, and take groundless offence. I am talking of merely social respects, and do not at all over-value them. And it strikes me that in all history, that record of injustices, there is not recorded a more signal injustice than that we Celts should be vilipended by the very race through whose crimes our deficiencies have come."

Urging that religion greatly needs lay champions, Father Fulton continues :

" Some such there are in other countries ; here there are none or few. Such a champion would need talent, but more would he need orthodoxy, respect to legitimate authority ; he should give example in observing the ordinances of religion ; his life should be a deduction from her spirit. Such was O'Reilly. . . . Those who knew him noticed how increasing years enriched his character, and imparted to him readiness to forgive, reluctance to pain,

charity of interpretation. He was approximating to Christ, for such is our Exemplar."

Surely there is something inspiring in the grief of a whole people—and such a people!—beside the grave of our Irish exile. Like the strain of the Dead March, there is triumph in the sound, whence the mourner must realise the victory of accomplished duties, the glory that a man can win, even from the world, by singleness of purpose. From all our hearts the prayer goes up, God rest him!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

THE MEMORY OF "SLIEVEGULLION."

ANOTHER of the brave Young Ireland band,
And he the last but one, has passed away.
Brida and Erin well may weep, and say :
No sweeter minstrel e'er took harp in hand,
Nor nobler champion ever made a stand
Against misrule, than he who lies to-day
Beneath Glasnevin's consecrated clay,
Amid the prayers and tears of his loved land.

SLIEVEGULLION held a foremost place among
Such bards as "Desmond," "Clarence," and "The Celt,"*
Who've won for Brida everlasting fame.
"For you, dear Land!" in every clime is sung—
It makes the hearts of Erin's children melt,
And, as they sing, they bless O'HAGAN's name.

T. O'R.

* These were the signatures in *The Nation* of Denis Florence MacCarthy, James Clarence Mangan, and Thomas Davis, as that of John O'Hagan was "Slievegullion." Brida was the Celtic goddess of poetry

FRITZ.

I.

OUTSIDE the great block of "Model Dwellings" the rain poured and poured and poured in the forsaken street, and the wind came wailing and sobbing by, so that the ruddy gleams which the street-lamps threw across the wet pavements wavered as they fell. In the small sitting room of one of the topmost flats the firelight flickered over the walls and softened the hard outlines of the scanty furniture with a radiant edging. It threw into sombre relief the figure of a man who sat doubled up dejectedly, in front of the hearth, shuddering convulsively from time to time. His head was laid against a queer fluffy bundle which he held strained to him as if he feared someone was going to snatch it away. It was all he had left in the world, that soft, little bundle—Fritz.

By and by he lifted up his face, a care-worn, middle-aged face, and peered with short-sighted brown eyes at the downy, little, fair head of the baby. But tiny Fritz slept on, all unconscious of the bitterness that was flooding his father's spirit.

And it was a cruel blow which had befallen poor Ritter. He had toiled so long and so patiently to make a home for the bright-haired orphan girl whom he had loved during nearly half her lifetime. And now he had lost her after their one short, sweet year of happiness together. She had been devoted to him and to their little home. She had tried to enter into all her husband's tastes and striven wistfully to understand his music, and knitted contentedly through the concerts to which he used to take her. She had done her best to prevent her fragile, sunny face from showing the relief she felt when he said he was afraid she was unequal to the fatigue of any more concert-going. And Ritter, on his part, had never told his wife of the many musical treats he gave up to stay at home with her.

And then the baby came, and she had lain in a quiet ecstasy and watched him day after day. But her strength never seemed to come back to her. Though she got up and sat by the fire with the child in her lap, she was not able to go to church when he was baptised Friedrich, after his German grandfather, or even to hold him for very long at a time.

The bright little wife of the board-school teacher who lived downstairs was very kind, and used often to come and sit with the invalid and help to wash and dress Fritz. One day when the doctor was going away after what he called "a complimentary visit to the baby," he asked at what hour Mr. Ritter was usually in. Something in his voice made the board-school teacher's wife follow him when he left the room, and she came back with her blue eyes dim. "No stamina," the doctor said, "and no rallying power."

So the young mother just faded quietly away, and on this dreary afternoon her husband had laid her in the chill, beautifully kept cemetery, and had come back to his lonely rooms in a sort of stupor of grief and despair. The board-school teacher's wife had tidied the room, and directed the operations of the slipshod charwoman, and got tea ready, and fed little Fritz, crying all the time like the sympathetic, sweet-natured soul she was. When poor Ritter stumbled wearily in, she prepared to lay the sleeping baby in his cradle. But the father held out his arms for the child with so hungry a yearning in his eyes that the good Samaritan was quite overpowered. And she rushed down to her husband and her sturdy boy, in such a flood of tears and with such incoherent queries as to what they would do if Jack was only two months old and she was dead, that the poor board-school teacher was quite bewildered and could not think of a suitable answer to make.

From that day forward Fritz was his father's supreme joy. He spent his early babyhood with the aunt of the board-school teacher's wife, a motherly being who lived in the next street, and was glad to add to her slender means. Every day, both going to and coming from the obscure office where he earned his humble pittance, Ritter called to see his son. And as soon as Fritz was able to toddle, his father took him home with him each evening and learned to look after the child in a tender, albeit "mannish" way, that quite excited the ladies in the Dwellings. "I suppose it's 'arpin' continual at that there old fiddle as makes 'im that 'e ain't so clumsy as other men, God 'elp 'em," said the board-school teacher's wife's aunt, who, I grieve to say, mismanaged her native language and was untouched by the Higher Culture.

When he grew a little bigger, Fritz went every morning to a kindergarten with the board-school teacher's Jack, and played downstairs with his small school-fellow till Ritter came home in the

evenings. Then followed the happiest time in the whole day for Fritz, when he had "Daddy" all to himself. In warm weather he went with Daddy for a walk; in cold weather he sat on Daddy's knee by the fire. And Daddy never was cross with him, and never seemed to get tired of reading to him, and playing with him, and telling him stories, and answering his innumerable questions. And when the glorious bedtime romp was over and the candle was put out and he was tucked up in bed, Daddy always left the door open till he was quite asleep, so that the last thing he saw was a band of light from the sitting-room lamp slanting along the wall at his feet.

There came a memorable evening when Fritz was seven years old, on which Ritter, returning from his office, was surprised to find neither of the little boys waiting for him on the stairs. The board-school teacher's wife explained with a very long face that they had both transgressed mightily. Jack had been whipped and put to bed, and Fritz was in bed, too, awaiting chastisement. This she strongly advised his father to administer for the sake of law and order. Ritter ascended the stairs with a heavy heart. When he went into the bedroom, Fritz was sitting on the pillow with his rumpled, fair head held very much aloft, and his sensitive little face set and colourless. "I ain't a bit afraid," he said defiantly. "You can lick me if you like. I don't care." Poor Ritter was cruelly torn, but justice and discipline carried the day.

Fritz took the slight chastigation, which to him seemed so very awful, in silence; but a strange tightening came about his childish soul. "Daddy evidently didn't love him any more or he wouldn't hurt him, so after this he would be as naughty as ever he liked." But then such a strange thing happened that Fritz never forgot it. His father gathered him up in his arms and carried him in to the fire; and he held him closer than he had ever held him before, and he said in a queer shaky voice: "Do you know, Fritz, if you ever oblige Daddy to punish you like that again, I think it will break his heart." And Fritz hid his face against Daddy's sleeve and burst out crying. And oh! wonder of wonders, Daddy, yes, great grown-up Daddy, cried too. That night, after Fritz was asleep, Ritter forgot, for the first time, to shut the doors before he took down his violin. He played very well for an almost self-taught amateur, and the episode which had just occurred lent a fresh fire to his performance. Suddenly he became conscious of a

little white figure standing before him tremulous with excitement, and of a pair of shining eyes fixed upon his face. With a sort of fearful joy he went on playing. Could it be possible that the child had inherited his father's love of music after all? And then Fritz seized him by the knees. "Oh, Daddy, Daddy," he said with passionate eagerness, "please, *please* let me do that too."

II.

So Ritter began teaching little Fritz music, and the child devoted himself to his new pursuit with loving earnestness. All the money that his father could scrape together by pinching and saving, working hard, and living hard, was put aside with the mother's little portion towards giving Fritz a musical education. As soon as he was old enough he entered the academy and studied hard there, winning prize after prize. At the students' concerts the peculiarly delicate, pure notes, which the clever-faced, slim lad seemed to spirit from the strings of his violin, drew upon him the notice of critics; and his father in the front row had several intensely blissful moments when one and another would prophesy in his hearing "a future for that little Ritter."

Ritter the elder, however, had formed the grand project of sending his son to Germany that the genius which Fritz undoubtedly possessed might be developed in the best way; and when the boy was seventeen the scheme became feasible. It was a terrible wrench to both to part for such a long time. Ritter apparently never faltered, but Fritz was almost tempted to relinquish his cherished dream when at the last moment he saw his father's face drawn and his hands twitching nervously with the agony he could not hide.

He wrote to his father, with unfailing regularity, bright, clever letters; and, as time went on, the reports of his progress became more and more brilliant. His father lived in his successes, and struggled valiantly in the face of poverty and increasing years to send him money. As far as his musical education was concerned, however, Fritz was soon independent of pecuniary assistance; and as for living, he denied himself in every possible way. He used to think of and long for the time when he should be able to make a home for his father, who would have no uncongenial work to do in those future happy days, but as much music as he wanted, and everything his heart desired; and Fritz would earn it all.

At last the long separation was nearly over. In the London squares the lilacs and laburnums and pink and white hawthorns were in blossom, and baskets of spring flowers made the dingy streets gay. When the leaves began to turn and the berries to ripen in golden October, Fritz was coming home.

When Ritter arrived at his office on a bright May morning, his chief sent for him and told him, not unkindly, that he had ceased to require his services. He was getting rather past his work, and a younger and more enterprising man was coming in his place. Poor Ritter felt quite stunned by the news. He had worked in that dark little office for so many, many years, and now where was he to turn for employment at his age and with his old-fashioned methods? In outward appearance he was little altered. His hair was somewhat thinner and greyer; his tall figure somewhat more stooped; his brown eyes rather dimmer—that was all. He determined he would not tell Fritz of his misfortune; it might unsettle the lad. Besides, he had a little money left, and perhaps after all he would get something to do before October.

So he strove heroically to find employment; but week after week went by, and his search was unrewarded. Day by day, as he gradually lost hope, the eternal fruitless answering of advertisements became more keenly painful. Day by day he sat down with less appetite to his meagre dinner. Day by day the terrible anxiety grew and grew, and the nameless dread pressed more and more heavily in upon his soul.

And yet there was a bright speck upon the dark horizon. Fritz was coming, and each of the wretched days brought him a little closer. It was this one ray of certain happiness that alone kept Ritter from succumbing to the despair that threatened to overwhelm him in his utter weariness of mind and body.

At last the eve of Fritz's arrival came. Poor Ritter almost forgot his troubles; and, when the overpowering recollection of them rushed back upon him, it was mingled with the thought: "To-morrow Fritz will be here, and together we shall somehow weather the storm."

The postman ran whistling up the steps, and put a letter in the letter-box. The envelope was addressed in a strange handwriting. Ritter tore it open in a panic—what if it should be anything about Fritz! But no. He had to read the letter twice before he could grasp the contents. However, there was no mistake: it was from

a gentleman whose advertisement for some one to keep his accounts and write his business letters Ritter had answered, and it requested him to call on the writer in the course of the next afternoon.

The morrow came blue and bright with a keen October crispness in the air. Ritter spent the early part of the day in small preparations for Fritz. He went to and fro with slow feet that were strangely tired, trying to supplement the exertions of the charwoman who sniffed contemptuously under her inevitable crape bonnet as she scrubbed. He ordered a little supper from the eating-house across the way, for though he was near the end of his resources he could not let anything mar Fritz's first evening at home. And several times during the long, clear morning he wandered into the bedroom, just for the pleasure of seeing the little bed in the corner where Fritz had always slept, standing ready to receive its owner again.

At three o'clock he went out. When he reached his destination in the West End, he was shown into a luxurious library where a dilettante aristocratic-looking man plied him with innumerable questions. Ritter answered all his queries with dignified patience. But an uncontrollable wistfulness in his whole attitude betrayed the anxiety with which he awaited the final decision of his interlocutor. It chanced that the latter looked up in the middle of a selfish mental calculation and caught the troubled expression in Ritter's brown eyes; and with one of the few generous impulses he had ever known, he said: "Well, well, I daresay we shall suit each other, and we had better not quarrel about the money. You may call round to-morrow, Mr. Ritter."

Oh! the relief of having found something to do. Ritter felt as if he had got into harbour after having tossed all night on a stormy sea.

When the heavy hall door closed behind him and he started on his homeward journey, he became conscious, for the first time, that he had eaten nothing all day. Well, it did not matter now, he and Fritz would have supper together by and by. Mechanically he threaded his way through the crowded streets. The roar of the traffic fell unheeded on his ears, for his thoughts were far away. He was listening to the glorious music of a full orchestra. All about him the rich strains throbbed and swelled, rising and falling in rhythmic cadences. And clear and high through it all sounded the pure, passionate notes of the first violin—Fritz, his Fritz!

The way home seemed endless, and his steps grew slower and slower, as the fictitious strength born of relief ebbed from him; but at last he reached the Dwellings and toiled wearily up the stairs. He would lie on his bed a little while; it would never do to be tired when Fritz came. The clean, bare room was all flooded full of golden sunset light. It was pleasant, Ritter dimly felt, to lie there in a sort of dreamy languor, always with his shortsighted eyes turned towards the little bed in the corner. And still that exquisite music thrilled and throbbed, and soared sobbing up and up; and ever it grew more subtly sweet, but fainter, and fainter, and fainter, till it vibrated no more through the peaceful radiance of his dream.

* * * *

Up the stairs, three steps at a time, dashed Fritz, the same earnest-faced, slim Fritz as of old. He opened the door—how well he knew the trick of the latch—and flung down his slender luggage. "Father!" he called, "Father!" But there was no answer.

He ran impatiently into the bedroom, and then a smile dawned upon his face. The idea of his dear old Dad being fast asleep like that at such a moment! He walked gently to the bed. "Daddy," he said aloud in the old childish fashion; and then he stooped down in a shame-faced, shy way, and laid his hand upon Ritter's long fingers. Alas, poor Fritz! In that supreme moment of horror and anguish, he realised that his father lay before him in the gathering twilight—dead.

FRANCES WYNNE.

"MONTH'S MIND."

NOT by the month be *his* remembrance measured!
 Through the meek years that she must try to live
 On his mere memory, it shall be treasured
 As sweetest solace pitying Heaven can give.
 For memory is hope to true believer,
 Since each lone hour brings parted friends more nigh.
 Thou, gentle Death! wilt with a smile receive her:
 To go to him and God is not to die.

December 12th, 1890.

AN IRISH CHIEF BARON OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THERE are volumes devoted to the history of the Irish Lord Chancellors and of the English Lord Chancellors; but the Chief Barons in neither country have found an historian: Are there any Law Magazines that furnish biographical sketches of such legal personages? The person who occupied, about the year 1760, the high office now filled by Chief Baron Palles was an Englishman, Edward Willes. His descendant and representative in our day has placed in our hands a manuscript volume written by him, entitled "Thoughts on Different Subjects." Before making use of its contents let us give some particulars about the author, which we owe to the kindness of the same friend.

Edward Willes was born in 1702 at Newbold Comyn, near Leamington, in the parish of Leamington Priors—a property which had long been in the possession of his family. He chose the profession of the law, perhaps influenced partly by the example of his distinguished relative, Sir John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in England. We may transfer to our pages the facts which our MS. authority mentions about this second cousin of our Irish Chief Baron. He was born in 1685 at Bishops' Itchington, the eldest of the two sons of Dr. Willes of that parish, who was a younger son of Peter Willes, of Newbold Comyn. He received his early education at the Free Grammar School at Lichfield (too soon to come across a little boy called Sam Johnson), and he afterwards entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated as B.A. in 1704, M.A. in 1707; and then, passing to All Souls' College, he became B.C.L. in 1710, and D.C.L. in 1715. Further our manuscript does not follow him: so we must go back to Edward, son of Edward Willes, of Newbold Comyn.

His kinsman's influence would not have advanced him much in his profession if he had not made himself a sound and accomplished lawyer. The first legal office that he held was that of Recorder of Coventry. He was also Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster. After some years he was appointed King's Sergeant-at-law, and finally in 1757 he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's Privy Councillors in Ireland. He does not seem to have filled the office long, for he had already retired on a life-pension when he died at Newbold Comyn in 1768. He was buried in the church of Leamington Priors, where a monument with a long Latin inscription preserves

his memory—as far as memories can be preserved by monuments and Latin inscriptions. His son, the Rev. Edward Willes, was a man of much learning and ability and a keen wit, one of the few who could hold his own against the renowned Dr. Parr in scholarship and argument. He was, we believe, the grandfather of the late Mr. William Willes, of Newbold Comyn, who married in 1878 Alice, daughter of Sir William H. Cope, Bart., of Bramshill Park, Hampshire.

We venture to go a little beyond our brief in observing that the Right Honourable Edward Willes in 1760 would have been a good deal astonished if he could have foreseen that both his successor in the Irish Chief Baronry and his successor at Newbold Comyn would be Catholics in the year 1891.

Chief Baron Willes is represented as having been “possessed of great benevolence of disposition and suavity of manners, with the heart and principles of a Christian.” These dispositions are shown in his manuscript volume of “Thoughts on Different Subjects,” which lies before us. It is a moderate quarto of rather coarse paper with a very plain binding; and, though the volume is not thick and the Chief Baron left the alternate pages blank, his “Thoughts” stop far short of the middle page, and all the rest has remained blank for over a century and a half.

“Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some thoughts more pure and sage
This page must fill.”

Most people leave many such plans, small or great, unfulfilled behind them when they die. One of the beatitudes of the just man is that “the Lord hath fulfilled his labours”—*implevit labores illius*.

“Thoughts pure and sage,” if not very novel or profound, fill Chief Baron Willes’s pages, as far as he went. Contrary to the usual practice, it is the odd pages that are left blank; and nothing is written till “Edw. Willes, 30 April, 1760, Dublin,” appears on the fourth page. The first essay is “On the Clergy’s manner of reading the publick service.” It begins thus:—

“It has frequently given me great offence to observe the careless, negligent, and I may say irreverend (*sic*) manner some of our clergy read the publick service at church. The Vicar or Curate patters it over as though it was a Burthen and a heavy one, too, that is imposed upon him. He reads without any visible devotion in himself, and in such a manner as by no means to raise any devotion in his Hearers. And when he hears the Clerk say *Amen* to the last prayer, he shuts up the book with as much seeming satisfaction as a poor, weary day-labourer lays down his spade when he hears the clock strike six; and seems to say: ‘There! Thank God, ’tis over.’”

And so on through half a dozen pages of judicious fault-finding, which, however, shows a religious spirit.

The next essay consists of "Thoughts on hearing the minute guns firing in the Phoenix Park on the evening that his late Majesty was to be interred, 11th November, 1760." As the worthy Chief Baron makes this the occasion of a very personal and practical meditation, we shall conclude this sketch by giving it at full length for the edification perchance of some of the present occupants of the Irish judicial bench.

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The regulated sound, how solemn! The occasion adds to the solemnity. Each loud burst strikes seriousness to my soul. The good man who is blessed with firmness of mind may possibly smile at the approach of death to himself, though some, perhaps equally good, who are not endowed with the same fortitude, may shrink aghast and tremble at his summons. The difference of behaviour may perhaps arise more from the constitution of the body than the virtue and integrity of the soul. Nay, it frequently happens that the same man shall be capable of meeting death this hour with cheerfulness whose frail and languid spirit shall tremble even but at the apprehension of an approaching dissolution the next.

But whatever may be the behaviour of any man when death knocks at his own door and leaves him a summons, yet there is no thinking man, no Christian at least, who sees the solemn procession of a funeral and hears the awful toll of the bell, but feels in himself a serious turn of mind, even though it is the corpse of a stranger whose face he never saw, or of a beggar; for still it is the corpse of a brother man, and in this respect the saying of the philosopher* may be applicable: *nihil humani alienum est*. What has happened to him must one day befall myself. Am I prepared for the adventure? Am I ready to give up the account of my stewardship?

How much nearer must it affect one when, instead of a stranger or a beggar, the brazen instruments announce the funeral of the indulgent Father of our country!—when the slow language of the cannon deliberately proclaims that the Emperor of Terrors has seized our King, and is now conveying him to the darksome dungeon of the grave! Seized our King? If that monarch, on whose life the happiness and prosperity of the nations seemed to depend, is now no more, at least with regard to the affairs of this world,—what littleness does it convey to my ideas as to my own insignificance, who was entrusted with only a small branch of his power, the administration of his justice in one province of his dominions. If his power could not

* The good Judge misquotes and miscalls Terence.—Ed. *I. M.*

screen him from death at a time when his life was so critically valuable to the world in general, how may I fear the sudden call of the Messenger of Terror at my small cabin! * And what answer can I give as to my conduct with regard to the administration of the province allotted to my care? Answer to me, my soul, sincerely: for when that account is to be made up, as it must be soon, all subtuges are vain. Have I with impartiality administered justice? Have I taken any man's ox or his ass, or bribe to blind the eyes of justice? My soul of this acquits me. Have I not wished that A or B might succeed in his case, and has it not biassed and perverted my judgment? Thou hast wished that A or B might succeed in his case; but, as I am to give in my verdict upon a more serious consideration than an oath—to wit, thine and my own eternal happiness—I mean if thou hadst been guilty of perverting thy judgment wilfully by those favourable wishes. I should have thought they had been equally criminal as a bribe, and that for thy future happiness they ought not only to have been repented of by way of contrition, but also to have required satisfaction to have been made for them. But of wilful perversion of justice by those favourable wishes I acquit thee. How far they may have biassed thy judgment really to think that right which was wrong, as conscience is not able to give *positive* evidence on either side but only as to *belief in thy favour*, I hope thou mayest sign the account with the usual mercantile expression, “human errors excepted.”

But what avails my publick conduct being in the main right, when my conscience brings to my remembrance innumerable private sins deliberately and wilfully committed?—not only the sins of my youth, but sins committed in the strength of my age, in the vigour of my understanding, and even in the decline of life, when grey hairs, which ought to cover wisdom, have been and are a witness of my wickedness and folly. . . . Thy omniscience, alone, O God, can judge of the true contrition of the heart, can know the firm sincerity of the resolutions of amendment of life. Permit me, therefore, O Supreme Being, to pour out, like water which runneth apace, the inundation of my transgressions before Thee. And as the confession of my sins even to Thee, O Lord, is useful only by the number of them to increase my contrition—for Thou, O God, knowest them all already, and many more to be imputed to me which my frail memory has forgot—grant me the effect of that confession, such an humble and contrite spirit that will be pleasing and acceptable to Thee, and such

* His small cabin was probably a stately five-story mansion in Henrietta-street—less fashionable now than it was 130 years ago

firmness of resolution of amendment that I may with humble confidence rely on Thy gracious pardon and forgiveness, not for the sake of the confession or firm resolutions of amendment, any otherwise than as Thou hast declared them the means of applying to myself the infinite and all-sufficient merits of thy Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—merits all-sufficient to make atonement for the sins of the whole world. To Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

LIFE, weary life, speed on !
 See how friends quit our slowly-moving band.
 The best are onward gone,
 They left the long-held hand,
 And started singly for the far-off land.

Remember how they went,
 Departing from us when we least had thought.
 Death beckoned—well content
 They passed away. They sought
 God's will alone ; save this, they cared for nought.

Mourn not, though they were young—
 The sisters, brothers of thy childhood's life :
 Mourn not, though prattling tongue
 Had called thee mother. Wife,
 Mourn not the husband saved from toil and strife.

Mourn not, ye little ones,
 Her who made kind your father's care-worn face ;
 Nor him, ye stately sons,
 Who trained you for life's race—
 All soon will reach their blissful resting place.

Yes, grieve not for your loss,
 Bear bravely this addition to your load :
 'Tis but another cross,
 Wherewith to climb the road ;
 And *they*—await you in the Blest Abode.

'Tis far from earth to heaven—
 But heaven to earth is very, very near,
 And countless helps are given
 Throughout each weary year,
 Till we, in turn, the welcome summons hear.

IRISH YOUTH AND HIGH IDEALS.

[Very few of the essays that have appeared in this Magazine seem to have been read with keener interest than Father Sheehan's "Two Civilizations," at page 293 of our last volume. A lecture delivered at the outset of his career has fallen into our hands, which appears to us to deserve a wider audience than his native town of Mallow can have afforded ten years ago. We omit a few short passages at the beginning, in the middle, and towards the end.—*Ed. I. M.*]

I.

As an artist requires a model for his picture or statue, and as a musician is helpless without a key-note, so a preacher, when he assumes for the time the rôle of lecturer, finds it difficult to be close or consecutive in his reasoning, unless he can lean on that familiar aid and adjunct of all his discourses—a text. In casting around for a text for this address, I thought I could not do better than consult the pages of one who has written more strangely wise and more strangely foolish things than any man of this generation—one who has been alternately hailed as a prophet, and denounced as a pedant and a cheat, but one who has exercised, and continues to exercise, a more powerful influence on the young minds of this generation than any other writer and thinker—I mean Thomas Carlyle, the Philosopher of Chelsea.

In one of his most popular essays, in which he insists on the nobleness and sacredness of work, he lays it down that the primary condition of all success is a knowledge of the work each one of us has to do in this world. "Know thy work and do it," he says, is the latest message that has come to us from the "Voices and Sages," the men that have thought and spoken and written for the well-being of mankind. And again: "To make one spot of God's world a little brighter, better, and happier, here is work for a god." And I have chosen these two extracts because I believe that the first contains the healthiest and safest motto for each individual member of this Society; and because the second is a perfect embodiment of the ideas that suggested the formation of this Society, and of the principles that will actuate its founders and helpers in a

steady and uniform perseverance in the great work they have undertaken.

That nothing in Nature is stagnant—that everything is capable of and demands development—and that education is second only to Nature in its effects—these are truths that require no proof, for they are almost axiomatic. They govern the world of matter, and still more, the world of mind. Nature never rests; and its glories and splendours, that make pale with wonder the observer of refinement and sensibility, are not the work of a moment, but the result of slow growth and development, carried out in obedience to secret but imperative laws. Those great, shining worlds, that rest in the Dome of Immensity, apparently so silent and still, have been moulded out of nebulous and other matter, have been subjected to the action of fire, have been and still are the theatres of the mightiest upheavals and revolutions. Stars have grown into space, have revolved in their orbits, and have been broken into fragments, and these in turn have resolved themselves into gases, and these in turn have formed in the hands of the Almighty Creator the material from which new and more beautiful worlds have arisen. If the law of development and perpetual change and progress did not exist, this mighty universe, instead of being, as it is, a stately, majestic, harmonious work, beautiful in its obedience to the unseen powers, would be a vast chaotic mass of matter in collision with matter, and worlds hurled upon worlds; and this earth of ours would become in time a mere slag—a cinder drifting dangerously through space, instead of fulfilling the vision of the poet, who sees—

Its growing mass,
Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls,
Heat like a hammered anvil, till at last
Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion, in the fiery glow
Turns to a flaming vapour, and our orb
Shines a new sun for worlds that shall be born.

And so with our own earth. It seems so peaceful with its pleasant green fields and shining seas, that it is difficult to believe that day after day earth and water are changing places, the mountains are descending to the plains, and the seas are rising above their level, and a few centuries will behold the ships of merchants sailing over what are now busy and populous cities, and golden corn waving where now in impenetrable darkness the deep-sea monsters are

hiding in the mammoth forests of the ocean. Nature never rests. Nature demands disturbance. It will grow a foul jungle of weeds if let alone. It is only when its breast is torn open by the pick-axe of the miner or the plough of the husbandman that it yields rich ores, or the richer grain that is needed for the sustenance of men. In a word, Nature is one vast laboratory, ever dissolving and destroying, but ever, too, combining and creating.

If this be true of the material world, if masses inert of themselves are moulded into form and invested with secret, mechanical power, if even a dull brown clod, when Nature's treatment is afforded it, becomes a centre of fertility, teeming with life and strength and sweetness, shall we not say that the same great laws hold for us in the development of the mighty faculties with which we are endowed? Shall it be said that man's mind alone is barren and fruitless, or fertile only in things that are evil? Have you never seriously considered the power, the strength, the swiftness, the far-reaching dominion, the comprehensive sympathies, the only less than infinite attributes, that belong to the mind of man? It is the one thing that is really terrible in created nature, because whilst striving to master all nature's secrets its own workings remain the most impenetrable secret of all. That mass of grey pulp that is hidden under our foreheads is the mightiest of natural agencies—it has forces more than electric in invincible strength and unimaginable swiftness. Look at the tenacity of man's memory. Not an idea, not an impression or experience is ever obliterated from it. Faces are photographed on the mind, and they never die. Impressions are stamped upon it, and it never loses them. They may seem to be crushed out in a medley of succeeding thoughts; but no! the perfume of a flower, the echo of a song of our early days, even the very lights and shades of a landscape, will bring back to our minds thoughts and sensations long buried and forgotten. For the mind folds its pictures as you would fold a map or a panorama; touch the secret spring or unloose the secret cord, and memory unfolds them undimmed and unfaded by time. And that other great God-given faculty, the intellect, is yet more wonderful. With the quickness of lightning it grasps an idea or a fact, and holds it, and turns it over, and studies even unconsciously and runs through a train of reasoning, and compares one fact with another, and deduces from that comparison some great truth that

was hidden away in the bosom of Nature. It is thus we have become acquainted with what are called the "Wonders of Nature," it is thus that the great Heavens, glittering with galaxies of stars, have become an open scroll to the many; it is thus that granite rocks, and beds of gravel, and boulders of flint, are so many books in which the geologist can read the ages of their formations, and trace the effects of deluges and earthquakes; and it is thus that the student of chemical science can resolve all things, except his own mind, into their original elements, and create new substances at his own will.

Like the watchers of old upon the mountains of Chaldæa, in some remote and lonely observatory our student of astronomy sits. He is far away from the earth, and he works when sleep is on the eyes of men and all things are silent. And what is his work? He is pursuing a truly sublime vocation. He is watching the stars that look down upon him kindly, he is studying their construction and trying to bring into system their apparently erratic motions. He knows every mountain and fissure and ravine in the moon as intimately as the farmer knows the ridges and furrows of his fields. He sees the seasons come and go upon the planets, as you and I see them come and go here. He sees where the sun shines and where the snows fall and gather on these far off-worlds. And all the burning questions that agitate the minds of the millions below him, and all the passions that fret the heart of man are as nothing to him,—

He is as old as Egypt to himself,
Brother to them that squared the pyramids;
By the same stars he watches, and reads that page
Where every letter is a glittering world.

A lonely, desolate, solitary life! but does it not fill us with legitimate pride to think that it is a mind like our own that has spanned the wide abysses of space and wrested their latest secret from the stars? Isaac Newton saw an apple fall in his garden, and in that simple fact his great intellect discerned the great law, up to that time unknown, that holds the great worlds of this Universe together. A young boy sat and saw the steam hissing and gurgling and raising the lid of a kettle. It was a small thing, but what was the message that small thing conveyed to the great mind that beheld it? Look around the world, and see every country under heaven covered with a network of railways, every railway

laden with locomotives dragging men and merchandise after them quicker than the wind by the same power that stirred the lid of the kettle; and see the Ocean, hitherto man's greatest enemy, now completely conquered, and covered with convoys and fleets that sweep with the most perfect security over its bosom. What has thus revolutionized Nature? What has conquered space so far, and made man perfectly independent of those forces of which he had been so much afraid? A simple circumstance—but it was grasped by a mighty mind!

This moment outside New York, in a laboratory that would suggest to a poetic mind those things Dante saw in his Vision of Hell, amid roaring furnaces, and horrid electric batteries, and miles of wiring that stretch round and round his apartments, and chain cables that would hold the Great Eastern, and mountains of jars full of chemicals, in darkness and solitude and smoke, there is a student who of late years has startled the world by new applications of scientific truth. Nature has revealed some of her most wonderful secrets to him. The world, it is true, was aware of the existence of that unseen but awful agent, subtle as a spirit, that is diffused through all things, called electricity. But Edison is the first that has made electricity the study of his life, and that has seen how widely utilised it may be, and how universally applied. And therefore he is threatening to set aside all the accessories of our boasted civilisation. The newspaper reporter will very soon take his place with the transcriber of the Middle Ages, for the phonograph takes down human speech accurately word for word, and gives it back again. And he even threatens to supersede the newspaper itself. Gentlemen of the London Clubs last year sat at their firesides and distinctly heard the debates in the House of Commons; and a concert given in the Crystal Palace, London, was heard and appreciated hundreds of miles away in Birmingham.

Here again is a proof of the magic of the human mind. But we must remember that all these miracles of science are the result of the development of the intellectual faculties—that development being the result of hard labour and much research. "Know thy work and do it," says Carlyle. And men like Newton and Edison understand the truth of that maxim. Newton, as his biographer tells us, on one occasion forgot that he had eaten his dinner; and Mr. Edison was married last year, and forgot all about it three hours afterwards, so absorbed was he in his studies.

The thoughtful philosopher of old dreamed of these victories over nature: we have seen them. What was a thousand years ago a fancy and a chimera, came by degrees into the regions of probability, and thence into the regions of fact. Napoleon and Hannibal boasted that they had crossed the Alps; we Nineteenth-century people, have cut right through them. We have labelled and ticketed nearly every star in the firmament. We have constructed new telescopes, and by their aid discovered new stars, in reality new suns, the centres of other systems immeasurably greater than our own. Our ocean steamers cross and recross the Atlantic at fabulous speed. The world is girded with coils of wire, along which the electric spark is for ever flashing, communicating intelligence instantaneously to dwellers under far distant skies. We have opened canals, and let seas mingle with seas, and oceans pour their waters into oceans. Nay, even so rapid is the march of science, so marvellous the activity of man's mind in our age, that when thirty years ago the Poet Laureate

Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be.
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
Of the nations' airy navies, battling in the central blue,

he was scoffed at as a visionary. But that vision was fulfilled in the Franco-Prussian war, when balloons were sent up from the German army on one side, and from the battlements of Paris on the other, and both armies watched with interest the conflict of their navies in the air.

Looking through all these victories over Nature gained by the indomitable energy of those silent but best benefactors of their race—the students of the garret and the closet—he who runs may read the lesson I am teaching you to-night; the power of man's mind when carefully educated and inured to constant labour and study, and can understand the enthusiasm of the poet who speaks of

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things they mean to do

II.

I have now shown you that Nature needs development, and that man's mind, when educated, is master of Nature. You will bear with me for a moment, while I explain to you the still more extraordinary power that man has over his fellowman, when either the Divine gift of genius is given him, or the want of that gift is supplied by judicious and uniform studies. And lest it should be tedious if I confined myself altogether to abstract truths, I shall show you what I mean by three examples—of a preacher, an artist, and a poet, and take these examples from one city and one particular period of time. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a strange sight was witnessed in Florence, the intellectual capital of Italy. In the grey dawn of the morning for weeks in the spring time, around a pulpit in one of the largest churches in that city, was to be seen clothed in the garb of penitence and mourning a vast crowd of people, the majority of whom belonged to the better and higher classes. They had ashes on their heads, and their feet were bare, and they held in their hands unbleached candles, such as are used in Masses for the dead, and they prayed, not in the conventional fashion, but with moans and sighs and tears that would touch any heart. They were listening to the words of a Dominican Friar, one who for the moment too had put aside the conventional sermon, and thundered forth words of mighty truth with all the passion of an ancient prophet. You will say—not so wonderful after all! But when I tell you that before that monk appeared these people were the most sceptical, luxurious, licentious people in Europe, that they spent their days and nights in revelry, that their books of devotion were the Pagan classics, that their houses were covered with statues of gods and goddesses that they almost worshipped, that they spared no money to procure relics of Pagan times, and that they considered themselves the most advanced, refined, æsthetic people in Europe, you will agree with me in thinking that if ever the empire of a great mind over lesser minds was exhibited, it was here. But Savonarola went farther. He made that proud and sensitive people strip their halls and corridors of their fairest ornaments. He made the Florentine *savans* bring their books and statues and pictures to the public square of the city. He made the Florentine ladies bring their lutes and guitars, and all the accessories of the Oriental magnifi-

cence in which they lived. He piled all these treasures in the centre of the square, covered the pyre with gunpowder, burned it without remorse, and in its smoke beheld the ghost of a false art-worship—in reality Pagan worship—depart.

A few years after Savonarola had crushed the Paganism of Florence, a poor artizan entered that city. A huge block of marble, belonging to the City Fathers, but rejected by them as worthless, was lying outside the walls. After much trouble this wandering artist obtained possession of it and built a shed over it. Why? Because he believed that an image, an idea of his own mind, was embedded in that rock, and he was determined to find it. He went to work, and so fierce was his energy, that he with chisel and hammer cut away as much material as three labourers in a day. At night he put a candle in his cap, and worked into the small hours of the morning. At last he found his idea, and left it without a word to the City Fathers. They took it and called it the wonder of their own age, and to this day, standing on the gates of their city, it is the pride and glory of the Florentines. It is the famous statue of the youthful David, in the act of smiting the Philistine giant, and that poor artist was Michael Angelo! He went straight from Florence to Rome, built himself a scaffold in the Sistine Chapel, and from the top of that scaffold, stretched at full length day by day for three years, he painted those wonderful frescoes that are still the first attraction in the Eternal City.

Michael Angelo was a genius—one of these rare minds for whom nature strikes a special mould; but he understood the philosophy of education and of work. Even at the age of ninety, the age of second childhood to most men, he was found brush in hand before a picture of the "Dead Christ," and whilst thus engaged he turned his face to the wall and died.

About two centuries before Michael Angelo appeared, a fierce political fight took place in Florence. It arose out of one of those hereditary feuds that were so common among ancient states, but which are unheard of in these days of broader ideas and higher civilisation. But one, then unknown to his people, was driven by the dominant faction from the city, and like all proud minds he found refuge in solitude, and forgot "the schoolboy rage" and vindictiveness of his countrymen in the vision that his great mind conjured up, and which he has framed in verse to charm and fascinate, and terrify the world. His biographer tells us that he

grew "lean from mighty labour," and there cannot be a doubt that this great work of his created a profound impression on his own mind, for we know that to the end of his life he was silent, solitary, and sad. This was Dante, the greatest of all poets after Shakespeare—Dante, forgotten and neglected by his countrymen even after death, but now worshipped by them with all the fervour of Italian enthusiasm. For five centuries his "*Divina Commedia*" has been acknowledged as the great national classic. Its strong poetic expressions have passed into the homely but graphic language of the people, his pictures of heaven have been made the favourite subjects of painting and sculpture, and his awful descriptions of hell, terrible in their realism, have been utilised by poets and essayists so far that they would have lost their awful significance if the majesty of genius did not make them ever fresh and original. And his fame has passed into other countries. There is scarcely any important work issued from the press at the present day in which allusion is not made to Dante's poem. He illustrates oratory, poetry, and fiction; and that weird vision of his will carry his name side by side with that of William Shakespeare to the minds of all future generations, when lesser poets shall have passed for ever from the memories and traditions of men. Mr. Lowell, one of the first of American litterateurs, speaking the other day to a society like our own in London, said, that no matter how extensive the range of our reading may be, we know nothing of poetry until we have studied and mastered that vision of Dante. Here is fame! Here is mind power! The petty despots and tyrants of that day, the heads of the faction that expelled him from their city, are long since forgotten—their ashes are

Blown about the desert dust,
Or buried in the iron hills,

while the vision seen by their victim is the one object before the eyes of the cultured thinkers of an age that believes that Guelph and Ghibelline alike were barbarians in their brute power and ignorance. If ever the immortality of genius was proven, it was here—Dante speaks to the men of the nineteenth century, who venerate and worship him, as he spoke to the men of the fourteenth century, who made him an outcast and a beggar; and *Firenze la bella*, his own beautiful but ungrateful city, knows that when its own fame has departed as the home of all that is choice and rare

in art, it will still be remembered in the annals of literature as the cradle of Italy's greatest poet. Its wild threat, long since bitterly repented of, remains fulfilled: "Daute will not return living or dead." A stately cenotaph is the eternal reminder to Florence that the dust of their poet is enshrined amongst strangers at Ravenna.

I could multiply examples indefinitely. I could show that the mind of man has even more power over the will of nations than the wills of individuals. I could appeal to United Germany as a proof of the influence of poets and philosophers, not only over their own generation, but even over the future destinies of their countries, for it was the poems and philosophy of Goethe and Schiller that changed the whole current of thought in the German Universities, and through their students permeated the masses of the people, and created the ambition, now realised, of being a united people, and the first military power in the world. For we must remember that the Germans are not only the best soldiers, but also the best students, and there is scarcely a private soldier in the German forces that does not know more of military science than the best trained officer in the English army.

Again, cast your eyes across the Atlantic and see the greatest wonder of modern times,—a state, composed of men of all nationalities, grown in thirty years to be the first power in the world—first in manufactures—first in arts—first in the enterprise of its people—every day widening its empire, and promising to be, before the dawn of another century, the exact counterpart of the old Roman empire in dominion, and wealth, and intelligence, but infinitely superior in the broad freedom and humanity of the ideas that prevail amongst its people and are reflected from the people on the Government. What is the cause of all this? What, but liberty of thought freely and wholesomely developed? America is the living proof of the truth of the first axiom in political science: "Freedom of thought is the first element of civilisation."

And taking an example from our own country, if at the present day there is a stronger feeling of patriotism and nationality amongst us than at any former period in our history, is it not to be attributed to our superior education, to the great minds that have thought and spoken for us, and to the glorious voices that have poured their songs for freedom into the hearts of the people? Beranger kept alive in France the spirit of devotion to the Napoleonic dynasty

years after its first great founder had perished ; and it is not too much to say that the poets and orators of '48, Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, Clarence Mangan, Thomas Francis Meagher, Speranza, and the rest, had quite as much do in keeping alive, with renewed vigour and vitality, the spirit of Irish nationality. In a word, we must change that old, fast-rooted idea that we learned long ago in Political Geography, that there are five great powers in Europe—great in their armies and navies—great because prepared to butcher one another at a moment's notice. The world is beginning to have clearer ideas on these matters—more truthful ideas of silent agencies that are at work, and whose work is every day becoming more visible because more successful. The five great powers, not of Europe but of the world, now are—the memory of man, the will of man, and the intellect of man, and the voice and the pen as their agents and exponents.

It is not necessary to put the reverse of the picture before you. Nature's laws are not to be violated. Nature retaliates whenever it is abused or neglected. If man neglects the cultivation of fields, soon he will have a foul jungle of weeds breeding pestilence ; and if man neglects the cultivation of his mind, very soon it will become the receptacle of everything that is coarse and evil, and if you need proof of this, look around the asylums, jails, reformatories and penitentiaries of the world ! What has filled them ? Ignorance. What has made society expel their inmates, and put them under restraint, as dangerous to its well-being and order ? Ignorance. Ask the governors, chaplains, and other officials, what is the cause of the moral insanity that forces criminals to set their faces against their fellowmen, and violate every law with the certainty of being summarily punished ? Ignorance, they will answer, and neglect of early education. Ask the political economist of the day and the men who have studied sanitary science, why diseases are propagated, and future generations punished for the neglect or crime of one man ? They will tell you it is ignorance. For next to the great primal curse, the one evil that haunts our race is the neglect of these means which are given us to withdraw ourselves from that curse, or change it to a blessing.

What is true of individuals is also true of whole nations. Wherever the masses of the people are allowed to remain in ignorance, wherever the Arts are without favour or patronage, wherever Science is shunned and enterprise undeveloped, there is

slowness, backwardness, discontent and revolution. And the most powerful weapon at all times in the hands of the despot has been the enforced ignorance of the people. Whenever it became necessary to stamp out the spirit of a nation, the tyrant has stifled the voices of its patriots in prison, has checked the freedom of the Press, and has taken away from the rising generation the means of education. So it was in Ireland. Because she was independent, because she repudiated any connexion, religious or political, with England, because she aspired after her own freedom, her moral and intellectual teachers were persecuted, the priest and schoolmaster were proscribed, and the "oldest, the most acute, subtle, and speculative race in the world"* were reduced by the operation of merciless laws to a state that would have bordered on barbarism were it not for the high principle and the unconquerable spirit of the people. Dungeons, gibbets and racks are nothing. Men can always despise them. But what hope is there when the voice of a nation is stifled and the mind of a nation paralysed?

III.

I have dwelt a long time on this matter, because I wish to impress these great truths upon your minds. It is easy to perceive their application. Here is your work—here is your duty—your duty to yourselves, and to the two great communities to which you belong—the Catholic Church and the Irish people. You see now that if you do not develop your faculties by study and reflection, you are violating the fundamental laws of Nature. You can see too that by obeying those laws, you are securing yourselves from unwholesome thoughts and evil passions, and filling your minds with everything that is pure and high and noble. Educate yourselves, and I promise you the reward that comes from all labour—the consciousness that you have done your duty, and the intense satisfaction of acquiring knowledge. When an architect has erected a stately church, does he not feel a glow of satisfaction in thinking that it was his mind conceived the idea and his hands executed it; and that men in after times admiring its even proportions and stately dimensions will say, "this is the work of a great and a thoughtful mind?" When the farmer, after the labour and hardships of the spring, sees his work fructifying in

* Cardinal Newman.

autumn harvests of green crops and golden wheat, has he not the satisfaction of knowing, not only that it will increase his wealth, but that it is his work and Nature's work combined? So with a student; and you will understand what I mean if ever you have waded through a difficult problem in science, or if after many painful efforts you can strike off some piece of music on flute or violin or piano. Knowledge is power; but knowledge also is pleasure—the keenest and highest and best of pleasures. I have often thought that I would sacrifice a great deal to be able to sit at that beautiful organ in our own church, and thunder along the aisles the glorious symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven.

Seek after knowledge therefore. Take up some one subject, scientific or literary, and master it. Form your tastes. Acquire a love of whatever is beautiful in poetry, or science, or art, or literature, and you will have in your possession a talisman against all physical and mental pain. Many a dark, tedious, and lonely hour will be lightened and made happy by good books. When Charles Dickens was writing the *Pickwick Papers*, one poor invalid amongst many, bed-ridden and afflicted with an incurable disease, wrote to him again and again to expedite the issue of his tale, "because," said he, "when following the career of *Pickwick*, or laughing at the witticisms of Sam Weller, I never feel pain." Charles Dickens' little volume was worth more to him than all the prescriptions of these necessary evils—called Doctors. Acquire then a taste for literature. I mean for high-class literature; I do not mean the gutter literature of that unclean, obscene Babylon, London—acquire a taste for literature—and you have a charm against everything evil. The troubles, vexations, and disappointments, that are incident to our condition here can be defied, because forgotten, by going out from your own minds for a while into the new world that the philosopher or the scientist, the historian, or the novelist will show you. And insensibly you will become better and wiser men. A stone is dropped into the water, and in a moment it is hidden away and unseen. But far above on the surface there is circle after circle widening and widening until they strike on the shore. So with the acquisition of new ideas. They pass away and are forgotten, but they always leave an impression behind them that grows wider and deeper and more deep. For every new idea is a new growth. Read and read, and every moment as you read, even for pleasure, your mind is develop-

ing and expanding and becoming illuminated, until by degrees you see yourselves becoming wiser, more thoughtful, truer and better men, with greater confidence in yourselves and trusted more largely by others.

It must not be lost sight of either that no one can be so completely isolated from his fellowmen as to be able to establish a republic in his own mind so independent that he can be heedless of the shame or glory that reflects upon others from his actions. Now it is our pride and happiness that we belong to the most ancient and perfect organisation that exists in this world at present; that we are, to use the familiar but striking language of Macaulay, members of a Church "that saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that exist in the world, and is destined to see the end of them all—that was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain and before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, and idols were worshipped in the temple of Mecca." From that Church we have received innumerable blessings, and it behoves us to pay back a filial debt of gratitude by making ourselves such worthy members of it, that our intelligence and advancement even in secular knowledge shall be accepted as a refutation of the ancient calumny that the Catholic Church is the enemy of human progress. It is assuredly a far-fetched accusation to attribute to the mother of arts, the custodian of all ancient literature, the patroness of the sciences, a spirit of hostility to the advancement of human interests. But the charge is made, and we must refute it—refute it by our knowledge of the religion we profess, and even by our knowledge of all those subjects that are considered essential to a liberal education. For when men of different creeds meet, they do not care to launch at once into religious controversy, but measure one another by conversation on all those branches of knowledge that are supposed to be included in the curriculum of the studies even of self-educated men. And then they slide gradually into the one subject that has always a supreme interest for the thoughtful—the subject of the human soul and its destinies, and all the mysteries that circle round the one great central question. And this leads me to speak with sorrow of the neglect of the study of Catholic theology that is so common amongst us. Theology is justly called the queen of all the sciences, partly because of its sacred subjects, and partly because it is so intimately

connected with all other sciences. Now there is an idea prevalent amongst many, that theology is only for priests, that laymen have no need of it, and thus it happens that, though most Catholics have clear ideas of the principles, doctrines, and discipline of the Church, very few have that detailed knowledge that comes from judicious, well-regulated and sustained study. This should not be. Catholics should take a pleasure in studying those subjects that have had such an attraction for the greatest minds. And to take a utilitarian view of the matter, we must remember that we are by compulsion a migratory race, that it is not given to all to die in sight of the "fair hills of holy Ireland," but that hundreds and thousands are compelled to go amongst the stranger and to be subjected to the critical glance of freethinkers, who identify every Irishman with Rome and Catholicity. Is it not well that we should show them that our religion is not a superstition, and that our love for it is not founded on ignorance; that if we have been denied the blessings of education for seven centuries, we had amongst us the great civilising agent of the world—the Catholic Church; that she supplied what our rulers denied; and that at any moment we are prepared to enter the lists even against trained controversialists and take our stand on the eternal principles of truth and justice to prove the teaching of the Church to be in all things consistent with the eternal verities of God? This is what most of our fellow-countrymen have done in the large populous centres of America and England. But many, too, from want of education, have betrayed themselves and their country and prevaricated, because finding themselves helpless before ridicule they were made ashamed of the religion which they were unable to defend.

Again, we owe a duty to the grand old race from which we have sprung, of whose history, dark and melancholy though it be, we are so proud, and of whose future we have such great and well-founded hopes. It is a subject which it is difficult for any Irishman to approach without emotion. When we consider what our race has suffered, and why it has suffered,—the ferocity with which its enemies sought to destroy it, and its unflinching adhesion through the bitterest trials to the great principles of nationality and religion, we cannot help thinking that sooner or later the world at large will do it justice, and that the impartial historian of the future will have for his brightest page the record of the sufferings of our people for the highest and holiest principles that can govern the mind and

stir the heart of man. Side by side with this fidelity to principle, the distinguishing characteristic of our race has always been a thirst for knowledge—a love for learning. It was so in times of old when the halls of Bangor and Lismore were thronged with students from all parts of the Continent, and Ireland held up, undimmed and unextinguished, the lamp of learning that had flickered and died out in Europe. It was so even under the penal laws, which proscribed learning even more rigidly than religion, and books were studied where the Mass was read, under the friendly shade of the rock, or far out on the bleak and unfrequented moor. And it is so now when all disabilities being removed, our people are free at last to indulge the national passion for knowledge. I do not believe that any race of men in the world could have made such progress in learning as the Irish in the fifty years of their freedom. In a period of time that would be required by any other nation to shake themselves free from the habits and instincts of serfdom, the Irish people have sprung into all the privileges, and all the acquired tastes and attributes of free men. Even within the last ten years the ambition of the people has run far ahead of their resources. The learning and accomplishments that ten years ago were supposed to be out of the reach of the multitude are now considered utterly inadequate to the wants of the multitude. Students are now familiar with subjects that were formerly the exclusive property of the professor. The demand is far beyond the supply. The cry of the dying Goëthe for “More light! more light!” is now the cry of the Irish people,—more light to understand themselves, their rights, their wrongs, and their power,—more light

to cleave a path to right
Through the mouldering dust of ages,

more light till at last Ireland resumes her old privilege of enlightening the world, and, holding up the beacon lights of faith and knowledge, takes her rightful place amongst the nations of the earth in the vanguard of human progress.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The large number of books awaiting notice on our table may be partly due to the Christmas season; but most of them are very far indeed from being properly classed as Christmas books. Almost the only one that is not grave or religious is the one that describes itself with a characteristic want of reticence on the title-page as "Poteen Punch, strong, hot, and sweet, made and mixed by 'Crom-a-Boo': being a succession of Irish after-dinner stories of love-making, fun, and fighting, some of which have already appeared in various Christmas Numbers of *United Ireland*" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). A teetotal critic and law-abiding citizen cannot be expected to be particularly well disposed towards punch and (still worse) poteen punch; but many members of the human race are rather partial towards those decoctions, and many others prefer in fiction the rollicking, the sensational, and the short.

2. The most important books of this season, as far as Catholic literature is concerned, are "Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood," by Thomas W. Allies, and "The Life of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry VIII.," by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. It is scarcely necessary to say that these works come from the firm of Burns and Oates; and it is still less necessary to add that they are produced with the best paper and type and the most suitable binding. Mr. Allies' new volume, though distinct in itself, is in reality the seventh volume of his great work, "The Formation of Christendom." He, therefore, puts in front of the present volume an analysis of the contents of the six preceding volumes. The period covered by this splendid octavo extends from the pontificate of St. Gregory the Great to that of St. Leo III. The history of the Church was then, more completely than in later times, the history of the civilised world; and only the widest range of accurate historical knowledge could have qualified Mr. Allies for the huge task he has adequately fulfilled. His style is admirably adapted to the judicial functions of an historian. Of course the book ends with an index, but its ten close pages are only packed with references to all the persons whose doings are recorded in these learned pages. Mr. Allies has won a high place among Church historians; and in Germany, the favoured land of erudition, he is esteemed one of the foremost English writers on historical subjects.

3. We have said before, and we say again, that to no other living writer except one—and the one exception is Father Coleridge—is Catholic literature so deeply indebted as to the Redemptorist, Father Bridgett. The nine important works enumerated by the Publishers on the last page of his newest publication—"The History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain," "Our Lady's Dowry," "The Discipline of Drink," "The Ritual of the New Testament," etc.—are only the chief fruits of his great and solid learning, his indefatigable research, and his fine literary skill. He is another illustration of the saying that the busiest men have most leisure, for side by side with this

literary activity has gone on his large share in the missionary labours and the domestic government of his Congregation. In many respects his new work, "Life of Blessed John Fisher," is the most original, the most important, and the most interesting of all his writings. No one can read the preface without feeling that Bishop Fisher's biographer is in a very peculiar degree qualified for his office and without being eager to study the result of labours undertaken with such qualifications and in such a spirit. It will be found that Father Bridgett has given us what may be called an historical biography admirable in all its parts, entitling him to the gratitude especially of all who belong to the Church of Blessed John Fisher. Why is it not mentioned on the titlepage that this is a second edition? There are two or three illustrations, the frontispiece being a reproduction by the autotype process of Holbein's sketch of the holy Bishop, made eight years before his martyrdom, and now preserved in the British Museum.

4. We may slip in here by stealth an amiable piece of criticism from the *Dublin Evening Mail* of December 10th, the last sentence of which was evidently suggested by the first of our book-notices in December, announcing Miss Frances Wynne's "Whisper!"

IN THE IRISH MONTHLY "A Striking Contrast" is concluded, and proved a most interesting story. "An Australian's Notes at Wiesbaden," by Susan Gavan Duffy, will be read with interest. The Editor contributes a short biographical sketch of the late Bishop of Dromore, and "A Word in Memory" of the late Judge O'Hagan. The poetry includes verses "To the Children" which appear over the familiar initials G. N. P., and a beautiful poem by Dora Sigerson, entitled "Little White Rose." The latter is full of melody and pathos, and but for the pressure upon our space would be quoted in full as a sample of the poetry to be found in the pages of this admirable magazine, of which the current number completes the yearly volume. In glancing at the table of contents during the past twelve months we find the familiar names of Rosa Mulholland, and Katharine Tynan, and others, such as Montagu Griffin, Rose Kavanagh, and Frances Wynne, which are daily becoming better known. "Whisper!" a volume of verse by the last-named, has not yet reached us, but if Miss Wynne will imitate Odysseus and resolutely close her ears to flattery, she may do work of an even more enduring nature than such we have seen, which that ensure it length of days.

5. Does the following estimate of Miss Wynne's Poems, which is given in *The Irish Times* of December 16th, come under this warning against injudicious flattery?

"Whisper!" is the title of a little volume of poems by an Irish author, Miss Frances Wynne, which has just been published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co. The poems are full of dainty conceit, and are phrased with great delicacy. The authoress is evidently a student of nature, and has derived her impressions in the best of all schools. There is considerable originality of style and thought, and her pages may be read by all with profit. There could be no prettier Christmas present than this little book. Its fancies are elegant, and its teaching is good.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

BY M. W. BREW,

Author of "The Burtons of Dunroe," "Chronicles of Castle Cloyne," etc.

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men." So says Sir Henry Taylor, and his words have become classic. However, like most of those sayings, that because of their terseness, cleverness of adaptation, or felicity of expression, have become stock quotations, it has two sides to it. It is not altogether true, nor is it altogether false. The world *does* know something of its greatest men, and the outcome of that knowledge, or rather its inevitable consequence, is what is popularly understood as hero-worship. But a very small percentage of human beings can be capable of doing great things or thinking great thoughts, and putting these thoughts into words that will not soon be allowed to die; the great majority who in themselves are incapable of heroic actions, and have not to any wide extent the faculty of expression, can still recognise their value, and are willing to account to them in a greater or lesser degree the praise and honour that they deserve. This recognition may endure for many generations or only for a short time, or it may not be given at all until the one whose heart would have been gladdened and whose life would have been made the brighter for it has passed away to that mysterious country where the plaudits of this world, be they ever so loud, can waken no echo.

But every medal has its reverse, and the saying above quoted has two sides to it—one false and the other true. Many men and women, too, have lived upon this earth who from some cause or

other were worthy of being remembered; but the things they did or the songs they sang were never recorded, and their very names are forgotten, or were never known at all. In one of the most exquisite poems in the English language Gray speaks of the "mute, inglorious Milton," and the "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood." This is inevitable, and in the natural order of all that is earthly and human; and it is right that it should be so. If every man was to be a hero or a great thinker, there would be then no rank and file in the great army of the world to do the rough, coarse work. It would be a case of all officers and no soldiers. There would be no hewers of wood or drawers of water, and the ordinary business of the world might come to a full stop.

These reflections are suggested to me by the recollection of a circumstance that occurred within my own knowledge while I was yet very young. But even then its pathos moved me very deeply, and the glaring injustice of which it was a striking example was so impressed on my mind that I have never forgotten it. It was also an example of such sublime heroism and self-devotion that it could not fail to commend itself to any mind possessed of the least ardour or imagination; and no matter what view might be taken of it, it could be contrasted, and not unfavourably, with many a great deed of ancient or modern times.

When very young, I was an ardent student of history, but no page in all its annals had so great a fascination for me as that of ancient Greece and Rome. To read of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" had for me all the attraction of romance. There was an unfailing charm in the stern fortitude of the Roman, the cultured refinement of the more polished Greek, and the lofty, unselfish patriotism of both. The grand deeds of those ancient people excited my imagination to such a pitch that after some time I began to think, with the inconsiderate enthusiasm of youth, that the men and women of modern times had sadly degenerated, and could in no degree be put in comparison with those who lived before the Christian era.

I was expressing myself somewhat after this foolish fashion to my father one evening while he and I were taking a country walk.

"I suppose you think that all virtue died out of the world when the Greeks and Romans were conquered by the barbarians," he said with an amused smile.

"I won't go so far as that," I answered, "but you must allow that we moderns are much behind them in greatness of soul and self-sacrificing patriotism."

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "I shall not allow anything of the sort. Who can tell whether any of the fine stories that have been related of the ancients be true or false, or whether any of the actors of the dramas ever had any existence at all? A great part of these stories in which you are such an implicit believer are very apocryphal indeed. Take Livy, for instance; he is considered by the ablest critics of modern times to have written, for the most part, pure romance; that his stories are all myths, and that the people described in them were merely the creatures of his own lively imagination. And many more of the classic historians were of the same stamp, though none of them drew the long bow to the same extent as he."

"Then you don't admit the truth of ancient history," I cried, amazed by his scepticism in matters in which I was a firm believer.

"You jump too quickly at conclusions, like the very young and inexperienced person you are. I believe in about half of it, and if we separate the grain of truth from the mass of chaff which chokes it up, believing in half is not doing badly."

"Then you don't believe at all in patriotism or public virtue?"

"You are going too fast again. I *do* believe in both one and the other, but I also believe that they are not confined to any age or country. Human nature, at least among civilised people, is pretty much the same in every place and time. There are quite as many examples of heroism in modern as in ancient times, but with this difference, that they are better authenticated, and, of course, more to be relied on. Why should not the Christian era breed heroes as well as the old Pagan time? Christianity is the very essence of self-sacrifice, for it was the doctrine taught by its Divine Founder both by precept and example, and it is the backbone of all great and heroic deeds."

This last argument was unanswerable, so I was silent. I was too young and too ignorant to argue with him any farther; but, for all that, I kept to my own opinion, and he knew that I did, though he said no more. However, before very long he had an opportunity of giving me a very forcible and practical lesson on the subject that was worth a thousand arguments, and he was not slow to avail himself of it.

A few days after this conversation my father called me one morning after breakfast, and said :

"I expect a person here to-day on business whom I wish you should see and take particular notice of. When he is gone away I shall tell you who and what he is, and the reason I have for wishing you should see him. Come to my study at twelve o'clock, and bring a book with you so that it may not appear to him as if you were watching him."

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock punctually, I went to his study, where I found him very busy at his writing desk. As I was well aware that while so engaged he had a great objection to being disturbed in any way, I went silently to a seat near the window, but though I had brought a book, as I had been told, I could not read. Though not a naturally curious person at any time of my life, I confess that I was extremely curious then. I wondered what manner of man this person for whom we waited could be, what were his antecedents and what was his position in life.

But my speculations soon came to an end, for I had not been in the room more than a quarter of an hour when the servant came in to say that a person was in the hall wanting to see "the master," and almost at her heels came the visitor himself. And as he entered my father looked at me in a very significant manner.

"This is evidently the person I am to be introduced to," I said to myself, but there was no introduction nor any need of it.

"Sit down, Jack," said my father to the new comer. "This letter you wish I should write for you will take some time, and you have walked a long way this morning."

He went on with his writing, and I tried to find out from the man's appearance and manner why it was that I was to "take particular notice of him;" but I could not see anything in him different from scores of others that I saw in the streets of the town on every market day. I was fairly puzzled and was sure there must be a mistake somewhere. This man was one of the most wretched looking beings I had ever seen. He crouched down into the chair behind the door that my father had pointed out, slinking into the shadow the picture of humility and self-abasement that was only too painfully real. Here he employed himself while waiting for the letter in twisting and crushing between his dirty hands a discoloured, battered old "caubeen," that by no stretch of the imagination could by possibility be called a hat. I pretended

to read, but I need not have made any pretence at all, for he never looked at me, and I question if he was aware that I was in the room at all. He kept his eyes fixed on the floor, never raising them but when my father spoke to him on the subject of the letter. The more I looked at him the more did I wonder why it was that I had been told to take his measure.

He was a tall man, but a good deal stooped in the shoulders, as if bowed down by severe and long-continued toil, and so thin and worn that he might have been the model for a painter as the Genius of Famine. His eyes were painfully prominent as were also his cheek bones, and his face had a wistful, hungry look in it that was more painful still. His clothes, that even when new must have been made of the very poorest materials, were now almost in tatters, and I could see that under the old worn out *brogues* there were no stockings at all. His face looked as if it had not been either washed or shaved for many days, being covered with a perfect stubble of coarse beard, on which the white hairs far outnumbered the black ones, and his thin hair hung round his head in tangled, neglected locks. The man's whole appearance showed the most abject poverty, and he had the forlorn, hopeless expression and manner of one who had nothing to live for and to whom Fate had done its very worst. He was, indeed, a most miserable looking creature, and as I looked at him my whole soul was filled with pity for a human being so sunk in poverty and degradation.

After a time the letter was finished, but before giving it to him my father told him to go downstairs to the kitchen and get something to eat there before going away. The face of the poor man brightened up at the prospect of food, and he followed the servant to the kitchen with many expressions of thankfulness, such as "Long life to you, sir! May the Lord lave you long over your family!"

"Was that the person you desired me to take particular notice of?" I said, when he had slunk out of the room. "Why, he is nothing better than a beggar."

"He is a very poor man, indeed," replied my father, "as poor as he can well be, but he is no beggar—at least he has never either asked for alms or received any, but works hard for the bit he eats. It is not always, however, he can get the work to do, for he is old now and past his labour, and people will not employ such as he when they can get younger and stronger men. When he can get

work now and again, he does it willingly, and when he does not he simply *starves*. He takes food from me or any one else that will invite him to do so, but in Ireland, I need hardly tell you, that is not considered beggary at all. An Irish peasant will take a meal from another as freely and willingly as it is offered, and neither party calls it *charity*. He would be greatly hurt if he were called a beggar, and no one who is willing to support himself by the labour of his hands can be justly called *that*."

"But, father, why did you direct my attention to him in such a special manner?"

"Because I wished to show you a real hero. There is no gilding about poor Jack Hanyeen, that you saw for yourself; he is all genuine metal. That poor creature would not be what he is to-day if he could have brought himself to act in opposition to his conscience; but for conscience sake he gave up house and home, and what, for a man of his class, was comfort and independence. You talk of the ancient Greeks and Romans! Not one of them ever exhibited more exalted patriotism or more noble self-sacrifice for what he thought was his duty than did this poor man, who is so abject and lowly, in truth the very poorest of the poor."

This glowing preface to the story of Jack Hanyeen still more excited my curiosity. My father immediately related it to me, and it is as follows:

Once upon a time he had been a well-to-do man for one of his class, had a comfortable little cabin, a potatoe garden, and as much land as enabled him to keep a cow. Of course, "the gentleman that paid the rent" was not absent from the establishment, and what was wanting on his part Jack made up by working for the neighbouring farmers in busy seasons, such as spring time and harvest. He was a sober, hard-working man, glad to earn a day's wages when he could, and as his wife was sober and industrious also, between them they managed to keep the wolf from the door and meet the agent with the rent on every gale-day with tolerable punctuality. Sometimes bad times came on them as well as their neighbours in the shape of defective harvests, sickness, and all the other troubles that meet the poor at every turn, but on the whole they got on pretty well and were contented with their lot.

All this was before that memorable era in Irish history when what was called the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed. Up to that time the old penal laws, cruel, grinding, barbarous, stood

upon the statute-book of the United Kingdom, and though the worst of them had so far fallen into abeyance that they were practically a dead letter, yet enough still remained to make the yoke most galling to the Catholics, who had suffered so much and were still suffering for conscience sake. But at last a time came when they could make an effort for freedom, civil and religious, in a constitutional and peaceful manner, and they availed themselves of it with the utmost eagerness and enthusiasm. In the year 1828 there was a vacancy in the representation of Clare county, and O'Connell, the champion of Catholicity and the representative of all Catholic feeling and Catholic thought, offered himself a candidate for the suffrages of the electors, fully determined on taking that opportunity of trying conclusions with the existing Government, that was Tory up to the hilt.

Then came the tug of war. On one side high-handed authority, made bold and defiant by the custom of ages, and on the other a desperate struggle to win at any cost the rights of religion and citizenship. The landlords, who to a man were all Tories of the old type, were banded together against "the man of the people," and spared neither exertion nor money in order to ensure his defeat. But they reckoned without their host. The great mass of the middle and lower classes, backed up by their clergy, stood behind their favourite, and neither fair words nor fierce threats could succeed in breaking through that impenetrable phalanx. They were neither to be bought over or intimidated, burning as they were with the sense of unmerited inferiority and cruel and long-continued wrong. Their chosen candidate was of their own nation and creed, and labouring with themselves under the same disabilities, and having the faculty of expression that was denied to them; he should be their mouthpiece and be sent in triumph to the British Parliament to tell there the story of their sufferings and their wrongs.

At that time the great mass of the electors of Clare was composed of what was called "forty shilling freeholders," men who occupied the lowest position in life, who were very poor, although it could not be said that they were actual paupers. They were almost all of them tenants-at-will, altogether dependent on the good will of the landlords, and consequently liable to be dispossessed from their small holdings at very short notice.

One of this class was poor Jack Hanyeen. He had, unfortu-

nately for him, a vote, being a forty shilling freeholder, and as soon as O'Connell's address to the electors appeared in the newspapers and on the doors of every Catholic church in the county, the landlord's bailiff came upon the scene and directed Jack, as a matter of course, to be prepared to vote for Mr. Fitzgerald, the Tory candidate. There was no option given to him, or for that matter to any one who was a tenant at will; if they did not go with their landlords they should be prepared to quit the land. Jack knew well that this was no idle threat, but one that would be enforced with all the power of the law to the bitter end. He scratched his head and said nothing, and the bailiff, never thinking that the poor serf could soon dream of rebellion where his all on earth was at stake, went on his way.

On the following Sunday Jack went as usual to hear Mass at the parish chapel. When Mass was over the parish priest, who was the celebrant, having first laid aside his vestments, turned round to his flock and addressed them in Irish, the language that they could best understand. His harangue—for it was not a sermon nor intended to be one—was eloquent, forcible and impassioned. He reminded them of what it was that their landlords required of them in the coming struggle for civil and religious liberty, and did not disguise from them the terrible punishment that awaited them in case of their disobedience. But he added that they owed a solemn duty to their God, to their conscience, and to their country, that was above all and beyond all worldly considerations. He told them now was the time to break asunder the last link of the galling chain that had crushed their forefathers to the earth and reduced them to the lowest depths of misery and degradation; that the eyes of the whole civilised world were turned on them to see how they would behave at this supreme juncture, and that every man who went over to the enemy would be branded as a renegade and a traitor; that his name and that of his children would be held in horror to the end of time. All this and a great deal more to the same purpose, spoken in the expressive and passionate idiom of the Irish language, was listened to with the most profound attention and appeared to have made a great impression on all who had heard it.

In the evening when Jack and his wife were sitting by the fire in their little cabin, he suddenly announced, to her great dismay, that he had made up his mind to "folly the priest and vote for Dan."

"Oh, blessed saints! did you take lave ov your seven sinsis, honest man?" exclaimed the good woman, aghast at this awful declaration. "Don't you know that if you go agin your landlord, 'tis ruinated we'll be, root and branch? We'll be thrun out on the high-road, and then what's to become ov yourself and meself an' our little childher? I ax you that, Jack Hanyeen."

"Sure 'tis betther to go agin the landlord than agin God," answered Jack.

"Arrah, man alive, put them cracked notions out ov your head an' let me hear no more ov 'em. It wouldn't shuit me be no manner ov manes to start out on the world at this time ov me life wid a bag on me back. An' now I tell you this for good an' all."

Jack making no reply to this she gave up the battle, at least in appearance, and throwing her apron over her head she rocked herself to and fro after the manner of the Irish peasant women when greatly excited or grieved. Then she burst out in the passionate wail of the "keen," loud, shrill and piercing.

"Whisht, Mary, whisht, now *asthore geal*," cried poor Jack, into whose soul that terrible cry had struck terror. "Sure I was only funnin' just to knook a rise out ov you, sorra another thing. There's no harm done, no harm in life. Fake 'em sure I mane to go wid my landlord, what else? Take it asy, can't you? An' now, *e'ra gal*, stop cryin' an' get up an' see about the supper, for I'm mortal hungry. When the praties gets any way ould, they takes a dale ov bilin' before they're rightly done."

The poor woman, reassured by his manner, dried her tears and set about preparing the simple supper of her family, simple enough, for it consisted only of potatoes and skimmed milk. She was quite sure she had won the victory, and sent the dreaded eviction far into the region of impossible events. That her husband should voluntarily chose beggary for himself and his family when he could remain on his "little spot ov ground" and comfortable cabin—for to her who knew no other home it *was* comfortable—just by "wan word out ov his mouth" was, in her opinion, sheer lunacy. So she dismissed the whole matter from her mind and thought no more about it. Religion and patriotism were abstract questions to this poor, ignorant peasant woman, whereas the cabin and the potatoe garden and the grass of the cow were all real and substantial advantages, the value of which she knew and fully appreciated.

At the time appointed for the election Jack Hanyeen—and many another like him, forty shilling freeholders—was marched off by the agent to the county town of Ennis to vote, as a matter of course, for Mr. Fitzgerald, the conservative candidate. These men were brought up to the polling booths in gangs, like cattle, to record their votes. As it happened Jack Hanyeen's batch was the very first, and Jack himself the first man of it who was led up by the agent, who made sure of him as well as of his fellow-serfs. As he came forward he saw his parish priest right in front looking at him with a countenance in which anxiety, command and entreaty were all combined. "Jack, do not sell your God for thirty pieces of silver as Judas did," he whispered in Irish. That faint, low whisper was scarcely more than a breath, but it fully answered all the purpose for which it was intended. It solved Jack's last lingering doubt, steadied the wavering balance of his mind, and with a proud triumphant expression on his face, such as a martyr might wear when passing on to the stake, he recorded his vote for "Counsellor O'Connell!"

There is nothing so contagious as example, particularly when any of the elements of enthusiasm are joined to it. Everyone present well knew what a fearful cost that man should pay who did not vote with his landlord, but that did not deter the other freeholders who stood behind Jack. It was the very thing to fire the excitable, ardent Celtic temperament, and amid the loud and prolonged cheering of the great mass of people that filled the body of the court-house, they all, without even one dissenting voice, voted for "the Counsellor." The example given by these men decided the issue of the great Clare election of 1828; all the other forty shilling freeholders voted as the first batch had done, and Mr. O'Connell, "the man of the people," was returned by the largest majority that was ever registered in that county either before or since that time.

Poor Jack's offence was too great and its consequences too disastrous to the Tory cause to admit of forgiveness. He was the first who had defied his landlord, and given the example of rebellion, an example that was followed only too promptly and well. His landlord kept his word to the letter, and very soon the wretched man, being merely a tenant at will, was ejected from his little holding, and he and his family flung upon the world to starve, for it came to that. His cow and pig were sold to pay

what arrears of rent remained due, and nothing was left that he could call his own but his furniture, which being of the very poorest kind, was of little or no value. Then began a new and hard life for poor Jack, that of a day labourer, living with his family huddled together in one small room in a dirty back lane in the nearest town. His wages were precarious and scanty, his fare most miserable, and his clothing nothing but rags.

"The great Clare election has been long ago a thing of the past," said my father when he had concluded this history, "and how the poor man has contrived to keep soul and body together since then God only knows. It could not be said that he lived as much as that he *starved*. His wife and all his children, with the exception of one son, died miserably one after another. This surviving son contrived to go to America some time ago, and within this last week a letter came from him to me enclosing a cheque for a little money for his father. It was only a pound, but I daresay it was all the poor fellow could spare out of his hard earnings, and to Jack it is a mine of wealth, being the first pound he was master of since the day, now many long years ago, on which he voted for "the Counsellor." I need hardly tell you that as soon as I got the letter I took no time in sending for him, and the poor fellow could hardly believe in his good fortune when I told him that I had a pound for him. The letter that you saw me write was one to his son acknowledging the receipt of the pound.

"Now I think I have shown you that in this poor, ignorant peasant we have an example of the purest patriotism and self-sacrifice. What Greek or Roman could do any more for fatherland than he did? What martyr could offer up a more heroic sacrifice for the love of his God? The sufferings of the martyrs were over in a few hours, or at most days; but his martyrdom has lasted for many long years, and will last until he dies. Just picture it to yourself; by his own voluntary act in accordance with what he thought was his duty to his God and country, he gave up house and home and all that made life dear, and faced with his family, not merely want but actual starvation. And so far from regretting what he did, he says when spoken to on the subject that if it was to be done over again he would act in the same way, and thank God for having given him sufficient grace not to have imitated the treason of Judas!

"Nor was poor Jack Hanyeen singular in his sublime unselfish-

ness. All the forty shilling freeholders, with very few exceptions, were ejected from their small holdings because they voted, not as their landlords dictated, but for conscience sake. The way in which those poor peasants were crushed was not only a monstrous injustice but a public scandal as well. Such a thing could never happen again, for soon after the great election the forty shilling freeholders were disfranchised."

It is a long time now since I heard the story of poor Jack Hanyeen, but though very young at the time it made such a deep impression on me that I never forgot it. And I see now with the eyes of memory as clearly as I once did with those of the body the unfortunate man crouching behind the door of the study in that day that is so far back in the past. Can I ever forget him or the miserable appearance he presented, hopeless, forlorn, starved looking, a mass of dirty rags! *Then*, to my eyes, he seemed anything but a hero or a patriot, and yet he was both, formed of the truest metal and in the noblest mould. Of course, he has been long dead, for that is many years ago and he was an old man then, but I am sure that in that place where men's actions are weighed, not in the balance of this world but in the scales of the sanctuary, poor Jack Hanyeen has come to the end of all his troubles. Anyway, I would sooner take his chance at the other side of the dark river than that of the man who flung himself and his family penniless on the world because he acted for conscience sake.

* * * *

This incident of a famous period of Irish history is in all its circumstances and details strictly true, and is related here without being in the least exaggerated or idealised. The plain, unvarnished tale is pathetic and interesting enough to require no aid from foreign colouring or many words.

MY MOTHER !

I.

(Birthday, June 17, 1890.)

My Mother ! bright the mid-June roses peer
To greet this day of days of all the year ;
 The birds are trilling in each leafy glade,
 The azure skies with sheeniest clouds arrayed,
And Nature doth her loveliest vesture wear.
Loved ones around thee meet from far and near ;
But I their spirits' echo only hear,
 Forever hid in my sweet cloister's shade,
 My Mother !

We backward glance along thy loved career
Bent ever upward to the heavenly sphere :
 The Virtues, as a guard, around thee stayed,
 Christ's holy teachings act and motive swayed ;
Age crowns thee now to us and Heaven more dear,
 My Mother !

II

IN MEMORIAM.

(July 18, 1890.)

My Mother ! faded in the dust lie low
The roses sweet I sang a month ago ;
 A lone bird calls this long, long summer night—
 God's stars look down with mournful, pitying light ;
Fair Nature wears her darksome veil of woe.
Bend loving watchers o'er thy bed of snow—
Count each low breath, each pulse-throb faint and slow—
 Now kiss the last tear from thy vanished sight,
 My Mother !

But like an arrow shot from heavenly bow,
Thy spirit swift the seraph's road doth know ;
 Thy Virtues, friends eternal, speed thy flight,
 Whom Jesus' Precious Blood hath robed in white ;
Joy is in Heaven—our tears on earth o'erflow,
 My Mother !

ON CONCENTRATION.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

IN many other matters besides the sovereign affair of our eternal salvation, we may be liable to the reproach which Our Blessed Lord addressed to Martha, when He rebuked her lovingly for being troubled about many things, whereas only one thing is necessary. In everything connected with the development of our minds, and the perfection of our souls, our danger lies in having our faculties scattered and dispersed.

For other reasons besides the reasons that influenced *him*, we might well echo the wish once expressed by the eloquent Apostle of the Sacred Heart, Father Claude Colombière, whom some of us may live to pray to as Blessed Claudius, for many in France are urging forward his beatification. In certain notes that this holy man took during his thirty days' retreat in that crisis of a Jesuit's life which is called "the tertianship," he wrote these words: "In the ardent desire which God gives me to love Him alone and to preserve my heart free from all attachment to creatures, perpetual imprisonment upon some false accusation would seem to me an incomparable blessing; and I do not think, by God's grace, I should ever grow weary of it."

The point which Father Colombière aims at is detachment; but I have sometimes made a similar supposition, or conceived a similar desire, as a help to concentration in study. To be thus imprisoned for some romantic, or at least reputable, cause—like Silvio Pellico of *Le Mie Prigioni*, but with greater privileges than he—and to have as companions of our captivity two or three really good and great books, and an unstinted supply of pens, ink, and paper, or the means of pursuing some special study (but I should like also to stipulate for the prison fare of a first-class misdemeanant): such enforced concentration would be a great boon for many persons who cannot be trusted to be their own jailers. There are many who in the enjoyment of perfect freedom can impose on themselves, of their free will, sufficient restrictions of this character:

but there are many others who cannot, and for whom it would be a blessing to be subjected to a little wholesome restraint and compulsion.

The danger of having our attention scattered over too many things is immensely increased by the present state of literature and of things in general. It is much greater now at the end of the nineteenth century than it was at the beginning of it. Yet even Lord Byron, in one of his clever letters, objects energetically to the habitual reading of the periodical literature of his day on the ground that it presented the superficies of too many subjects at once to the mind. What would he say now? And what would he think of the bewildering scamper through the magazines of 11 countries to which Mr. Stead treats us in *The Review of Reviews*?

We are cautioned against this dispersion and dissipation of the powers of the mind by the old leonine hexameter:—

Pluribus intensus minor est ad singula sensus.

“The feeling, the energy, that is stretched over many objects, becomes necessarily less and less with regard to each.” “The one prudence of life,” says Emerson, “is concentration.”

Another embodiment of the same principle is the famous saying, *Timeo hominem unius libri*. This is generally understood as a compliment to the one-book gentleman, but it may very naturally be taken also in an unfavourable sense. We may fear such a man as too powerful an opponent, or we may fear him as too weak an ally. The phrase might signify that the person whose range of reading is very narrow is likely to be very narrow also in his ideas and views. “I fear such a man, for he is likely to be narrow-minded and ignorant, and (worse still) ignorant of his ignorance.”

But I suppose this saying is rather to be taken as advocating concentration in study, and denouncing that dissipated reading upon which many persons pride themselves as if it were industry, whereas it is only a subtle form of sloth. “I fear the man of one book”; because the single-book man is more likely to be master of that book, and so far master of the subject it treats of, than if he had indulged his curiosity in looking over many tomes.

This is the age of specialists. “Jack of all trades was master of none.” To gain eminence in anything, a man must almost entirely confine himself to that thing. Universal geniuses are no

longer believed in. When Brougham was Lord Chancellor, and the supposed head of all the lawyers of the country, Sugden said it was a pity he did not know a little law, for then he would know a little of everything. Not to know a little about everything, but to know a great deal about one thing, is nowadays more commonly the ambition of those who desire to excel in the learned professions and in other departments of labour. The capabilities of the most gifted natures are very limited; and, if they are to have fair play, there must be self-restraint, self-sacrifice, limitation, concentration.

LAND! LAND!

(Rondeau.)

MY dying hour, how near art thou?
Or near or far, my head I bow
Before God's ordinance supreme;
But ah, how priceless then will seem
Each moment rashly squandered now!

Teach me, for thou canst teach me, how
These fleeting instants to endow
With worth that may the past redeem,
My dying hour!

My barque, that late with buoyant prow
The sunny waves did gaily plough,
Now through the sunset's fading gleam
Drifts dimly shoreward in a dream.
I feel the land-breeze on my brow,
My dying hour!

M. R.

ART AS A PROFESSION AND AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.*

IT is somewhat unfortunate that the distribution of prizes at our schools takes place at this period of the year. The severity of the weather, the discomforts of travel, and the near approach of Christmas, make it inconvenient for those residing at a distance to come amongst us and give us the benefit of their wider experiences in art. Last year, although we were not favoured with the presence of Mr. Walter Crane, we received from him the interesting paper† for which, on your part, I had to thank him, and this year we hoped that Lord Powerscourt, Sir Thomas Jones, President of our Irish Academy, or Sir John Pope Hennessy, would have delivered to you their views on art. But absence in England prevented Lord Powerscourt from paying us a second visit, when I believe he would have interested us as much as he formerly did, when he gave us his admirable resumé of the state of modern art, the characteristics of the several schools, and the special excellences of their most distinguished members. Sir Thomas Jones was precluded by other engagements from visiting us, and Sir John Pope Hennessy is now engaged in another sphere where the rhetorical are of more avail than the plastic arts, but where the arts of design are not altogether excluded: and, while thus engaged, though he may spread a palette of rose tints while painting his friends, I am sure that he will not charge his pencil with too much lamp-black when he is executing the portraits of even his deadliest foes. And thus it has come to pass that at the last moment I have been called in to play the part of an Emergencyman, and on the part of the Committee to say a few words to you on the objects we all have in view, to wish you God-speed, and to hope for you an industrious and a happy new year.

I say industrious and, *therefore*, happy new year. For in no other pursuit in the world is the necessary work so delightful to the student as in the sphere of art. When he works, he is also, if he really loves art, enjoying the greatest pleasure within his reach. It is really a labour of love, in which the love lightens and sweetens the toil. Think of the working day of some young husbandman, who tills his own land to gain comfort and comparative wealth for his wife and

* This paper gives the substance of an address to the students in the Crawford school of Art, Cork, at the distribution of prizes, Christmas, 1890.

† It may be found at page 83 of the 18th volume of this Magazine.

child. Every seed that sprouts, every sprout that waxes strong and green, every fruit of the harvest, is a pleasure to him, for he knows that they all will bring some brightness and solace to those whom he loves best. With something of the same feeling the young artist watches the work as it grows beneath his hand, with the hope that to others beside himself it may bring pleasure and interest, and that the time may come ere long when the result of his toil may be a staff of support to him and his. Without hope what should we be? This is the stimulus that makes us all urge onward, and although the hopes may remain unfulfilled, they give pleasure while they last, and sustain that persistent labour without which success is impossible. You are, therefore, all to be congratulated on being engaged in studies which form in themselves a pleasure, instead of being employed in work, which is only of value for its results, and not during its progress.

Now, there is one form of hope which is called ambition. One of its forms, the love of praise, has been called by a great authority "the last infirmity of noble minds;" but why should he call *that* an "infirmity" which he himself tells us teaches the "pure spirit to rise?" Surely that is not an infirmity which nerves the pinion for a higher flight, and strengthens the wing to carry it more swiftly over a broader expanse. Why, it is the very opposite of an "infirmity," it is a source of strength like that fabled "Fontaine de Jouvence," from which whosoever drank, to him was given the boon of eternal youth. Now, this form of the virtue Hope, misnamed the vice of ambition, is what to my mind we sadly need in Ireland. Some fancy that the Irish are conceited, and "Irish impudence" has been dragged by "apt alliteration's artful aid" almost into a proverb. But in the course of a long life, and some knowledge of the men of other lands, my firm conviction is that this charge against us is utterly unfounded. I have seen amongst the sons of other countries so much unabashed impudence often successful, such gross over-estimates of their own powers, first made by themselves and then believed in by others through the very insistence of self-assertion, that I blush for my countrymen's low estimate of their own capacity. Perhaps there is something in the relaxing influence of our soft southern climate which unstrings our nerves and relaxes our muscles, and there certainly is much in the history of our country where the iron hand of the law stood between the student and the task, the husbandman and the harvest in every field of labour; but, undoubtedly, there is amongst us a want of that ambition which spurs on our Scotch cousins to dare and to do so much.

For years I have sung the same song. "Want of ambition, want

of perseverance : " this has been my parrot cry. The second is, in a great measure, a consequence of the first, for where a fixed ambition reigns, there surely that perseverance, which will enable us " to scorn delights and live laborious days," becomes its most active minister.

Some one has made a happy antithesis between the professions of medicine and law. The student of the first reading the laws of God in anatomy, botany, chemistry, physiology, has ever before his eyes objects of surpassing interest, combined into a complete and harmonious whole, each part of which is interdependent upon and is the supplement of the others. On the other hand, the student of law has to study what are called the laws of man, but which in fact are not laws at all, but a collection of complex, separated, independent compromises with, or contradictions of truth, old contrivances of elaborate tyranny twisted and tangled by generations of lawyers and enshrined by countless volumes of statutes, reports, and abridgments. Our honest reason is galled to find two things standing on the same level treated as if they stood one infinitely above the other, and nearly all the principles of equality outraged. The study of law is repellent, as that of medicine is attractive. But when the students attain their professions, the scene is utterly changed ; the physician practises his art in private, subject to the ignorant criticisms that are often suggested by the jealousies of his colleagues (but not his comrades), in a profession which has a high hereditary place among the envious. "*Medicorum et mendicorum maxima est invidia*," says the old saw. On the other hand, the lawyer practises his art in public, and when successful gains the meed of applause at the moment, and later the guerdon of increased practice and higher position as a reward for labours which, instead of being a pain, have been a delight to him. Heaven knows he deserves some reward for his irksome studies from Fleta and Bracton to Coke upon Littleton, and from Blackstone to the study of contingent remainders. "Did you ever," said a literary man to a lawyer, "read the Sorrows of Werter?" "No," replied the lawyer, "but I read Gilbert on Distresses."

Now, how different from both the lawyer's and physician's stands the career of the artist ! It is not alone the study but the pursuit of art that makes for the successful artist that career a life-long pleasure. First when he copies, then when he creates, as the work progresses and grows more and more like the example he imitates, and more and more fully expresses the picture he has formed in his own mind and transfers to the canvas or the marble. Of every step towards the goal it may truly be said "His footfall is on flowers."

Mark ! I have said the *successful* artist. I know that amongst my audience are many who study art only as an accomplishment, as an

elegant branch of knowledge, as a decoration ; and not as a staff of life. And in so doing they are doing well. Like literature, it opens to their view new realms of thought ; it brings to light many a beauty that is unseen by untutored eyes ; it tells where to look for the inner meaning of the great masters ; it unveils hidden relations of form and colour that blend themselves into beauty, and the discipline of the eye as well as that of the hand confers new pleasures on those who have had some teaching. I congratulate myself upon the fact that since my early boyhood artists have been amongst my companions, my friends, for they have opened my eyes to much that otherwise would have been unheeded. How many a trick of colour in the evening sky, how many a beautiful line lurking on the margin of lake and river, how many a dainty toss of some young flowret's bell, or some young beauty's head, how often the staid gravity of a russet oak, or the airy grace of a birch tree toying with the wind, or the honest roughness of an old Scotch fir, or the springtime freshness of the young larch, dangling its green pennons in the air ; how many a thing of beauty, from the broad mirror of a lake to the dancing bubbles of some little runnel in the woods, would have escaped my notice had not my artist friends taught me to seek for beauty, where, otherwise, I would have found a blank. They, indeed, have taught me to seek companionship "in the pathless woods," to "find society where none intrudes," or as the greatest poet says, these friends of mine trained me to

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything :

And therefore I say to you who study art only as a part of education, and not as a means of livelihood, "You have acted wisely. You have provided for yourself a treasure-house that can never be plundered, a library that can never be exhausted, sermons (incredible as it may appear) that are never tedious, and a deeper and a keener insight into that spirit of good which dominates the universe."

I now turn to those of you for whom art is in some form to be more than an accomplishment or a branch of education. I speak to those who expect to find in it a bread-winner. And here I am sorry to say that I must speak with more reserve. I may even come close to the margin of that dismal science, Political Economy, but as we are still in Advent it will be seasonable to perform some penitential acts before we meet the cheerful blaze of the yule-tide log. What can political economy have to do with art ? Alas ! the eternal laws of supply and demand invade every home and every hearth. "No man's pie is safe from their ambitious fingers," and it is of this supply

and demand in art that I have to say a few words. In some pursuits, such as those of the painter and the sculptor, art is the all and all. In other pursuits art, although necessary, is only subsidiary. If one buys a picture or a statue, he buys nothing but art; while if he wants and obtains a house, a church, a carved chair, or a chased cup, he buys things which have a value, independent of any art that may be exhibited in them. Now, as far as I can judge, there is too great a supply of the purely artistic works, and perhaps not enough of those in which art is subsidiary. When in the manifold Salles of the French Salon, on the crowded walls of the Royal Academy, I see so many pictures which I believe are unsold, and when I see in other galleries acres of painted canvas, and I know that these are perhaps only a tithe of the multitude that are presented for exhibition, I wonder what becomes of the rest. I suppose many of you recollect the story of Wilson, the landscape painter, who, while walking on a hot day near Rome, refused to imitate the example of his companions and take off his coat. The other buoyant youths, however, resolved that he should follow their fashion, and when they tore off his coat they found the cause of his reluctance to being "peeled;" for they discovered that the back of his waistcoat was a beautiful view near Tivoli, in fact he was carrying the "The Temple of the Sibyl" on his back—a feat far exceeding those of Samson or Sandow.* This destiny, however, cannot account for much of the acres of canvas. I am sorry for it. If my tailor were to supply me with such a back—one so much more beautiful than my own—I should not object to give a legitimate pleasure to those who walked after me in the street, I would be a peripatetic exhibition, and, I am sure, "the prospect" of me "from the South," would create a high artistic interest in our younger population—destined afterwards to become the "Rapins" of our city. Again, I know that young artists in Paris can "swap" a painted study (if it is a good one), for a blank canvas, by giving the seller of the new canvas a little boot. But still I am utterly at a loss to know what becomes of the unsold pictures. I can never trace them.

I feel that I have been unfeeling in speaking in this light tone of wasted labour, and indeed, instead of being a subject of mirth, it should be rather the occasion of sorrow—to think how many days have been spoiled, how many a hope has been blighted, how many an anxious hour has brought no reward, for those painters of unsaleable pictures. With them perhaps has perished the bread of wife and

* As the editor's ignorance may be shared by many of his readers, he may mention that on enquiring he finds there is no allusion here to any Old Testament hero, but to two "Strong men," who have lately divided the suffrages of the London Music Halls.—Ed. *I. M.*

child, or old mother. It is a sad procession passing away from all exhibitions, like some long ranks of captives marching away from a field where they had fought but had been worsted—wounded prisoners with little or no hope of ransom. I would then raise a warning finger to such of you as propose to devote yourselves to fine art as a profession. With middling or inferior pictures the market is overstocked, and even for many a worker of fair abilities his time does not bring him as much reward as that of an ordinary craftsman. Even if it brought that with certainty, the life would not be an unhappy one, but take the chances of illness, the claims of wife and child when they come, the prospect is a gloomy one, unless talent of no common kind is combined with patient industry. I repeat, therefore, beware ! before you adopt such a career, satisfy yourself by the judgment of competent and older men that you do not devote your life to the production of works for which there is little or no demand. On the other side, if you are not dependent for your subsistence on the work of your hands ; or, if you find within your souls that *divina particula aurea*, that spark of genius, or even of talent, which can be fanned into a flame, go on and pass your lives in the most delightful career that man can enjoy. But take care that the fire and the fuel are there. Beware lest, instead of flame which brightens and cheers, you may find only the bitter ashes of disappointed hope.

I now turn to those pursuits in which I think art is subsidiary—amongst which I am bold enough to include architecture. Take, for instance, carving of stone or wood, metal chasing, pottery, glass and china painting, all the manifold modes of reproducing works of art—engraving, etching, lithography, wood cutting. Here it seems to me the workers are not too many. We have not for many years in Cork, since the time of Mr. Lewis, had a single artist who could produce a good wood-cut. Of late years Mr. Daly has established in Cork, and Mr. Buckley in Youghal, works for the production of stained glass, but, although both are Irishmen, I believe the painters they employ are principally, if not altogether, imported. Cork was at one time celebrated for its silver work ; I believe it now produces very little. Cork and Waterford both had a reputation for cut glass. Here no glass is made, no glass cut for many years. I saw the last glass-cutter eking out a miserable livelihood in an ill-smelling room. We have no china painting, although some attempt was made at it in this school. We have not even a common pottery, and for a garden pot we have to send to Youghal. Engravers of ornament we have, but none of figure or landscape ; etchers none ; mezzotint engravers none. In fact, our reproductive works are confined to photography and lithography, and in both of these we are obliged to travel out of

our country for experts. Surely this is not as it should be. It is, I think, about a hundred years since Senefelder invented lithography, and my memory does not supply me with the name of a single litographer who studied in our gallery or our schools. Photography has been of later growth, and surely by this time we might have trained enough of men to adequately perform the art-work in connection with photographic or lithographic artists. A very large number of chromo-lithographs are still imported from Germany and England, although our printing-houses here have shown more energy and progress than, perhaps, any other branch of trade connected with art. We have several good stone carvers, and we have sent to England carvers in both wood and stone who will do no discredit to our teaching.

What I wish is that good art should reach a larger number than those who can buy pictures, statues, choice engravings, or silver work, and thus create employment for the servants of the many rather than for the servants of the few; and, therefore, I trust that those modes which allow us to multiply works of art should be more studied amongst us. I will, therefore, refer to a few of them, and recall their development in my own time. Of course the oldest of all modes of multiplying the works of the artist is line engraving, first appearing in church plate, and then transferred to vellum or paper with such wonderful effect by Marc Antonio, Albert Dürer, and many others. I believe the rude wood blocks, perhaps, go further back, but they did not until some time later approach the copper plates as works of art. About 1650 Prince Rupert invented the mezzotint, and that "Edle Ritter" forged his sword into scrapers and burnishers with which he worked up from dark to light, instead of the opposite process of the line engravers. Then came, about 1796, Senefelder, who invented lithography. I have not made of etching a separate subject, as it is really only a branch of line engraving, in which a corrosive acid, or a dry point is employed instead of the burin. Now, when I was a boy, the modes of reproduction were actually limited to these three processes, and practically to white, black, and the intermediate tints. Line engraving was extremely tedious. Able men spent years over a single plate which did not give many first-rate proofs, the result being very high prices. I think £1,000, or over, was paid for early impressions of Raphael Morghen's engraving after the *Aurora* of Guido, and for Woollat's engraving of the death of Wolfe. A single etching of Rembrandt has fetched £1,250, so that these modes can hardly be called multiplying processes, when the results only reached a few. Wood-cuts were principally used for book illustration, and it was long before they reached the perfect

finish of our days.' Lithography became (as perhaps it remains) the greatest agency for popularising art. Any one who could draw well, could, with a little practice, draw on stone as well as on paper. A namesake of my own was, perhaps, the best portrait lithographer, but many of his best works are said to have received their finishing touches from Sir Thomas Lawrence, that delightful portrait painter, as the works of Marc Antonio are said to have received similar perfection from the hand of Raphael himself. Lithographers, French, German and English, produced excellent work, and their art held the first place as the factor which multiplied art for the million.

Since the time I refer to, great progress has been made. Wood engraving has been wonderfully improved; an analogous process, in which zinc is employed, allows line drawing to be printed from the ordinary typographic press at the same time as the ordinary type. Next, chromo-lithography, made possible by the accurate register of modern presses, has opened out a wonderful field for art, and some of the latest German and American productions leave little room for improvement. I have myself seen separately the eighty printings necessary for the reproduction of a mediæval miniature, each from a different stone, but all fitting accurately into their places on a single piece of paper. It was a dream of my younger days—the hope that coloured works could be produced in number, just as at present photography in colours is the dream of the workers with light. The first has been accomplished; for the second I entertain no sanguine hope. But it is through the marvellous agency of light that the greatest strides have been made. I remember when the Daguerrotype and Tallo type were invented. I practised both, and the first collodion picture ever produced in Ireland came from my hands, immediately after the process was invented by Mr. Archer. The process was not protected by patent, and Archer died soon after; but, if a valid patent had been obtained, I believe it would have yielded hundreds of thousands of pounds to the inventor, for collodion is the foundation and the keystone of modern photographic art.

Manifold are the processes and multiple are the purposes of light painting, but I believe that the reproduction, and not the production, of works of art is its most important use. Portraits and landscapes are rarely fully satisfactory. The ore of nature must pass through the crucible of man's mind before the true lustre can be attained. But, when it has so passed, the rays of light are the best agents to reproduce its brilliancy, and "as a broken mirror multiplies," so the art of light painting manifolds the thought—the genius of the artist. Look at the beautiful photogravures of Goupil's or Licht-druck pictures of Braun and others, and see how much (without crossing the

sea) we can know of the glories of Rome and Florence, of Rouen and Nuremberg, of mediæval architecture, and of modern painting and sculpture. I do not look on photography as an art (and I believe French law so regarding it denies it copyright), but I look upon it as the defftest handmaid that art ever took into her service.

If I have occupied your time too long, and if my words of warning may seem chilling to some young hearts, and if I have endeavoured to guide your talents from overflowing channels to those which are not yet filled, believe me when I say that no one can more deeply respect your aspirations, no one can take more interest in pursuits which have been those of my lifelong friends, no one can more heartily wish you success in a noble calling, no one can more fervently wish that your ambition may worthily grow, and your perseverance be crowned with the success that is earned by honest labour, than the friend who now addresses you. "*Floreat Etona*" is the motto of a celebrated college, and in the same sense I exclaim—"Let the Crawford School flourish—nobly founded by a princely donor, let your works and your lives prove that he has not founded it in vain!"

DENNY LANE.

TO ———

THE Galtees rise before me ; one high peak,
I Snow-crested, lifts its proud head to the sun,
As if the low and base things it would shun,
And all the high and perfect ever seek.
And thus it stands as months and years go by,
Whether sunlighted or by clouds oppressed,
Or wearing snow or verdure on its breast,
Majestic, silent, pointing to the sky.

And often I, grown weary, long to stand
Upon that height, away from strife and din,
Free from my weight of sorrow and of sin.
Ah ! there methinks my cares for aye might cease ;
Thou, leaning forth and stretching out thy hand,
Might'st draw me upward to thy place of peace.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

A PLEA FOR THE MINOR SONGSTERS.

THERE is, perhaps, no well-meaning individual in this free and enlightened country whose liberties are so frequently tampered with, and whose destruction is apparently so fiercely desired, as the Minor Poet. From the days when Macaulay wielded his sledge-hammer with such titanic force, to the present era, when the pea-shooters of criticism are daily discharged with equally annihilating intent if less damaging effect, the hapless wight has been considered fair game for all comers.

He is an inoffensive person, it is true, and sings a commonplace tune "sweetly enough," say some, but then is it of necessity that he should sing at all? Will the world be any the wiser, any the better, any the happier, for this humble monotonous piping? Why should we waste our time on such as he? Better concentrate our listening powers and await in patience the soul-stirring notes for which—once or twice in a century—a *great* poet claims our admiration.

Some again fall foul of the Minor Singer with scathing denunciations, denying that luckless individual the right of calling his soul his own. Is not that faint, tremulous trill of his after all the outcome of his most intense feelings and his highest aspirations? Is it not his *soul* in very truth which he therein pours forth according to his best powers of expression? But others in this old, old world have already thought his thoughts, and said his sayings—fie! he is not original: let him hold his to tongue!

To my unsophisticated mind this view of the matter seems a trifle unreasonable. Putting on one side the deliberate plagiarism, which is as dishonest as detestable, it seems to me that the fact of one man having taken a particular view of a certain subject is no reason why others should be debarred from sharing it.

Is such a thing as originality, in the literal sense of the word, possible now-a-days?

Are there any conceivable prodigies of valour which have not been performed and recorded, any atrocities too great to have been wrought or imagined, any complication of evil or good which has not suggested itself to the heart and mind of man? What is there

so old as Nature, so frequently descanted on as Beauty, so everlastingly the same as Life, so immutable as Death? For thousands of years these themes have been drummed upon; who then is bold enough at the present date to boast that he can be original? And yet, in this queer inconsequent world of ours, which is apparently governed so rigidly and which is in reality so often in open revolt, where deformity springs from the same stem as beauty, where virtue is so strangely intermingled with vice, where the tide of life runs frequently in such out-of-the-way channels, and death comes ever as a surprise, the unexpected meets us at every turn. No one, moreover, is willing to admit that the things he does and suffers have ever been wrought and endured in the same way before; that his feelings are common to countless others, his thoughts the outcome of their minds, his sayings mere echoes of their speech.

What does it matter to a man that millions have lived, and worked, and loved before him? His life is fraught for him with vivid and extraordinary interest, his love strikes him with its own particular ecstacy, he sets about his work with a fervour new to him, if to no one else.

The poet's song is the outcome of these impressions, the epitome of life as he sees it, and if, which is inevitable, he chance frequently to judge of matters much as others have done before him, it is a coincidence for which he is not accountable.

Here I must observe that I am not speaking of the writers who, having cudgelled their brains for a subject, and placed their rhyming dictionary close at hand, sit down to versify in cold blood—these are not minor poets because they are not poets at all. The true poet, great or small, is never at a loss to know what to say. There is something within him which struggles for egress, which *will* be expressed, which he has an imperative need of saying whether he finds listeners or no; and this something is the proof of his vocation. He may have only a spark of the consuming fire, but the fire is there, and why should it smoulder under the ashes? Only a ray of the divine light—why should it be hidden beneath a bushel? The leaven lies amid the flour; let it work and raise the mass in Heaven's name, even if the result be only a thing so common as our daily bread. We are not so overburdened with heat, and light, and wholesome food, that we can afford to despise them even in the humblest quantities.

There is a game much in vogue of late among our youth—

whose tastes now-a-days, by the bye, are frequently more simple than intellectual—in which, by covering the lower part of a person's face and critically inspecting the upper portion, the intelligent observer may discover a likeness to some denizen of the animal world. I have seen cats, fishes, birds of all denominations, suddenly evolved from the most unlikely materials, and have not infrequently known traits of character to be cited which coincide oddly with those of their imaginary prototypes.

Supposing that this interesting amusement were not confined within such narrow limits, and that a whole race of men might be compared to an entire class in the animal creation, it would involve no very acute strain on the intellect to discover several points of resemblance between the body of poets, great and small, and the tribe of (feathered) singers. We have our nightingales to be heard once perchance in a life-time, our blackbirds and thrushes to celebrate at certain times the harmonies of nature, even as we have our Shakespeare and our Milton, a Browning and a Tennyson. And again we have myriads or other songsters; finches of every variety, linnets, robins, yellowhammers, who trill out their limited repertoire with infinite rapture, and chant their impressions of life and things like the minor poets—"sweetly enough."

Let us be consistent, then; let us vow destruction to the goldfinch, for instance, because he is not a nightingale. Let the robin droop his wings and puff out his quivering throat unheeded, even though in the winter his is the only bird-music to be heard. It were folly to waste our time on him. Only wait till the spring comes and then we shall hear the exquisite voice of the thrush.

Hark to the canary whistling so shrilly in the garret-window! Why, the shameless little plagiarist! his song is entirely composed of borrowed notes. There is a chirp like a finch, a twitter like a woodlark, the trill of the thrush, and—yea, verily—the "jug-jug" of the nightingale himself! And yet his mistress, the sempstress, will not hear of silencing him, though you may descant for hours together on the superior merits of the birds that abide in distant woods. "I shall never hear them," she says, "we must be content with what we can get."

I remember once, on visiting an old bed-ridden lady, being amazed at her excited delight over the chirp of a little smoky, impudent, London sparrow, which had perched on a neighbouring chimney-top. "It often comes," she whispered, "and I watch for

it and listen to it for hours together." It was a living thing, a voice breaking in on the stillness and monotony of her life. Oh what a lonely waste of a world it would be if we had none but rare singing-birds, and great poets! How dreary the silence that must intervene between the cessation of one mighty voice and the first notes of another! While we journeyed afar to find a nightingale, and waited wearily for spring "merles" and "mavises," what would cheer us on our way, or gladden our hearts through the winter? And how should some of us, that need never hope to hearken to such thrilling songs, like to be deprived of our piping canaries and chirping sparrows? We want life; life which even in its humblest form is fraught with a certain beauty and dignity, an under-current of which can give charm to the most absolutely commonplace.

There is moreover—to carry the comparison further—a certain class of people who can only be reached by a certain class of song: men who would harken unmoved to the finest passages of the finest poets, and yet thrill again at some simple ballad, weep over some homely love-ditty. Just as some people prefer the sky-lark to the nightingale, the robin to the thrush.

I once knew a woman who would weep her heartfull at the song of a little saucy yellow-hammer—the entire gamut of which, if I remember aright, consisted of two notes repeated with different inflections. It was certainly not the beauty or pathos of the song which moved her so, but the recollection of having heard it once at a great crisis in her life. In the same way, we appreciate poetry, many of us, not for its intrinsic merits, but according to the emotion which it excites in us for the time being, or to the more or less exact portrayal of such emotions as we commonly feel.

It is not right, says Ruskin, to seek in a book the expression of your own thoughts: study rather other thoughts, wiser and greater than yours. With all submission to such an authority, we may nevertheless ask how many of us—of the common herd—do the latter?

What is it that charms or comforts us so much as the discovery of a spirit kindred to our own—one who shares our foibles, who is carried away by our emotions, who puts our thoughts into words, sometimes even into shape for us? *Sympathy*, in a word, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, is more prized by

the *human* within us than a mine of knowledge. It is good to come in contact with a master-mind, whether in a living being or through the medium of a book ; it is elevating, improving, educating in every sense of the word.

But the pupil, whatever his thirst for knowledge, approaches his master with a painful consciousness of his deficiencies, a certain awe which destroys the sense of freedom ; moreover the entire lapse of his own personality, the oblation of self at the shrine of his idol, carries with it a degree of abnegation that must to a certain extent be depressing. We have most of us a distinct consciousness of our own being, a tenderness with regard to our thoughts, an intimate concern about our doings, of which we do not really divest ourselves. When we are in sorrow, in trouble, in perplexity, it becomes still more difficult to sink our personality ; what we most wish for then is not a master who would desire us to " make an effort " to rise to his level, but a friend who is content to take us as we are. A warm human hand that trembles as we grasp it, a mantle to cling to which has been torn and smirched by many a fall in the mud even such as we arise from, a kindly voice that bids us be of good cheer, for others have sinned and suffered even like to us. I do not say that the great poets, the master-minds, would not also do all this for us, but like the nightingale they are not easy of access, and even when found, will sometimes be silent for us. In such straits a homely voice will best fall in upon our mood ; faint pipings borne upon a passing breeze, melodies that may die within the hour.

Why not " live and let live " ? Ye fortunate ones whose minds are always in tune with the lyres of the mighty among bards, or under whose windows Philomel warbles nightly, close your ears if you will to all feebler and less worthy strains, but do not crush the minor singers. There are some among us who love to hear them. Some, of the earth earthy, for whom the heavenly music you delight in sounds all too far away ; others of contented minds who hail joyfully every little scrap of sweetness that comes in their way ; others again, lonely enough to be glad of each kindly sound that breaks in on their heart's stillness, were it only the voice of the homeliest of ballad-mongers or the twittering of a linnet from a wayside hedge.

M. E. FRANCIS.

SAINT LUCY.

SICILY! Mountains and bays of blue water—
 Earth's fairest features, I own it, are thine.
 Yet I forsake thee: Saint Lucy, thy daughter,
 Calls me to Venice to visit her shrine.

Who could pass by dear Saint Lucy, whose story
 Preaches what torment her sex can endure,
 Strengthened by God to win heavenly glory—
 Teaches what succour God gives to the pure?

Happy Catania! whose Martyr victorious
 Slept there in peace, with the palm-branch and crown—
 Syracuse pined on her sea-shore inglorious,
 Sending her pilgrims to Agatha's town.

Lucy of Syracuse, with a sick mother,
 Went to Catania for Agatha's aid;
 Oft by the way they detailed to each other
 Miracles wrought by the Martyr and Maid.

Hopeful and ardent, Saint Lucy prayed kneeling:
 Trance stole upon her, and Agatha came
 Just like a sister, with tenderest feeling
 Sweetly she greeted Saint Lucy by name.

"O Virgin Lucy, my sister, why ask me
 That which thine own prayer would equally gain?
 Curing thy mother would not overtax thee—
 Thine own request her relief would obtain.

"Sister, thy vows give our Saviour such pleasure,
 That His divine love hath made this decree—
 Thou art to be Syracusa's blest treasure,
 As my Catania rejoices in me."

* * *

Merrily flew the skiff over the water,
 Playing with white wing on wave and on wind,
 Health cheered the mother, and glad was the daughter,
 Visions of martyrdom filling her mind.

Foes to the Cross were not slow to betray her,
Hating a maiden so pure and so good—
Blithesome before, she grew brighter and gayer
When she was called to resist unto blood.

"Keen is thy wit, but my scourge will prove keener!"
Said the rude Prefect, with insolent boast.
"Nay," she retorted, "nor words nor demeanour
Fail those replenished with God's Holy Ghost."

"Virgin, beware! I can make Him desert thee;
One word from me, and thy pride is undone."
"Nay," she replied, "cruel force cannot hurt me—
That would but double my chastity's crown."

Safe from his threat as the heavens above her,
Firm as the Bride-Church Christ built on the Rock,
Temple of purity—none could remove her,
Wolf never mangled this lamb of the flock.

Flames might not harm her, Saint Lucy stood fearless,
Still as a statue's the neck which they smote;
Scarcely another save Lucy was tearless,
When the sharp dagger was plunged in her throat.

Torturers left her; the faithful drew near her,
Foremost came he who had charge of Christ's sheep,
Bringing the Manna of Heaven to cheer her,
And raise her to life from death's virginal sleep.

Crowds gazed upon her with envy and pity,
Heard her last words, saw her last blissful look:
Then her pure soul for the Heavenly City
Mother and kindred and country forsook.

Ye who are tempted and heavily laden,
Think on St. Lucy's heroical fight—
Call on this blessed Sicilian Maiden—
Darkness and sin flee away from her sight.

D. B.

HOW IT HAPPENED IN BALLYBROOK.

"THE boys" were hurling on the road that leads to Ballybrook, a little, white, Irish village, nestling cosily among the Ballybrook hills—mountains they are sometimes called, but they can scarcely claim a title so dignified. The road stretches between two of these hills, which on this early spring evening still wore their bare, brown, winter coats on the tops. They would have been "bleak and bare," as well as brown, but that the setting sun cast over them a wealth of glorious light, which clothed them radiantly in crimson and gold. On their slopes spring had come tripping, and spreading from her lap a perfect "mist of blue bells," and at the foot of each, murmuring or singing, ran a clear, fresh, ever-glancing and gleaming streamlet. Then came the ditches where proverbially the best hurlers are. Assuredly on these ditches there were some excellent hurlers, if one believed all they said as they sat looking on. They were mostly old men who, no doubt, had sent the balls flying in days gone by, and their audience young maidens and children. The game had died out for many years, and was only recently revived, so that the best of the players now seemed to these old people little better than "'prentice hands." Many were the comments thrown out and the instructions offered to those engaged in the game, but received, for the most part, with that indifference with which youth generally listens to age. To how many, alas! does the day come when, looking back on the years of youth and pride, they sigh and say: "How wise our fathers were!" No thought of grief or pain to come, however, shadowed the light hearts of the hurlers.

"Begor, Bill," cried old Thady Byrne, "that was a great puck ye gev the ball; it a'most hit Pat in the poll, an' thin we'd have a wake sure enough."

"What harm?" replied Bill. "We'd give him a fine funeral."

"'Twould be all a matter to me," remarked Pat drily. "I'd hardly sit up an' look back at it."

"Ah!" says Thady Byrne regretfully, addressing Mike Callaghan who sat near, "there's no hurlin' at all now like there used be in the ould times. Do ye remember Dinny Daly, Mike?"

"Ayeh; sure I do well. He was a powerful hurler, but he'd drink the divil. God rest his sowl."

"Wisha, Thady," he added in a confidential tone, turning to personal matters, "worn't we very lucky to get the settlement we did

about the land? On'y for the Governmint buyin' up the property from Mr. Mangan that time, we'd be 'pullin'' the devil by the tail yet; an' sure wipin' out the arrears was a grand thing, thanks be to God."

"So it was thin," answers Thady—known to be the biggest screw, though the smallest man in the parish—"but I was unfortunate, I see. I on'y owed five years' rint. If I might ha' been backward tin year, how nice an' snug I'd be now."

"Faith, Thady, ye wor mighty well done for entirely. Look at me, afther meself an' my father before me workin' for years on that hillside an' makin' the place it is iv it, I on'y owe two years' rint, but sure 'tis well to get that same, an' time to pay the purchase money. The interest on it is little or nothin', an' to have the place all yer own. No fear iv unraysonable agents or evictions. 'Tis a grand thing, glory be to God."

"Och! so it is," says Thady, still in a grumbling tone, "but I could so aisy have got off the tin year. I do' know, Mike, if I hould back, would I have a chance iv a few pound out iv the Governmint."

"Ye'd bettther not try that, Thady," said Mike laughing.

Thus with talk and play the time glided on. The sun sank down "below the verge," the hills became dark and frowning, and, when the game was over, the spectators were glad to start to their feet and step briskly towards their homes, where the bright turf fires, they knew, were blazing on the hearths, and the evening meals ready. I need not say it was Sunday, else there could not have been such an idle or pleasure-seeking gathering. On other evenings there is always too much work to be done. The players, with coats thrown carelessly over their shoulders, came gaily along with the others, except one, and he not only delayed to adjust that garment properly, but was altogether remarkable for the unusual care and taste bestowed upon the outward man.

She did not seem to notice that he lingered behind, though she was as conscious of it as I am who tell the story; but Nora Dwyer walked on with her companions, chatting and laughing merrily. Very soon Phil Stapleton overtook them, and either by good luck or skilful manœuvring, it happened that Nora and he became separated from the rest, and walked a few paces behind.

"What is this about you goin' to Fairfield, Nora?" said Phil. "I heard some talk about it."

"I am goin'," she answered. "My cousin Mary isn't well; since my aunt died she's been very delicate and lonesome, and Uncle Tom thinks if I went to stay with her a while, it would cheer her up, and she'd come round."

"When will you be goin'?"

"Some day next week," she replied.

"So soon!" he exclaimed. "Can't you wait till after to-morrow week? 'Twill be fair day in Newmarket. There's to be a circus in town, a lot of us could go together, an' wouldn't you come with me, Nora?"

"If my father would let me," said she. "But sure 'tis useless talkin' about it. I must go to Fairfield next Tuesday or Wednesday,"

"How long will you be away?" was the next question.

"A couple of months," I suppose.

"A couple of months!"—in dismay—"An' how am I to get on all that time? The place will be so lonesome, an' none of the boys or girls have heart for anything when you're not with us."

"Wisha! how bad ye are, an' you're the lad can find plenty of amusement. What about Molly Power? I'm told you do have fine times down at her mother's."

"'Deed, faith, I don't then. They bothered me to go down there a couple of times about the calves an' pigs, I'm such a judge, *morya*,* but I'd forgive the

"Oh! you can say so, but I heard they came to you with word of a match, Phil, and sure 'tis a likely thing enough."

"An' if they did, Nora, could I help it? Sure what is the use of you goin' on that way, when you know I want no one, and care for no one but yourself, and that I'm fond of you since you were a weeshie colleen? I'd have spoken to your father last Shrove, but as Mary was thinkin' of the convent, I waited with the notion that he'd listen to me readier when I had a clearer way before me. Now there is only my mother at home, an' sure *you* would'nt mind her, Nora?"

"Ah, but I would mind her," cried the girl passionately. "I'd mind that she's the only mother I ever knew that had always the kind word and the kindly welcome for the little motherless child; that petted and pleased me, and taught me more than I ever learned at school. Oh! 'tis I'd have the bad heart if I didn't mind her, and love and cherish her, till her dear grey head is laid under the sod."

Nora was not a pretty girl, but she was something more, though the neighbours thought her plain. "On'y for her figure, she's an illigant looking colleen," they said, "but a little too high an' mighty in her way." She had a pale face, with delicate, refined features, very dark grey eyes, and soft silky black hair. Her expression was somewhat cold and impassive till she was moved, as now, when her face glowed into positive beauty.

* The nearest English word seems to be "forsooth."

Poor Phil, he was her slave always, and his loving heart thrilled, and his big form almost shook with delight, in her praise of his mother. And no wonder; she was one of those mothers whose children "rise up and call them blessed," the very memory of whom is a blessing, and whose words and example sink deep and are sometimes cherished for generations. Phil was her only son, and "she was a widow." Of her other two children, one was in America with an aunt, very happy and very busy there. The other had become so steeped in "the sweet folly of the cross," that in spite of all difficulties she had renounced the world. She would gladly have entered a convent as lay-sister, but by the kindness of a good priest she was received into a convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor. This was the result of the God-fearing life and pious teaching of the noble peasant mother. She owned a small farm which was managed principally by Phil; and, though not rich, she had always enough, and some to spare, for the poor who came daily to her door. Nora's father was what is called "a snug farmer." His acres covered a pretty large tract of land, and now by the arrangement on which Mike Callaghan congratulated himself and Thady Byrne, he would soon be the proprietor. Nora was his only daughter, and entitled, it was said, to a considerable fortune. That was the reason Phil Stapleton felt shy of asking old Mike Dwyer for his daughter, and it was always said Nora would make "a good match." The girl's mother had died when she was born, and her father's second wife, though good-hearted, was rough and careless, so it was no wonder as she grew up, the poor young creature turned for sympathy and help to the refined and gentle mother of her lover. Nora loved dearly too her stepbrother, a fine manly lad of seventeen. And there was little fear when Phil put the momentous question, that her father would hold out long against her own determination, her brother's affectionate partisanship, and her stepmother's goodnatured entreaties.

The morning was bright and clear when Nora started for an eighteen miles drive to her uncle's, carrying with her the heart of Phil Stapleton and the good wishes of all the neighbours. To Phil the days that came after passed drearily enough, in spite of constant hard work, which is one of the best remedies for lowliness, or, indeed, trouble of any kind. On the following Monday he went to the fair in Newmarket, where he sold his pigs well, and helped to smooth over a matrimonial difference between Thady Byrne and his wife. Thady, too, had sold pigs, and bought five bonaghs. These Mrs. Byrne criticised with unsparing tongue, declaring they were "no good," and Thady was "an ould omadawn" to have bought them at all.

"Will ye howld yer tongue?" cried Thady highly exasperated.

"For what should I hould my tongne? Isn't it I'll have the feedin' an' rearin' iv 'am? A nice bargain ye med this mornin'."

"I tell ye what it is, Biddy. I tuk them bonaghs as I tuk yerself, 'for betther or worse,' an' that's enough about it now."

Here Phil stepped in with a few soothing words to Biddy, assuring her the bonaghs were not so bad as she thought, and "if anyone can make a hand of them, 'tis yourself, Mrs. Byrne," said he.

So peace was restored, for Phil was an acknowledged judge.

Later on he went to the circus, where, even though Nora was absent, he did enjoy the performance, for he had the love of horses which seems to be a part of every true-born Irishman's nature. He, with several others, started for Ballybrook together about five o'clock, and in the gloaming their carts, three in number, were rolling leisurely down the road between the hills, where we saw the boys hurling.

About half a mile from the village there is a turn in the road to the right, where the hill divides and forms a kind of pass. This pass has the reputation of being what is called in Scotland "uncanny," and the dwellers in the neighbourhood usually eye it with sidelong glances and pass it as quickly as may be. They were about doing so now, when one of them exclaimed: "There's a woman lyin' on the road in there."

Quick as thought two or three jumped off the cars and ran towards the prostrate figure. A moment after one of them came back wringing her hands and crying:

"Oh, my God! it is Nora Dwyer."

"Yerra! whisht, ye onshaugh," cried the speaker's mother, getting off the car too. "How could it be Nora an' she miles away? —'tis draming ye are."

"Oh, but it is Nora, mother. She's in a fit, an' what can have happened her at all, at all?"

By this time the others approached, Phil with his face white even to the lips, bearing the apparently lifeless figure in his arms. They placed her on one of the cars, and peering into her face saw the refined, delicate features, the wavy, black hair shading the white brow, and the long, silky lashes resting on the pale cheeks. The lips were tightly closed and the hands clasped convulsively. Two of the women caught each a hand which they chafed, trying to restore her to consciousness, and calling her at the same time by every familiar and endearing name; but the eyelids were never lifted, and the hands closed again whenever they might.

"We must be movin'," cried one of the men, "'tis gettin' late an' cowl'd, an' 'twill do her more harm than good to be stoppin' here."

"Bring her to the nearest house," said another.

"No; we'll take her to her father's," said Phil in a dazed, dream-like way.

There was wail and lamentation in Michael Dwyer's that night. The father seemed stunned and stupefied by the shock, the step-mother's grief boisterous, and her efforts to aid ineffectual, while the brother was wild with sorrow, threatening vengeance on whoever had hurt or harmed his beloved sister; and the neighbours were kind and helpful, as Irish neighbours always are, in no way sparing themselves. After a time she recovered consciousness, but she did not speak. To all questions she turned a deaf ear and only stared coldly and sullenly at them, till the poor old father came, and sitting by her bedside, stroked her hair with trembling hand and cried: "Nora, my girleen, won't you spake to your daddy? Sure you won't break my heart entirely, me that nursed an' 'tinded you whin your mother died, be night an' day, Spake, asthore, spake."

She turned her deep, dark eyes on him and said, not unfeelingly: "You are mistaken, old man. I am not your daughter."

"Ah! Nora, darlin', why do you say that? As if I wouldn't know my own child!"

But the proud lips were closed again, and no other word escaped them that sorrowful night. Phil Stapleton brought his mother, and though the girl seemed soothed by the tender touch of her hand on hair and brow, she never spoke a word, but lay, for the most part, with closed eyes and lips "like an embodied mystery."

The dawn was creeping in with stealthy tread when Phil Stapleton slipped quietly out of the house, carrying in his hand young Tom Dwyer's hurley, which he had taken mechanically, as it were, from the corner in which it lay. He walked slowly and thoughtfully towards a wood which skirted the hill about a mile distant. The colour had not yet returned to his face, and there was a haggard, almost a wild look of misery in his eyes. He entered the wood, whence between the trees he could see the road, the hill on the other side, and a handsome house which was huilt on its slope. He sauntered there with bent head in deep and painful thought, till a rosy light diffused itself over the sky, and the sun smiled into a broader beam; then the blue bells looked up at him out of their green beds, and a cluster of primroses here and there shone pale and pure in the new-born light. At sight of them he shuddered and threw up his head with a gesture of despair. Just at that moment a lark was rising from the sod and flinging down a shower of joyous, liquid notes, while from the opposite hill there rose a soft, silvery veil of mist. He groaned

aloud, and sighs like sobs shook him. How often had he gazed on just such a scene with a thrill of delight, singing in his heart :

“ There’s not a bonnie flower that springs by mountain, shaw or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings but ‘minds me o’ my Jean.”

And that vapoured veil had always brought to his mind a vision of Nora, radiant and smiling under the folds of her bridal veil, his bride ; the one love of his life. Now !——There pierced his ears in a clear, distinct whisper, as they had seemed to be repeated over and over since they were uttered, a few words that escaped those white lips when he took that still form in his arms last night in the mountain pass. He ground his teeth, and glared in the direction of the white house opposite. “ My curse upon him,” he muttered.

But the beautiful morning sunshine, the breath of flowers, and songs of birds, soon brought other thoughts and memories to him. He heard his mother’s voice as it sounded solemnly, morning after morning, in his early years, teaching him his prayers. He saw the thin, pale face and still graceful figure move about the house as she calmly and quietly performed the morning’s duties, and he seemed to catch the eager, welcoming glance and glad look of affection which always greeted his entry at home. The dark cloud over his soul seemed to break, and rays of sunshine to steal with warmth and love into his heart. For a moment he forgot the grief that oppressed him, and the words heard in the mountain pass that seemed to have shut all joy out of his life, and involuntarily the familiar daily-uttered petition broke from his lips : “ Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.” He was turning to retrace his steps, when he stopped at the sound of a voice gaily trolling a popular air. He faced round quickly to see advancing on the road a tall, well-built, young fellow, dressed fashionably in a morning suit of grey, and carrying a gun over his shoulder. The wild fire of vengeance blazed again in Phil’s eyes and scattered to the winds the sweet holy thoughts of a few moments before—for one dreadful moment Phil was at heart a murderer. There was a muttered curse, a spring forward, and the hurley was raised by the powerful hands ; but before it could fall, Phil’s intent was stayed by the sound of a clear, sweet voice calling : “ Phil, Phil, where are you ? ”

The hurley dropped harmlessly at his feet.

“ I am here, Nora,” cried he.

The young man in grey, attracted by the sound of voices, looked in and saw a man’s figure as if rooted to the ground.

“ Young Stapleton’s wits have gone wool-gathering,” he thought, and walked on whistling as before.

It was not Nora's voice Phil heard, but young Tom's, which resembled hers so nearly that it was often mistaken for it.

"I've been lookin' for you for the last hour. What ails you? You look as if you had a nightmare."

"I believe I had, Tom. Thank God, oh! thank God, you called in time to waken me."

"Begor, 'tis a quare way you went to sleep, standin' there with a hurley in your hand; but I suppose you're dazed with the trouble, poor fellow; an' that's what I want you about. Will you ride over to Uncle Tom's with me to make enquiries? They could maybe give us some information there."

"I'll go, of course. Is there any change beyond?"

"No change at all," answered Tom sorrowfully.

Their ride to Tom Dwyer's was, for the most part, a silent one, but sometimes young Tom, with the light-hearted hopefulness of youth, would give forth a glad surmise that "all was well at home by this time." "Of course, his uncle would have good news for them, and they would be happy again."

Phil smiled faintly at this, but the weight on his heart was too heavy to be so easily lifted. At last the house appeared in view, a comfortable, two-storeyed building, with a pretty garden in front. Within the glass porch at the door were some fine specimens of rare flowers, but Phil, though he loved flowers and spent some of his time in cultivating them, never noticed these, nor did Tom, for leaning listlessly in the open doorway and looking into space was a girl. Tom flushed, Phil grew pale, and his heart beat almost to suffocation. As they drew nearer, she looked up, and with a cry of delight Tom leapt off his horse and ran towards her. Yes! it was, indeed, Nora, their proud, beautiful Nora, looking at them with a glad yet incredulous expression. Tom caught her in his arms and pressed her till she cried for release and mercy. Phil stood by flushing and paling alternately, and when at last she gave him her hand, she found that his was cold and trembling, while his lips seemed unable to form the words that were crowding to them. Great tears of joy were rolling down Tom's cheeks, and Nora cried: "What on earth is the meaning of all this misery and mystery?"

It was some time before they could tell her, and when at last she was in possession of the story, her amazement was as great as their own, though she affected to be very indignant that they could possibly have mistaken anybody for her. Phil and Tom only waited to rest their horses and be refreshed themselves before they started for home again, with the understanding that Nora with her uncle and cousin would follow early next day.

Great were the joy and relief in Michael Dwyer's when the young men arrived, yet their tidings were received with half incredulous, uncertain feelings. Nora safe and well at her uncle's, and Nora's counterpart lying ill and evidently in great trouble on the little white bed upstairs! Who could the stranger be? Where had she come from, and what was to be done with her? The neighbours from far and near had been coming and going from early morning, till Mike Dwyer declared: "You'd think we were houldin' a fair." Many a curious matron and maiden had gone upstairs to see "poor Nora," as they thought, but when it was known that Nora was safe and well and would be home next day, the wonder and consternation knew no bounds. Many and loud were the ejaculations as they passed from the little room, where some of the bolder ones had gone forward to question the girl, but they might as well have spoken to one of the white headstones in the churchyard.

"The Lord save and guard us, what can this mane?" or "Glory be to God, did ye ever hear tell o' the like iv this?" and "Mark my words, ye'll see something quare 'll come out iv it." All this from the women, while the men held a council of war to determine how the intruder was to be disposed of.

Says Thady Byrne, "What you'll do, Mike Dwyer, is to send for the peelers an' hand her over to them, an' thin put in yer claim for compinsation."

"Yerra, what compinsation?" cried Mike. "Sure 'tisn't a malicious burnin' that happened to me?"

"Begor, 'tis malicious enough what happened ye; look at all the fire an' candle light ye lost be her, not to spake iv all that was ate an' drank, an' the wear an' tear on yer furniture."

"Wisha! hould yer tongue, man! Instead o' tellin' me 'tis thankful I ought to be to the great God that my own little girl is safe an' well."

To this there was a general chorus of "True for you, Mike!" And Thady's nose grew a little more elevated than was even natural to it. He looked round as if to say, "Ye're a parcel o' fools," then maintained a dignified, offended silence.

"Don't mind the peelers," said Phil Stapleton. "Leave the creature alone, an' to-morrow when Nora comes home ye can decide what's best to be done. She'll surely speak to Nora!"

So it was allowed to remain, and when Nora came next morning she went by herself to the stranger, and remained so long closeted with her that the family grew impatient with curiosity. At last she came down looking touched and sad, with traces of tears in her eyes, but to the eager questions she seemed as little likely to give satisfac-

tory answers as the object of them. "Yes, she had spoken freely enough, but what she said was not meant for other ears. I think," added Nora, "I'll bring Father Fagan to her; he'll be the best to advise her."

When Father Fagan came, he, too, remained a considerable time with the girl, and those downstairs heard once or twice a sob and the sound of a few passionate words. When the priest left, he rode straight to the white house on the side of the hill, where lived the young gentleman who had been agent for the surrounding property, but who was about to leave the district. There was a stormy interview between Father Fagan and him, and they parted with the coldest and most distant civilities. A week or two after, Mr. Frank Armstrong departed, it was rumoured, to Australia, but no one in Ballybrook really knew where.

Meanwhile the stranger, whom Nora called Mary O'Neill, grew daily stronger. Father Fagan paid her several visits, and Nora nursed and tended her with unwearying care; but though she was well enough to sit up or walk about her room, she never came downstairs, and was an almost silent guest in the house.

One day there was driven to the door a covered cab, from which stepped a respectable-looking, old man. Nora ran to meet him, and bringing him in introduced him as Mr. O'Neill, Mary's father. The old man went upstairs, and father and daughter met unseen. After the delay of an hour or two, in which they were most hospitably treated, they departed, the father with many grateful acknowledgments, the daughter with earnest, though brief words, and fervent hand-clasps. But, when at last she turned to Nora, all her pent-up feeling gave way. She caught her in her arms, and laying her head on Nora's shoulder, cried as if her heart would break. Nora's tears, too, fell fast; then Mary raising her head pressed passionate kisses on the lips and brow so like her own, and breaking away she got into the car. They never met again, but Nora gets letters frequently. First they came from Cork, then from that land, broad and free, where "they say there's bread and work for all." 'Twas then Nora told Mary O'Neill's story, simple and not strange at all, though she had seemed shrouded in mystery.

She was the daughter of a "well-to-do" farmer in a neighbouring county. Her mother was dead, and she had only one sister, a little girl, who was away at school. Her brothers were fast young fellows, given to sport of all kinds, coursing, shooting, and, when they could get a suitable mount, hunting. In this way they made the acquaintance of some men above them in position, one being the younger son of a wealthy landowner. This lad was a wild, reckless, young fellow,

a thorn in his father's side, but like many of his class, very winning and very handsome. He became quite friendly with Mary's brothers, and often came to the house with them, and fell in love, or fancied he did, with Mary. Unfortunately, Mary's feeling for him was no mere fancy, but strong and deeply rooted. Perhaps his father heard of or suspected the attachment; at all events he sought and obtained Frank's appointment as agent for the property surrounding Ballybrook. Before his departure there, Mary and he entered into a secret engagement, and exchanged the usual vows of fidelity. They arranged, too, a means of secretly corresponding, but Frank Armstrong's ardour soon cooled, and after a time his letters were "few and far between," and finally ceased. Mary suffered intensely all the time, her pain and sorrow being increased by the thought of having deceived her kind, trusting father, and her brothers who were so fond and proud of her. She longed to see Frank, believing she could then determine whether circumstances or change had caused his neglect, and alas! she longed to see him, too, because he was still so dear.

One day an old beggarwoman in her father's kitchen told her that "ould Tom Dwyer's niece was the livin' moral iv her. If ye wor twin sisters, ye couldn't be more alike," said she. Mary asked idly and curiously where she came from.

"She's stoppin' wid her uncle at Fairfield now, but she's from Ballybrook, where Mister Frank Armstrong wint. Sure I'm tould, Miss Mary, he's lavin' that place an' goin' to Australia. Wan o' the servants at the big house was tellin' me. Did ye hear?"

She had not heard, but this strengthened the half-defined purpose in her mind. She could now more easily accomplish it, for would not her likeness to this Nora Dwyer screen her from remark or comment, should she be seen passing through the village? She left home one morning, saying she was going to see her sister at school, but determining to go first to Ballybrook, see her recreant lover, and learn the best or worst. The nearest railway station is six miles from the village, and these she had to walk. As she proceeded a sense of shame came over her at the unmaidenly step she had taken. Having eaten very little all day, she grew faint and ill, and though it was early in the afternoon when she began her walk, so that she would have plenty of time for her return journey, her heavy steps dragged so slowly, she wavered so between the desire of her heart and the voice of conscience and sense of womanly pride and dignity, that the first shadows of twilight fell when she reached the little pass between the hills. The waning light warned her she would have to make great haste if she would catch even the latest returning train. She grew terrified. She found it impossible to go faster, for her limbs

were trembling, and now she saw that her act of folly had been vain ; she could not meet Frank Armstrong. She stood looking along the road in the direction of his house, waking bitterly from her "love's young dream," and thinking that just as the sunlight was departing, so was the light of all joy dying out of her life, and henceforth it would be as cold and colourless as the bare hills around her. She shed no tears, but stretching forth her arms with uncontrollable yearning, a long, low wail of anguish broke from her lips. She turned to retrace her steps, but pain and faintness overcame her, and she sank in the death-like swoon in which she was found by the Ballybrook neighbours returning from the fair. And here, raising her from the ground, Phil Stapleton heard her mutter a few words of endearment and reproach, coupled with the name of him she loved so well, which had tortured him and worked like madness on his brain. That was Mary's story.

The blue bells had returned to the hillsides many times since Nora was a bride. She had heard and wept over that dreadful moment of temptation which Phil had passed, wept tears of thankfulness that he had been saved, and was the proud mother of healthy, happy boys and girls, when she received a letter from Mary in which she read the following :

"I am a very lonely woman, but not unhappy, thank God. I have been wonderfully fortunate and successful. Wherever I have been employed, I was treated with trustfulness and respect, and now almost any salary I cared to demand would be paid me. Times are far from good in the old country, I am told. If you should ever think of sending any of your children out here, will you let them come to me ? I am sure I could put them in a way of doing well ; and oh ! Nora, if you would trust me with your little girl, my namesake, you would give joy to a life that has known very little of it. God knows if I would not be faithful to my trust, and God forget me if I ever forgot your womanly compassion, which soothed the bitterest hours of my life, and saved me from despair. Whether you send the child to me or not, I will always feel she is my care, and, as far as I can help it, she will never want."

I think Nora will let little Mary go a few years hence, though she does not need to send her children adrift. The spirit of restlessness and desire of change may seize them bye and bye, when it will be well they have this true friend to go to. For the present, they are happy in the shelter of their hills, warmed by the sun that beautifies them. Their feet step lightly over Irish moors and meadows ; they speak in the sweet, liquid accents of the Irish tongue ; their hearts are

as pure as the clear Irish streams ; they are the light of home, their father's pride, and the joy of their mother's heart.

I would end here, but I fancy I hear some reader say, "How unlikely! As if any two strangers ever resembled each other so closely."

Gentle Sir or Madam, I beg to inform you that *that* part of my story is strictly true.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

A LAST SUNDAY IN IRELAND.

IN the bright June sunshine the birds are singing
Their gayest, maddest, and merriest strain—
Shall I hear their song and the church bells ringing
Ever and always with such bitter pain?
The people hurry with frightened faces,
As the bells peal forth from the belfry gray,
Till they reach the church, and then take their places.
With a thankful "'Tis the curate's day."

On Sunday mornings I shall see before me
The chapel old and the kneeling crowd;
And tender memories shall hover o'er me
When I'll hear the "Kyrie" rise sweet and loud;
I shall know that murmur so deep, yet tender,
Like the sea's long sob or the low wind's moan,
Arising here in the noonday splendour
From the women's aisle in a fervent tone.

I shall see the men all grouped together
By the chapel wall when the Mass is done,
Discussing the crops, or the times, or weather,
How the last election was fought and won;
While some, more youthful, are slyly glancing
From the post of vantage they occupy,
At the roguish sunbeams so brightly dancing
Upon someone's curls as the girls go by.

On the crowded churchyard my last look lingers,
Where the dead are lying in slumber deep,
And I pull a rosebud with trembling fingers
From beside the grave where my parents sleep.
Let the coming years bring me dole or gladness,
I shall always long just to rest me here,
With the pines to murmur a dirge of sadness,
And with God's dear angels at Mass-time near.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

OVERWORKED WORDS.

IN these days of trades' unions and strikes against over-work, when employers are not permitted to get an undue amount of labour from their hands, and when tradesmen, however much they may need money, must not work out of hours nor accept lower wages than those agreed upon by their guild, it is strange that no friend of the English language has taken up the cause of a dozen or so words which are made to do quite an unfair share of work. This monopoly, in addition to the severe strain it puts on such popular words as "charming," "awfully," "beastly," "jolly," "nice," and the like, is a manifest injustice to scores of suitable words which get little or no employment, but are left from year's end to year's end idly resting in the uncut pages of a dictionary.

Take "charming," for instance. The amount of work done by this favourite adjective is really amazing. Do you know Miss Smith? Oh, yes, charming girl; father got a charming place down at Brighton, charming grounds; mother charming old lady, gives such charming little dances; sister charming child; brother sings charmingly, etc. Been at the Exhibition? Charming place to spend the evening; charming music, charming pictures. Who has not scores of times listened to just such a charming dialogue, and taken part in it?

But grievous as is the case of this word, it is not so much to be pitied as some others, for though it is manifestly overworked, it is still more or less correctly applied, and it is never called upon at a moment's notice to do extra duty outside of its proper meaning. Not so poor "jolly," which is frequently used to qualify a shame, or a row, utterly devoid of the slightest semblance of jollity. A jolly girl, or rather a girl so designated, is just as often as not a quiet, demure, little maid for whom the adjective would be more appropriate if spelt *jolie*. I have heard parties described as "jolly slow," and conduct as "jolly mean," wretched weather as "jolly cold," a fit of the blues as "jolly miserable," and a Government appointment as "jolly snug." Surely whoever has charge of the Queen's English (Lord Tennyson as laureate has, I presume, some

sort of custody over it) ought to interfere in such a case and distribute the work more evenly among available and suitable adjectives. "Jolly" is an excellent word in its way, and (cynics and pessimists notwithstanding) there is abundant occasion for its legitimate use in this weary old world of ours; but of late years it has played a part in our conversation, and even in our literature, altogether unwarrantable and officious.

The fact of a Frenchman being obliged to express devotion to his beloved one and preference for a leg of mutton in precisely the same terms is somewhere given as an evidence of the poverty of the French language. *J'aime Laure, j'aime un gigot*. But if they love and like with the same word it is from necessity, not choice. We have no possible need of contorting "awfully" from its proper meaning, and yet if we be not purists of the most pronounced type, are we not "awfully glad" to see our friends and "awfully sorry" to miss an appointment? Do we not talk of people being "awfully nice," "awfully kind," and "awfully pretty."

The little monosyllable "yes" is another very much overworked word. I do not mean the many cases where people say "yes" when they ought to say "no," though there is no doubt that it does a good deal of extra work in that way also, but chiefly in being made to do duty for such words as "indeed," "really," "impossible," "perhaps," and such phrases as "You don't say so," "Who would have believed it?" "I assure you it is a fact," "I think you must be mistaken," and many others.

All this and a great deal else besides, poor little "yes" is made to express, merely by the inflexion of the voice. If anyone doubts my assertion, let him note the affirmative, the dissentient, the questioning, the incredulous, the asserting *yesses* in the next conversation in which he takes part, and I am certain he will be ready to agree with me.

But besides the undue share of work which people in general get from certain popular words, we almost all have some favourite words of our own choosing which we use most inconsiderately, rarely affording them a day's holiday. I do not feel bound to here acknowledge the half dozen words which I particularly affect. I only hope that my predilection for them is not so strongly marked as to be apparent to the most casual reader, though I fear that I quite deserve to have them noted as I am so quick-eared in detecting the pet words of my neighbours. At one time I used to

be rather fond of the word "dainty," and I still greatly admire the elegant quality it expresses. But the word itself has been quite spoiled to me by the indiscriminate use made of it by one of my acquaintance, who applied it to every possible purpose. Not content with talking of dainty dishes, dainty manners, dainty fare, dainty dress, and dainty tastes, she qualifies scenery, children, clouds, neighbourhood, furniture, and many things besides by her favourite adjective. "Cosy," too, that deliciously comfortable and cheery little word, must, I fear, soon be altogether dropped from my vocabulary. I have recently heard so many incongruous things described as cosy that the word irritates me, and grates on my nerves in the most absurd manner.

I remember once, when I was young and impressionable, being very much elated at a lady, whom I had just met for the first time, ejaculating "intense" in a tone of rapture as a comment on an anecdote I was relating. I, of course, took this expressive adjective as a high compliment to my gifts as a *raconteuse*, and looked upon my new friend as a person of discrimination. When I came to know her better, it was somewhat of a shock to find that "intense," as uttered by her, did not really mean much. It was on her lips a dozen times in the day, and *apropos* of the merest trifle, instead of being, as I imagined it was, a spontaneous tribute to my power of moving her by the recital of my story.

Although some people have so remarkable a word as "intense" for a favourite, I think there is hardly anyone who does not affect some special word for his own. I know, for instance, someone who rarely finds out but frequently "ascertains," another who never looks forward but always "anticipates," a third who agrees to do all you advance with a "quite so;" and a fourth who chimes in with your assertion by an encouraging "precisely." Preachers have invariably a favourite word or words, so have pleaders, so have doctors. So, above all, have newspapers.

S. G. D.

AD LUCEM.

THROUGH white-foamed surf and storm and spray,
 Bravely the swimmer works his way—
 Now on the billows upward borne,
 Now by the dark rocks roughly torn.
 The harbour lights shine bright and clear,
 The distant voices seem quite near—
 So near he hears the lapping sound
 Of waters breaking on the ground.
 Blinded by storm and snow and sleet,
 With wearied limbs, and bleeding feet,
 Across the dark and lonely track,
 The seething billows bear him back.
 Like glistening stars the lights still shine
 To guide him through the tossing brine.
 A few bold strokes, though spent and worn,
 And he has reached the wished for bourne.

And we who sail life's angry sea,
 Assailed by doubts and sophistry,
 Beseet by qualms, o'ercome by sneers,
 Blinded by mists, possessed by fears—
 Now resting in assurance bright,
 Again nigh wrecked by baneful light ;
 One moment full of peace and joy,
 The next for restless doubts a toy,
 Storm-tossed and weary in the strife,
 Poor strugglers on the sea of life,
 Panting and eager in the fight
 To reach the distant harbour light—
 That beacon whose calm ray so long
 Has shone serene, amid the throng
 Of lesser lights, o'er waters wild,
 For every world-tossed weary child.
 "*Ad Lucem*" may our motto be,
 To lead us, Saviour, home to Thee—
 "*Ad Lucem*" to the realms above,
 Where all is peace and joy and love.

SUSAN H. CONNOLLY.

THE LATE PROFESSOR CASEY.

R. I. P.

ON the third day of this year a distinguished Irishman died : Professor Casey, LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A.—to whose name might be appended many other sets of initials indicative of his eminent standing in the scientific world.

John Casey was born in the year 1820 at Kilbenny, near Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. His first education was received in the village school ; and afterwards he learned euclid and algebra under a schoolmaster of more than ordinary ability, one of those excellent teachers for whom Munster was famous in the first half of this century which is drawing so near to its end.

When his age permitted it, young Casey took service under the Board of National Education ; and his character and abilities obtained for him eventually the position of Head Master of the Central Model School, Kilkenny.

While still a National School Teacher, Mr. Casey attracted notice by his acquirements in mathematics. He had only learned at school the merest elements of geometry and trigonometry, etc. the rest he taught himself in his intervals of leisure after the drudgery of school-mastering ; and in the same way he learned also Latin, French and German. At this time he had a long correspondence with Professor Townsend, F.R.S., about certain mathematical questions of great difficulty, which the country schoolmaster succeeded in solving. The Professor urged him to enter Trinity College, Dublin, though he was now approaching his 40th year. He boldly took this advice, obtained a sizarship in 1859, a scholarship in 1861, and his degree in 1862. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him *honoris causa* by Trinity College in 1869.

From 1862 to 1873 Dr. Casey was mathematical master in Kingstown school, during which period that institution was one of the most successful in the kingdom in preparing young men for the higher departments of the Civil Service and the highest college honours. For it was very remarkable how completely a man of Dr. Casey's familiarity with the most abstruse mysteries of science

could enter into the difficulties of beginners and could stoop to be the most effective of grinders. This was partly due to his wonderful conscientiousness and his enthusiastic devotion to duty, which made him give the very best of his mind and energy to everything that he undertook, however humble and simple it might be, instead of reserving it for the loftier mysteries of his predilection.

In September 1873, Dr. Casey was selected for the chair of Higher Mathematics in the Catholic University of Ireland. In the next month he was offered a Professorship of Mathematics in Trinity College, but he chose to remain in the Catholic University, in which the Board of Bishops soon after raised his salary to the amount which he had sacrificed. In 1881 Professor Casey was appointed a Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland. In the beginning of this sketch we forebore indicating by initials the learned societies which honoured themselves by co-opting our Irish *savant*. He was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy in 1868, a member of its council in 1872, its Vice-President for five years, under the presidency of the late Sir Samuel Ferguson, and at his death he was the senior member of its committee of science.

His reputation in England and on the continent was almost greater than at home. He was elected a member of the Mathematical Societies both of London and of Paris in 1874, a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1875, a member of the Scientific Society of Brussels in 1878; and this long list by no means exhausts his honours.

These honours were chiefly earned by his contributions to the higher literature of science. They consist of a large number of elaborately prepared papers on the most abstruse questions in mathematics and physics. We refrain from transcribing the titles of these dissertations; for even such of our readers as flatter themselves that they have some tincture of what used to be called mathematics, would have no very precise idea of what is meant (for instance) by Bircircular Quartics. Professor Casey's researches were as original as they were extensive, and their value has been fully recognised by the highest mathematical authorities. These papers appeared in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, in *Hermathena*, in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, *The Educational Times*, the *Messenger of Mathematics*, the Quarterly Journal of Mathematics, and in various journals of learned societies in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

As for his personal character, Professor Casey was a man of spotless virtue and of ardent piety. For many years he was a daily communicant, assisting at eight o'clock Mass, no matter how inclement might be the weather. His greatest privation for the last three years of his life was that the bronchitis from which he suffered forced him sometimes to wait for the ten o'clock Mass and to forego Holy Communion. He was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and never missed attending the Devotions in the Franciscan Church at the appointed times. Every night of his life he led the recitation of the Rosary in his little family circle. He cherished a very particular affection for the picture of the Holy Face, which sets our Divine Redeemer very vividly before us as He must have appeared during the ignominy of His Passion. He believed that everything was to be obtained by prayer, and he led a life of prayer. Evidently the most absorbing study of mathematics had not dried up the springs of piety in the soul of this gifted and warm-hearted Irishman.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The most noteworthy book this month is "Poems by John Francis O'Donnell" (London: Ward and Downey). For this best of memorials to a gifted Irishman we are chiefly indebted to Mr. John T. Kelly, Secretary of the Southwark Irish Literary Club in London. Mr. Richard Dowling, with excellent taste, puts this forward emphatically in beginning his delightful introduction to this volume. He was fitly chosen to render this service to his friend's memory.*

This volume of two hundred and fifty pages is divided between general poems and poems relating to Ireland. We must confess we are sorry that "The Music Lesson," which furnishes a motto to the title-page and the first poem to the work, has not been given in its complete form, for the blank verse, in the style of Tennyson's idyllic poems, seems to us some of O'Donnell's best work. But the compiler

* Our own recollections of the poet may be found at page 692 of our sixteenth volume.

had to take a great many things into consideration, and certainly he has done justice to the almost forgotten poet whose place is henceforth assured in every Irish anthology. This is not the place for any attempt at a loving study of O'Donnell's poems. We have but to announce their appearance in this attractive form. The publishers have only erred in the excess of the care they have bestowed on the exquisite typography, binding, and gilding of this edition, which is so elegant that we are astonished it can be offered to the general public at so small a price as five shillings.

2. Father Bridgett, of whose invaluable contributions to English Catholic literature we have deemed it our duty often to remind our readers, stands as sponsor for a work by another Redemptorist, Father Livius, formerly, like Father Bridgett before his conversion, a student of Oxford, where Father Livius belonged to Cardinal Newman's college, *Oriel*. His present work, which is published by Burns and Oates, is entitled "*Mary in the Epistles, or the implicit teaching of the Apostles concerning the Blessed Virgin, contained in their writings, illustrated from the Fathers and other authors.*" We suspect many readers will find the six introductory chapters the most useful and most satisfying portion of the work, which, however, displays research, ingenuity, and thoughtful piety. A much larger and very learned work by the same writer is "*St. Peter, Bishop of Rome, or the Roman Episcopate of the Prince of the Apostles, proved from the Fathers, History, and Archæology, and illustrated by arguments from other sources.*"

3. Besides Miss Rosa Mulholland's condensed edition of John Francis Maguire's *Life of Father Mathew*, published by Charles Eason and Son, of Dublin, the recent Centenary is responsible for "*Father Mathew, his Life and Times,*" by Frank Mathew (London: Cassell and Co.) This relative of the Apostle of Temperance has done his task exceedingly well. The facts were put together with a great deal of freshness and literary skill, though poetical quotations are certainly too frequent. The arrangement of chapters, the excellent table of contents, and the thoroughly satisfactory type and paper, combine to make this newest "*Life of Father Mathew*" particularly readable.

4. Perhaps the most useful and the most successful of James Duffy's numerous publications was the shilling series called "*The Library of Ireland,*" of which the most famous were Gavan Duffy's "*Ballad Poetry*" and John Mitchel's "*Hugh O'Neill.*" Another of these volumes is called "*A Casket of Irish Pearls,*" edited by Thornton MacMahon. This Thornton MacMahon was never heard of before

or since, and I suspect it was only a pseudonym. At any rate the bearer of that name is probably dead, and will not quarrel with the Rev. John Gunn for using the same title for a small quarto which treats in prose and verse of several subjects relating chiefly to Ireland, and which is published by M. H. Gill and Son, 50 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin. Dean Gunn would have consulted better for the tastes of this prosaic age if he had placed his prose sketches in front, and reserved his verses for an appendix. The historical account of Maynooth College is very interesting, especially for the alumni of that great ecclesiastical college. Dean Gunn's Muse is also at her best when singing the praises of that Alma Mater of most of our Irish priests. She succeeds better in the management of the heroic couplet than in lighter measures. Both prose and verse bear the impress of an Irish and priestly heart.

5. Dr. Bede Vaughan, Cardinal Moran's predecessor in the archiepiscopal see of Sydney in Australia, wrote, while he was a Benedictine Friar at Hereford, a very full and elaborate Life of St. Thomas Aquinas in two volumes, containing together 1,859 pages. Four years after the publication of this work, which appeared in 1871, a skilful and attractive abridgment in one volume was made by the new Archbishop's brother, Dom Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B. A second edition of this work is now produced by Messrs. Burns and Oates with even more than their usual care and elegance, as regards printing and binding. We rejoice to notice that it is described in gilt lettering on the back as No. 1 of "the Benedictine Library." May the series reach No. 101!

6. Another series, of much smaller size but extremely neat, is the Westminster Series, published also by Burns and Oates. It consists of several spiritual treatises by Cardinal Manning, such as "The Love of Jesus to Penitents," "The Holy Ghost the Sanctifier," "The Office of the Holy Ghost," and "Confidence in God, etc." The *et cetera* appended to the last title represents two of the Cardinal Manning's holiest discourses, namely "The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth," and the exquisite exhortation on Praise. We may name here—it only needs to be named—the seventeenth volume of the fine Centenary Edition of the Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. This volume is called "Miscellaneous Subjects," and it contains historical sketches of his Congregation and short lives of two of its holy members. The same Publishers, the Benzigers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, have sent us "A Happy Year: or the Year Sanctified by meditating on the Maxims and Sayings of the Saints." This work is translated by the Rev. James O'Brien

from the French of Abbé Lasausse. A special virtue is assigned to each of the twelve months—patience, humility, conformity to the will of God, etc.—and these are, day by day, illustrated by a maxim of some saint and two or three examples, ending with a short appropriate prayer.

7. Neither author nor translator reveals her name on the title-page of "The Christian Virgin in her Family and in the World: her Virtues and her mission at the present time" (London: Burns and Oates). We have, however, used the feminine pronoun, for the Auxiliary Bishop of Lyons in his letter of praise speaks of the anonymous writer as a woman, and none but a woman, we think, could translate at full length three hundred and seventy pages of this nature. There is a great deal of excellent and edifying matter on the duties of uncloistered virgins; but one would wish that it had been set forth with greater simplicity and sobriety of style. Such books would be all the better for being condensed and mitigated in the painful process of being translated from the French.

8. One of the most interesting of the many books to which the death of Cardinal Newman gave rise is a shilling pamphlet of some three hundred pages, "The Press on Cardinal Newman, with a short sketch of his life, arranged by the Rev. Michael F. Glancey" (Birmingham, W. J. Cosby; Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son). It contains articles on the deceased Cardinal extracted from more than 170 newspapers of Great Britain and Ireland. It is a very remarkable collection, and it is edited extremely well.

9. Our pages have paid many tributes to the literary skill and Catholic devotedness of the late Kathleen O'Meara, whose "Robin Redbreast's Victory" was one of the very prettiest stories that this Magazine has had the credit of adding to Catholic literature. Her two last writings, sketches of Monseigneur de Ségur, and of the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity, Madame Legras—have been brought out in a handsome volume under the title of "The Blind Apostle and a Heroine of Charity" (London: Burns and Oates). Cardinal Manning, in a very beautiful little preface of three pages, calls this "the last bequest of the cultivated and pious intelligence to which we already owe so many beautiful and instructive writings, biographical and devotional."

10. I regret having broken up a little museum of First Numbers that I began to collect some years ago. Two new Magazines have just reached. January, 1891, ushers into the world *The South African Magazine*, vol. 1, No. 1. It begins its career well. It is extremely

well written, and the topics have freshness and variety. We shall watch its course with much interest. The other new venture is "The Eagle: an Intercollegiate Magazine," in whose pages the chief English Catholic schools and colleges are very creditably represented. The Magazine is well edited, and is very interesting even for those who do not belong to the school world of which it is the organ; but for those who *do*, its interest must be absorbing.

11. In writing the preceding paragraph we had another First Number which January, 1891, has sent forth. *The Carlton Review of Catholic Literature* is published at Bruges, where the Editor resides. The subscription is only three shillings a year, and, if the little Magazine fulfils its opening promise, it will give excellent value to its patrons. There is a great deal of literary information, which could not be found elsewhere.

12. Out of a dozen of new books that we have not yet named, we must name one which would have delighted the pious heart of the late Dr. Casey, as the reader of a previous page will understand—Dean Kinane's Collection of the Devotions, etc., in honour of the Holy Face (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). The last and in several respects the best of many books about the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau is by a Dublin gentleman, Mr. P. J. O'Reilly. It is very agreeably written, and charmingly illustrated.

13. Lady Martin, to whom we owe the edifying and interesting Life of Dom Bosco, has recently translated a very beautiful sketch, "The Countess de Choiseul d'Aillecomt," from the French of Monseigneur Bounard (London: Burns and Oates). The account of her short married life and of her holy death is quite pathetic in its beauty. Such lives have more charm and interest for those who are looking down on us from heaven than the careers of those whom the world calls great.

MARCH, 1891.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"HE merely repeated that the farm was out of lease," Robert Harrington said, in answer to a question put by his wife. They sat facing each other at a breakfast table laid for two.

"And was that all?"

"Well, he'll make one concession (as he calls it): he'll remit half the hanging gale if we agree to quit at Christmas."

"At Christmas!" repeated Mrs. Harrington.

"Before it, if we choose," added her husband bitterly.

"But will he give no reason? What does he want to get up our place for?"

"Our place!" rejoined the husband. "God help us! ours no longer."

"Well, *his* place then; for what does he want it?"

"That he absolutely refuses to tell. And what does it matter to us, Madge, what he means to do with it if we must leave it?"

"I think it does matter, Robert. If he wanted the place for a son or a daughter, or even for a particular friend, there would be some excuse for the injustice he is doing you. I could make up my mind to it better. But if we are to be turned out for a whim, and without time to find another farm to move to, 'tis very hard."

Robert Harrington sighed, but said nothing. He had, poor fellow, nothing to say that could console his wife.

"And the young man," resumed Madge; "did you see him at all?"

"I did."

"Did you speak to him?"

"He spoke to me. He made a pretext, I think, to follow me out and walk down to the lodge with me."

"What did *he* say?"

"Oh! what could he say? He said he was sorry—and I believe he was; but his father was a man who would not be interfered with by anyone. He looked as though he might have added to that, least of all, by his heir. To leave no stone unturned, though I felt it was no use, I explained to him that as there is no arrear except the hanging gale, we could contrive to make that up and pay it in with the September rent, if that would satisfy his father."

"Well?"

"He only shook his head. I felt sure myself it was not that was in question, but just the caprice of a little mind. And so there's no more to be said or done now, my poor Madge, but to make the best of it. Do his worst he can't part you and me, nor take the chicks from us: let us be thankful for that!"

So saying Robert Harrington rose to go abroad and see to the day's work in fields which (as he thought sorrowfully) "were soon to be another's care." Passing out, as he had just previously passed in, by the wide-opened window, he stopped short and stooped to pick up a fallen creeper; and then as suddenly let it fall again, with the exclamation of "But why should I?" Yet no sooner had this thought stayed his hand than another followed: "No one taking possession after him should find cause to say the place had been neglected." And going back by the porch into the house, he got his hammer and nails and bits of red cloth, and carefully fastened up every branch that seemed astray. There, under his hands as he hammered away, were his Madge's monthly roses coming into blow. There, too, at Christmas, when he and his might be gone or going, these would bloom again in no less beauty: so sunny was the aspect; so sheltered, so cosy the spot! In ten minutes his task was done. And then, throwing down the hammer as if with it he cast from him a temptation, he turned his back upon the house and looked lingeringly around him on the landscape he had grown to think the loveliest upon earth.

In front lay his own hillside lawn, dotted over with well-grown trees, and bounded by a clear, soft-flowing stream. A pretty rustic bridge crossed to the over side, whence his landlord's woods, in one unbroken mass of varied foliage, rose from the green inch below to the blue sky above. To the left lay three miles of a woodland valley, along which road and river, running side by side, led wandering thought to the not distant city, to sights and sounds that made by contrast all the sweeter and more peaceful the green, still retreat to which it soon returned. A few steps to the right, as he moved again "to go about his business," stood his row of beehives, settled there when he and his Madge set up housekeeping together. A little farther, on his way to the kitchen-garden, was the shaded walk, cool

in summer heats and dry in winter rains; with the bench where bride and bridegroom sat to talk and read at leisure hours before children came to be

"Better than any ballad
That ever was sung or said."

There those children were now, at their sports upon the broad, clean path, yet happily ignorant that anyone had power to banish them from the dear familiar playground.

As he walked slowly towards them, his own namesake, a fine, dark-eyed, brown-complexioned boy of six, came bounding to meet him with a cry of "Here's Uncle Tom, Papa!" Next moment he and the visitor had shaken hands, and leaving the children to their game, passed a swing gate into the garden to converse in quiet.

Though the Harringtons were Protestants, and the Reverend Thomas Palmer was the Catholic curate of their parish, yet they were fast friends. The two men had, twenty years or so before, been "Bob" and "Tom" together, learning or "sconcing" their lessons on the same form, and "taking their pandies" from the same strict hand at a city day school of repute. Each boy, being an only son, hailed the other as his natural ally, and work or play in hand they hardly ever were asunder. Young Palmer's family were town's-folk, and by degrees their pleasant house came to be a kind of second home to Robert Harrington in school time, whilst his chum spent holidays at Hillside. Then followed, of necessity, a long separation, during which Tom took orders, Bob married, and the kindly elders of both households died. The friends seemed to have lost sight of each other when a happy transfer from a distant cure brought the still young priest back as a worker to his old playground, to be met once more with open house and heart by his old schoolmate. And now, after two years' near neighbourhood, he was the confidant and counsellor alike of wife and husband, and the well-loved "Uncle Tom" of every little Harrington able to pronounce the name. His friend's wife, seeking a friendly mean between the "Father Tom" of the parishioners and her husband's "Tom" of old times, fell on calling him "Uncle Tom" too. And on his part, as "Mrs. Harrington" would sound cold, and "Madge," perhaps, over free, he called her "Margaret."

"What news?" he asked of Robert as they paced the garden.

"The old story—just what I expected."

"You offered a higher rent?"

"Higher! the highest any two honest men could agree to put on it."

"I cannot imagine why he refuses such an offer."

"I can."

"You never surely gave him offence in any way?"

"Not in any way that I could well help—or would, perhaps, if it were to do over again. I see—I have been some time seeing it (though I did not like to forecast misfortune by saying so even to you). I see that my mere existence, as I do exist, is an offence to him. If, when he came over here, he found me in a flannel jacket and corduroys feeding my pigs; Madge, with her gown turned up, scouring her reulers at the door; and our children running about bare-foot and shock-headed or—better, maybe—met them going to the National School at the pike with the children of his lodgekeeper and dairyman, he might do no more than raise the rent on us. But that my father's son should draw a step nearer to his father's son in social standing is what he will not endure. In short, Tom, it is not here a question of rent or breach of covenant, but of 'Mordecai at the king's gate.' And you know in such cases there's nothing for it but the one thing—poor Mordecai must be gone! There is no blinking the fact that this place has been made fit—as the advertisements say—'for a gentleman's family.'"

"If you are sure of the justness of your conjecture"—

"Sure, almost, as I am that my grandfather took this hillside a furze-brake from his father. If I had a shadow of a shade of doubt left, after the old fellow's significant sneers at 'what my wife and myself are, no doubt, fitted to turn to anywhere we go,' the young man's conduct would do away with it. He used to be civil and strange. But this mbrning the courtesy and kindness of his manner was marked; marked, as it appeared to me, to show his father as well as myself how *he* looks on the eviction, and that *he* does not think the place too good for the people holding it. When I was dismissed from the Presence Chamber, he walked with me down the avenue. And I am sure that if there was even a colourable pretext for the notice to quit, he would have been glad to allege it for very shame's sake. When I said a few words about the hanging gale, he seemed so dumbfounded that I dropped the subject and spoke of something else. He looked positively thankful to me, and we parted like regular old friends.

"Now that I am led to speak out at all," Robert Harrington resumed after a moment's silence, "I'll tell you—but mind you don't speak of it to Madge—how I came to believe (as I firmly do) that Mr. Trenchard owes me a personal grudge strong enough to make him reckless of bringing me to ruin. One day I was coming home from a funeral, I stopped at the pike to get our letters. It happened that he

had just gone in before me to get his. He had taken them off the counter when Irvine said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I fear I have given you one of Mr. Harrington's.' 'Robert Harrington, Esquire, Hillside House!' he repeated to himself, flinging back the letter as if Colorado beetles peeped out of it. Then turning on his heel he surveyed me from head to foot with a scowl whose meaning there was no mistaking. But my blood was so up at the insolence, which even Irvine must have noticed, that I could not or would not at the moment disclaim the mock gentility of the 'House'—to say nothing of the 'Esquire'—tagged on by some blarneying advertiser. I felt sure, as he rode his way and I mine, that he as well as I was recollecting how the lease stood, and that our days here were numbered. And from that day to this every time we came across each other, I saw that ourselves and our surroundings stunk in his nostrils. Indeed, I believe that was the case long before I observed it. I never told Madge what I noticed, and am less than ever inclined to tell her now."

"And yet," said the curate, "she appears very anxious to know the whole truth."

"Strangely anxious, you might say."

"Then why not tell her? You always are so open with her. It would be a satisfaction to her in a sort of way," persisted the curate.

"I'll tell you why," returned the other. "Women torment themselves so, 'tis their nature," he added, half smiling: "they can't let bygones be bygones—in their own minds at least. Madge might begin to blame herself, perhaps, as accountable for many of the little things that have led up to the bad feeling that old Trenchard is now showing us. It was she who suggested several of the changes that we had every honest claim to make. We often gave up enjoyments and expenses that far poorer people shared in without remark or blame, in order to be able with a clear conscience to carry out some of the permanent improvements made in and about the old home. We gave up going to the Exhibition seven years ago to buy those shrubs that you so much admire round the sweep."

"True, indeed. And I remember Margaret telling me how you all went a whole year to church and town on foot to save money to build your handsome porch."

"We did. That porch that gives the poor chicks playroom in the hall on wet days, where they are in nobody's way, and lets fresh air safely in on them whichever way the wind blows; that was not built for show."

"I must say I think you have everything just as it should be. And as for Margaret, she seems to me the pearl of good managers."

"That she is! And I would not for the world that she should

fancy any cause for thinking otherwise herself. To feel puzzled by this whim of old Trenchard's will of itself do her no harm, and the explanation might."

"I agree with you now fully as to that," assented the curate. "It was this morning you saw him?"

"Yes. I went over before breakfast, as the nearest approach I could make to the hat-in-hand, 'your honour, sir,' sort of tenant he likes to have under him. He seemed pleased—he is fond of despatching business in the morning, and commended my early rising. For just a moment I was fool enough to almost flatter myself that he would come to terms. But our fate was fixed beforehand; and nothing to be done or said could change his ultimatum. 'The lease was out,' he said, 'and he did not feel called on to communicate his private views as to the future disposal of the farm.' And so we parted. He will give it either to some one whom he can look on as an equal, or to a working farmer of a class unlikely to bring any offensive uppishness 'between the wind and his nobility.'"

"Yet if the son feel so differently from the father, you may yourselves some day return," suggested the curate as the most comforting thing he could say.

Robert Harrington shook his head. "People don't return after such a move as this will be to us," he said. "Mr. Trenchard's life is as good as my own, or better, perhaps, notwithstanding the disparity of age, looking at my life as it most likely will be spent from this time forth. And do you know, Tom, that feeling as I myself feel at leaving now, I am not sure I should like to pass my time in looking forward to inflicting like suffering on another man who might be then nearly as fond of the place as I am, especially if he married here."

"You are right, my dear fellow!" said his friend: "that is the wisest and best way to look at what must be."

"No!" Robert Harrington went on as if rather to himself than to his listener. They had come to a stand at the top of the sloping sunny garden, and both were gazing down the hillside. "No! when we are gone, it had better be gone without a look back."

"You are the best of good preachers, Tom," he added after a long pause, and laying his hand lovingly on the shoulder of the friend whose heart he knew bled for him as they stood thus side by side. "All good sermons are short, and sometimes the best of all sermons is silence. I suppose—with all the rest of it—we shall have to go out of your parish. We must, at all events, in the first place move into town and into lodgings; another way of saying to a man born and

bred in the country, go into the stocks. I daresay you'd like to say a word to Madge. You'll find her in the house, most likely where I left her, eating her heart out about her children, poor soul!"

There she was sure enough; not as usual, going to and fro, doing, as she actually did, nearly as much house work (though different, perhaps, in kind) as did any of her poorer neighbours, but still seated by the breakfast table as if turned to stone. Her thoughts, like her husband's, had gone forward to the moving into town and into lodgings; but woman and mother-like, more into detail of what this moving meant: to straitened means where more means would be wanted; to the stinted freedom and pale, pinched faces of her now restless, rosy, healthy, happy little flock; or, further yet, to failure in getting other land or finding capital to work it with; to emigration, it might be, to change of climate, loss of health, to perhaps, perhaps——. The entrance of the curate fortunately broke in on her previsions.

At another time, if by any strange chance caught thus at eleven o'clock seated with unwashed tea-things laid before her, Madge Harrington would have started with a housewife's distinctive shame at seeming so unthrifty. Now she merely moved to give her hand to "Uncle Tom."

"Go on now as if I wasn't here," he said. "I know from Robert you are but just after a late breakfast."

"I hardly seem to have the heart to go on even with that much!" she replied, pointing to the table. "We've always been going on, both of us, and where's the good of it now?"

"Where? Everywhere!" returned her friend: "in your good name; in your own self-respect; in your well-reared, well-bred, healthy, happy children; in the energy that will carry both of you through whatever God sends to try you now; and in your success in the future, wherever it be cast, please Providence."

"Ah! Uncle Tom," she said, "you never thought it would come to this with us."

"How could I?" he asked, "or how could you, Margaret?"

"Perhaps I ought to have thought it might. I think now that Robert did," she said.

Embarrassed by holding her husband's confidence on this point, Uncle Tom was silent, and Madge went on:

"About a year since he talked of offering for a farm that lies two or three miles from us here, and but for me I believe he would have taken it. I fancied that it would be imprudent; that Robert would be, as they say, 'spreading himself too much,' attempting more than

he could be sure to compass. I always looked forward to a rise in our rent here as what we must prepare for. And then, I thought, we should not have capital enough to work the two places, and that we might come down as if between two stools."

"And I think you were only prudent in that fear," Uncle Tom said.

"That Mr. Trenchard would turn us out whilst we were willing and able to go to the utmost in our rent was a thought that never crossed my mind."

"And no wonder!" rejoined Uncle Tom.

"Yes, but I should have thought, too, that men know better than women what other men are likely to do. I see now that women's prudence leads them to take too narrow a view of business matters. But for my prudence we should now have at least another home of some sort ready to go into. Though I said little, Robert saw that I disapproved of his idea, and he gave it up. Now he is, perhaps, blaming himself, even for my sake, that he did not act on his own better judgment. I am likely to pay dearly for my prudence," she added bitterly.

"My dear Margaret," said the curate after a moment's thought, "if I have a strong faith in anything (outside what I am bound to believe) it is in this: that when people of even ordinary good sense give time and thought enough to any matter and then come to what seems to them a wise decision, I have a strong faith that in the long run—mind I say the long run—they will find they have decided for the best. They may for a time see some reason to think otherwise, to doubt and to regret as you are tempted to do now. But my belief is—and I'd like to make it yours—that when they do a thing for the best, they will find ultimately that Providence has used their prudence as a means to bring about what is for the real best. And I believe that even where we never in this life fully see that it is for the best, it is so even then too."

"I'll try to think so," Madge said: "no great merit in that! I may as well as not. I've nothing else for it."

"Better, believe me, Margaret. How do you know that you are not going before me to my next mission? And if I find you there, I can tell you that beautiful and dear to you as your home here is, you'll find it hard to persuade me to be sorry for the move."

Madge half smiled. "Well then," she said, "if that should be so, I'll hope and pray that you be sent to us as parish priest; that we may not have to look forward to losing you, too, ever again."

"To that hope and prayer I say 'Amen!' of course," responded Father Tom.

Upon this "Amen" they parted. And cheered somewhat, Madge went about her every daywork as if nothing had happened.

How hard it is to do this those alone know who have gone through the trial! To speak and act *as if nothing had happened*, when at every turn almost comes back the thought that that something which once seemed hardly possible has happened! to live the day through as if all was the same as yesterday and the days before, while deep down in our hearts lies the knowledge that everything is so soon to be different.

Can they who needlessly inflict such suffering as this realise what it is they do? Do they even try to imagine what it must be to look forward through six months, three months, one month, to the evil day? Do they know what it is to wake from troubled dreams to the consciousness of a something that weighs like a nightmare on the breast? What it is to go to and fro, up and down the dear old home, every look, every step bearing with it the burthen of the raven, "Never, never more!"

Have they seen, at the last moment before exile, cold walls kissed with a passion of affection such as not every human being puts into the kiss given at parting to the nearest kith and kin?

It was so that the Harringtons loved the home that (down to the rock on which their house stood and the subsoil of the land) was of their own making. Week after week, day after day, poor Madge wearily passed up and down the stairs over which she had been used to trip so lightly, into this room where the first meal of her married life was spread with gay chat and bright imaginings of long years to be happy there; into that, where her first child's cradle stood (to be rocked by no other foot than hers), where Robert looked in at odd moments during working hours, and talked and read to her through leisure evenings: everywhere the same cruel question kept thrusting itself upon her mind. "This day month, this day fortnight, this day week, who will go up and down these stairs? Who will sit in these rooms? Another month, another fortnight, another week, and shall we ever, ever again eat or drink or sleep within these walls?" And her heart seemed to sink as though it would die within her at the thought. If beguiled for a little while from the one fixed idea, it was but to feel it rush back on her with somewhat of the horror of a fresh shock.

So time wore on from the date of the arrangement to quit at Christmas and Christmas itself—for they had judged it wise to give up possession then, calculating the half gale remitted upon that condition was more than they could expect to gain by holding on the land and yet making ready for the fitting at the half-year's end in March.

Delay that was unavoidable—to find lodgings suited at once to their number and their means, and delay that was prudent—to escape as long as possible going under fresh expense, brought their last day at Hillside to the Eve's eve of Christmas. All were to quit that evening: next morning Robert was to return to give up possession formally, and pay the rent. And then a small piece of stamped paper would be the sole inheritance of the Harringtons from the forbears who took the leasehold as a waste, only that the descendants might be banished from it as a garden.

That day of doom was such as in our capricious climate often comes at Christmastide: at first a fine, clear, cheery day; not frosty, yet dry and sunny in the early forenoon. "The old home does not even look gloomy on our parting it!" was Madge's thought as she gazed out of the window. She smiled at her fancy, to keep from weeping at it. Outwardly she held up bravely, spoke steadily and calmly to the children, and as nearly as was possible cheerily to her husband. Notwithstanding all previous preparation, much had to be done that day. And it was far gone in the afternoon before such things as had been indispensably in use to the last for so many in family were fairly packed and ready for removal.

"I may as well go for the cars," Robert said after a moment's rest when the very last bit of packing was got through. "There's no use in delaying now." He looked round the dismantled, littered room they stood in, a room that used to be so clean and trim. "The day is changing too. I suppose I'm to wash my hands at the spout? Open the door for me, Rob," he added, seeing his name-child standing by, gazing up at him, his eyes dilated and his little figure as if enlarged by the struggle going on within of thoughts and feelings too big for his utterance.

The boy went to the door, but, instead of opening, kicked at it again and again with all his might.

"What's that for?" the father said.

"Rob, darling, don't wake poor Baby!" said the mother.

"I want to kick it down, that he should have no door to shut with when he comes," replied the child.

"Open it, my lamby!" the mother said entreatingly; "and don't delay papa. No use in talking to him now," she said aside to her husband; "nature will have its way."

With instinctive obedience Robby drew the bolt and opened; and his father hurried out into the new foggy and yet half frosty air. Those left behind settled themselves to wait in the large square hall, where the only fire alight within the house was burning low in a stove set up there for the children's comfort in cold weather. The mother,

holding the sleeping infant, was seated on a wooden case. Beside her lay a cradle packed full with odds and ends that would come strange to poor Baby's hands for many a year yet. The elder children stood by or wandered from spot to spot of this their own special and now desolate domain. They all, but one, had a bundle of some light things strapped knapsack-wise upon their shoulders, and now and then they re-adjusted their little packs with an air of self-importance, as though half losing the sorrow of removal in a sense of dignity in thus being made sharers of the household burdens. The one exception was a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little woman—the family pride and pet, whose names of Mary-Mabel (the names of her two grandmothers, both recently deceased when she was born) were shortened by her brothers to "Maymay." She had taken no little load on her as yet, but stood looking askant at what was laid ready for her, as though the rejecting of it would put off her own departure.

"There's your bundle, Maymay," repeated Willy, the eldest child; "let me fasten it on now!"

"No!" she said; "maybe we shan't go to-night!"

"Oh, nonsense! Papa said we must. And he'll be in a hurry when he has the cars. And besides, we are to walk in and get into the donkey-car; and Tom Daly is to take care of us."

Still Maymay, with a gesture, declined to let her little burden be laid on her. Yet she carried her doll, drest in full walking costume, and said to her softly: "Poor Dolly, do you know you're going away to-night?"

Just then by the porch door (left ajar by Robby) entered Uncle Tom. Silently he laid a hand on the head of each child as it came up to him. "Leaving?" he said, looking round as he shook hands with Madge.

"Yes," she said, with a faint attempt to smile: "need's must, you know." Then, afraid of utterly giving way to the rush of sorrow which for the moment was beyond control, she rose and with a muttered "Excuse me!" hurried into one of the parlours where she walked to and fro stilling her own heart and the half-awakened Baby.

"Papa will be here in a minute, Uncle Tom," Willy said with a little deputy-man-of-the-house air, inexpressibly touching, Uncle Tom thought there and then.

"And Maymay won't let her bundle be put on, Uncle Tom," complained Robby.

"Maybe we shan't go to-night!" Maymay repeated, looking pleadingly up at Uncle Tom.

"Papa says it's better go to-night," insisted Willy.

But Maymay shook her head, and looked at Dolly as if even she must disagree with this hard saying.

"This is an old house," Uncle Tom said to her. "Shouldn't you like to go to a nice new house, Maymay?"

The child looked at him indignantly through eyes that filled with tears. "I don't want a nice new house," she said: "'twas here I came down from Heaven. I—don't—want—any nice new house, Uncle Tom!"

"My pet," said the young priest, in whose own eyes the tears now stood, "my pet, the house is not mine. If it was, you should never leave it, Maymay."

"And, Maymay," persisted Willy, "if we stayed here to-night, poor Mamma would have the trouble of unpacking all our beds, and"—here something in his throat cut short the manly speech.

As for little Maymay, she looked as though she thought Mamma should not mind that trouble for sake of another night "where she came from Heaven."

"Here's papa up the lawn in a great, great hurry, and no cars!" cried Robby, who had strayed to the porch door while Uncle Tom talked with Maymay.

Startled, before she could reflect that to her—with her little flock in safety round her—Robert could bring tidings of nothing worse than what had already happened, Madge hastily set Baby down between two bundles of bedding that lay upon the parlour floor, and threw up the nearest window. There was her husband, sure enough, striding swiftly towards the house. As he came near she could see that his face was pale almost as death. Passing his boy without a word, or noticing Uncle Tom, he rushed into the room in which his wife was, shut the door, and throwing himself upon the first thing he could find place on, he buried his face in his hands to hide a burst of tears.

"Robert! Robert, darling! what ails you?" Madge cried, kneeling by him. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Oh, the goodness of God!—God forgive me!" he exclaimed almost in a breath. "Oh, Madge, he's dead!"

Who? she feared to ask. But need she? There was at that moment but one *he* present to their minds. "Mr. Trenchard dead! Not—not killed?" she asked shuddering.

"Oh, no! Heaven forbid that! Gout in the stomach, they say. He had it in the feet these days back, and last night or this morning it went to the stomach. About an hour ago he died."

"While we were packing up," Madge said under her breath.

Possibly that packing up was one cause of the poor rich man's

sudden doom : irritation at his son's silent but unconcealed disapprobation, some qualms of conscience, some remnant of good feeling not wholly deadened in his heart, had agitated the unhappy despot, and, possibly, brought his disease to its last stage. Happen how it might, however, it was true : he slept with his fathers, and his son reigned instead.

Whilst his respite tenants waited to compose themselves, fearful of their own feelings, hesitating how best to tell the children, the household handy-man, Tom Daly, was come home, and spared them the difficulty of choosing words by blurting out the news with his first step over the threshold.

"I'm glad of it !" cried sturdy Robby ; " he was a bold man."

" Robby," Uncle Tom said, " when somebody else we all know is bold sometimes, how would he like that other people would be glad he died ? "

The child hung his head, the sudden blush glowing through his brown cheeks telling how the rebuke went home.

Then Tom Daly proceeded briefly with his tale to Uncle Tom : " Be great good luck, your reverence," he said, " I met the steward at the Pike, as he was galloping for bare life with the news to wan o' the married daughters. An' he pulled in to give me the hard word for the masther not to be in too great a hurry to go, though he couldn't take it on him to spake for certain. An' then," pursued Tom, turning to his master and mistress as they joined the others, " I tuk the liberty o' giving the men a couple o' pints apiece all round as the evening was cold. An' they dhruv away home a dale betther plaised (I'll say that for 'em) than if they got two days' hire for moving."

" We're sure of that, Tom ! " Robert and Madge said gratefully.

It was not till Tom Daly was heard recalling the maids from their own last preparations for the road, to assist in the unpacking, that the children understood the import to themselves of what had come to pass. Then they fairly broke out in the fulness of their joy.

" Now, Rob," Willy said, " aren't you glad papa prevented you kicking down the door ? What should we do without it now ? "

" We'd get Jack Martin to make a new one," answered Robby stoutly.

" Yes ; but we'd have to stay up all night for fear of robbers," argued Willy, who was sense-carrier of the little flock.

" Tom Daly would stay up," retorted Robby, who was not to be posed : " wouldn't you, Tom ? "

" That I would, Masther Robby, sooner than I ever sot up at a wedding. The ould curmudgeon ! " added Tom under his teeth, a

little awe of his master and mistress preventing him from speaking out his mind.

Soon everyone—Uncle Tom included—was taking part in preparation for a new house-warming. The kettle sang, the children danced, and as Robby in one of his inroads from the hall upon the elder party in the parlour, confided to his mother, "Tom Daly danced too."

"And," added he, "Tom says 'tisn't a child Maymay is at all, but a fairy; and we're going to kill her and bury her under our bundles, and her own bundle first of all."

"How right he was!" thought Madge, as she looked across their oddly furnished tea table to the happy face of Uncle Tom. "But who could think that after all we went through those terrible, terrible weeks, it was not we who really had '*notice to quit*.'"

JULIA M. O'RYAN.

SPRING SONG.

WIND of the West and song of the ousel upon the bough,
 Song of the bird, and wailing wind of the West;
 Glimmer of April sun o'er meadow and river and slough,
 And the shining eyes of the mother-bird on the nest.

Blossom of peach and pear, and the falling almond bloom,
 Bloom of the fruit and promise of Autumn rare,
 Pallor of primrose sweet in the shade of the yew-trees' gloom,
 Budding of violets blue in the woodland bare.

Showers of the murky morn when the waning moon is low,
 Low in the purple deep of a starless sky,
 Ruddy beams of the day in its early spring-tide glow,
 Or ever the light of dawn hath mounted high.

Hyacinths blue as the sea lit with a southern sun,
 Golden lilies of Lent in the belt of the lawn;
 Belis of the azure blue, their silent chimes begun
 When the dew-drops fall at the step of the gentle fawn.

Wind of the West, and song of the linnet amid the sedge.
 Song of the bird and soothing wind of the West,
 Glimmer of April sun o'er blossoming bough and hedge,
 And the chirp of the baby-bird in its cradle nest.

DAVID BEARNE.

THE RELIGIOUS VICISSITUDES OF ADARE

[There are few more interesting spots in Ireland than Adare in County Limerick. Gerald Griffin lived near it and often names it affectionately in his poems. The beautiful home of another poet, Aubrey de Vere, is not far away. It is consecrated by the sacred ruins, not of one church or abbey, but of several. The very 'Catholicity' of its atmosphere might seem to have had a share in the conversion of the late Lord Dunraven, Sir Vere de Vere, Sir Stephen de Vere, the poet just named, and Lord Emly. One Sunday, some years ago, the following words were spoken at Adare by Father Bridgett, the Redemptorist. We deem it our duty in this instance to heed the warning of the old Latin saying, and to convert the word which flieth away into the written letter which abideth.—*Ed. I. M.*]

Few parishes have gone through such strange vicissitudes in external things as Adare, or shown greater constancy and fidelity throughout. And now that we are met for the blessing of a new addition to this most ancient building, and looking around us we may admire the massive time-worn tower and arches, carrying us back a third part of the history of Christianity itself, or the latest works of ecclesiastical art; to-day that we assist both at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is of all times and all countries alike, and at the erection of the Stations of the Cross, which is a comparatively modern method of honouring Our Lord's Passion; on such an occasion I can ask you with a certain fitness to glance back over the religious history of your parish.

There must have been churches and priests in Adare or its neighbourhood from the days of St. Ailbe of Emly, or of St. Nesan of Mungret, or St. Munchin of Limerick; but little or nothing is known about the civil or ecclesiastical history of this part of the diocese of Limerick before the Norman invasion of the 12th century. In the year 1226, King Henry III. made a grant to hold a fair on the feast of St. James, and this day was chosen because there was then a religious house called the House of St. James, of which all traces have disappeared and of which nothing is known

but the name. It is probable that the castle was built towards the end of the twelfth century upon an ancient Irish rath ; and at the beginning of the thirteenth century the manor and castle came into the hands of the Baron of Offaly, one of the famous family of the Geraldines, and ancestor of the Earls of Kildare. This Baron is justly celebrated in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland as having introduced the two Orders of Franciscan and Dominican Friars, and is famous in Adare as the founder of the White Abbey, in which we are now assembled, and for the introduction of the Trinitarian Friars into Ireland, or the Friars of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, for the redemption of captives. This foundation was made in the year 1230.

Under the shadow of this castle of the Earls of Kildare grew up a town important enough to be governed by a provost and bailiffs, and to be surrounded by a stone wall in the year 1310 ; and though the Castle of Adare was by no means one of the principal residences of the Earls of Kildare, yet they took so much interest in the welfare of the town as to found several religious houses. That of the Augustinians, called the Black Abbey, (now the Protestant Church), was founded in 1315, and that of the Franciscan Friars, of which the beautiful ruins are seen in the Park, was founded by the same family in 1464. It was formerly called the Poor Abbey, not from the meanness of either church or buildings, but because the Franciscan Friars belong to a mendicant Order. Besides the churches attached to the three religious houses, there was the parish church of St. Nicholas, the ruins of which are near the castle ; there was also a chapel within the castle itself, and a small one within the churchyard of the parish church. Churches also abounded in the neighbourhood on every side, much more than at present. There were twenty-two churches in the Deanery of Adare in the fourteenth century. It may then be asserted in all truth that in the 300 years between the foundation of the White Abbey and the suppression of religious houses under Henry VIII., the people of Adare abounded in all external helps for instruction, for piety, for private and public worship.

Let us try to revisit in imagination your little town on the Feast of St. Nicholas on the 6th December, in the year 1500. St. Nicholas was the patron saint of the parish church, the rectory of which belonged to the White Abbey, the parish priest was called a Vicar. It was he, not the Monks or Friars, who had the cure of

souls. He was a secular priest, and was presented to his office by the Earl of Kildare. It is not unlikely, however, that, on such a day as the Pattern or Patronal Feast, the Prior or Minister, as he was called, of the White Abbey, as being the Rector, would be asked to sing Mass. Let me say, in passing, how fitly this building rather than any of the others should be now occupied by the Catholic parish priest of Adare, since he is both the successor of the Vicar and Rector of those old days.

But if you would re-people Adare in the year 1500, you must get rid of those associations which come at once into the mind when we talk of things that are old. In those days what now is old was young or new. An old building now is a time-worn, weather-stained building, if not a ruin, with tottering walls and broken arches covered with ivy. Now in the year 1500 the Franciscan Friary that looks so venerable in its decay in the Park was only just completed. A variety of benefactors had come forward to finish what had been begun by the Earl and Countess in 1460 ; one had added a cloister, another an aisle to the church, a third an altar, a fourth a chapel, a bell, a chalice or a decoration ; all was new and in perfect repair. Even then, however, the building in which we are now assembled was venerable, for it had existed 270 years, and it had suffered from time, from fire and from water. The church may not have been much larger and grander than it now is, but the house or abbey of the Friars then stood complete. Your sanctuary and central tower have just been richly decorated. This is in keeping with its early history, for even a hundred years ago a visitor to Adare described the picture still seen upon the walls representing St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille.

On the day that I am supposing, the feast of St. Nicholas, 1500, not only would the Earl and Countess and their visitors and household, the Provost, the bailiffs of the town, the principal townspeople, the clergy, secular and regular, fill the little parish church to overflowing ; but thousands, who had heard Mass elsewhere, would have been congregated outside waiting for the procession. You may imagine if you like the countrymen and women more gaily dressed than is their custom now ; amongst them men in the Earl's livery, and men in armour, and the grey Friars from the Poor Abbey, and the black Friars from the Black Abbey, and the red Friars from this church, called red Friars from the blue and red cross worn on the breast of their white habit.

But if that crowd was different in external aspect from any that could gather to-day, it was still more different in another and more important element. Every man, woman, and child composing it was Catholic. In 1502 there was not in Adare one person who did not belong to the Catholic Church, and look upon her as his mother. It was not that heretics or schismatics or Protestants were excluded, but there was none to exclude, since throughout Ireland, both the old native or Celtic population, and the Anglo-Irish, however bitterly hostile to each other, were at least one in faith, and when at peace could join in unity of worship. In this respect I look back with reverence and longing to those old days of the prosperity of Adare, but in other respects I am glad they are gone. For why were walls built round Adare? The original charter is still in existence, and it tells us that it was "to keep out the Irish enemy." Yes, the Earl of Kildare and the people of Adare were English, or Anglo-Irish, and they built castles and walled towns because they occupied a hostile country, which was devastated by continual wars. I never see the ruins of the old castles in this country without rejoicing that they have long ago fallen into decay. But the churches and monasteries were the castles of the Prince of peace, and their ruins bring back far different thoughts and feelings.

How came they in ruins? Ah! it is a sad history for which I have no time now. On that 5th December, 1500, could a preacher have stood in the pulpit of the church and foretold what would happen before the end of the century, he would not have been believed. His words would have seemed like ravings. He would have foretold that before the century had run out all the churches of Adare would be roofless ruins, their inhabitants dispersed, their very religion proscribed, and all that would be done, not by an invasion of heathen savages, as when the Danes wrecked Mungret, but by men who had been baptised and educated in the Catholic Church.

I have told you how God gave the people of Adare spiritual abundance or prosperity. I must now speak of the period of poverty and destitution, but I must be brief. In 1539 the repudiation of the Sovereign Pontiff, or the oath of the king's supremacy, was required, and the monasteries were forfeited to the Crown. The king had no use for the churches when the Friars were gone; so the lead was stript from the roofs, the bells were melted down to

make cannon, the timber of the roof was used when occasion served for building or for fires, the churches and houses soon became ruins, and the lands with which they had been endowed were given as rewards to cruel and unscrupulous adventurers, supporters of the royal cause and oppressors and murderers of the people. Let me hasten to say it, however, that it was not by such means that the present proprietor of the manor of Adare and its abbey lands came into possession. No, the name of Mr. Thaddeus Quin, who purchased this property and left it to the present family, is engraved on the chalice with which Mass was said to-day, for he died a devout Catholic on January 1st, 1725, and left that chalice for the perpetual use of the Catholics of the parish of St. Nicholas.

We do not know the precise details of the change of religion in Adare. The glory and prosperity of the little town seems to have departed with the Monks and Friars. Though a Protestant or schismatical clergyman was appointed to be Vicar of the church by Henry VIII., no one cared for his ministrations, and he probably resided elsewhere, for in 1559, at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the parish church was roofless and the chancel only covered with thatch. The Friars returned during Mary's short reign, but were expelled by the agents of Elizabeth. Once again during the Desmond wars they came back in 1573, but were afterwards driven forth. But though deprived of their priests and their houses of worship, the people of Adare showed in the time of adversity that by the grace of Him that strengthened them, "they knew how to be brought low," and yet to keep their hearts raised up to heaven. They did not apostatize, for it is on record that there was scarcely a Protestant in Adare until the Germans from the Palatinate were brought hither in 1780. A succession of Protestant clergymen were appointed who resided elsewhere, were content with enjoying the vicarial tithes; and a succession of Catholic priests, though denounced, fined and persecuted, still looked after the flock of God, and secured their scanty support at their hands. Monks and Friars were forbidden to exist in the country, and in 1704 a law was passed obliging all secular priests to have their names and residences registered, and prohibiting them under most severe penalties from leaving the county where they were registered. This Act, while tolerating their existence, insulted them by offering a bribe of £20 a year to any who would conform to the Established Church. From the return then made we find that there was a Catholic priest

resident in Adare itself, named Daniel Conry, and that he had been educated and ordained in France.

At the beginning of this century better times began. Up to that period the Catholic priests had no church. In the days of hot persecution Mass was said secretly in any place where the faithful could be gathered. Later on a room or barn was set apart. The place, I am told, is about a mile from this town, and is known to many of you by the name of Chapel Acre. But in 1811 the first Earl of Dunraven, though a Protestant, was moved to compassion at the state of the Catholic people, and sending for Father Lee, the Catholic priest of Adare, he gave to him the ruins of this old Abbey Church, and built for him and his people a plain but sufficient church. I can well conceive the joy of priest and people on the day when Mass was first offered again within these venerable walls.

I need not go on to tell you how the church was enlarged by Father Standish O'Grady, and how, by the munificence of the late Earl, the new portion was rebuilt in harmony with the older work; nor need I speak of the still further changes and improvements planned by him and executed by his liberality since his death; for these things are before your eyes. On such a day as this I may well ask your prayers for the repose of his soul, as well as for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of his descendants. Do not forget Thaddeus Quin, the donor of your chalice, nor those great and generous Earls of Kildare, who built and endowed the monasteries whose ruins draw so many visitors. I need scarcely tell you that buildings and carved work, marble, gilding and colour, give no glory to God in themselves. They are used and blessed by the Church because they help to excite and to nourish that adoration of God in spirit and in truth which God seeks for and takes delight in. If, then, Father Flanagan has laboured so hard, like his venerable predecessors, to make this church beautiful, and to multiply objects of devotion, it is for your sake and the sake of your children, and children's children, that God may be better known and better served in the parish of Adare. It is with the holy ambition that it may be not merely a picturesque village where strangers come to gaze on old ruins, but a living home of Catholic faith and purity for those who remain on their ancestral soil, and nourishing young men and women who, if obliged to emigrate to distant lands where external helps will be few, and dangers and temptations many, will still retain their ancestral faith and purity, and transmit them to worthy successors. May He, who by His grace can strengthen us to do all these things, give His blessing to the pastor and to his flock.

A FATHER'S MEMORY.

Qui es in calis !

THEY sing of mother's love. 'Tis well ;
 For in the very word doth dwell
 Pure poesy. But have I thought
 As oft and fondly as I ought
 Of still another grace which came
 To me—another, yet the same ?
 What richer gift has heaven above
 To lend us than a father's love ?

My father died when I was young,
 Before my heart had taught my tongue
 To be its poor interpreter—
 Nay, he was taken from us ere
 My heart itself had learned to thrill
 With anguish and with joy that fill
 The eyes with sad or happy tears.
 He only saw my opening years :
 And so, when walking by his side,
 I never kissed his hand or tried
 To falter forth my grateful love.
 But surely in the home above,
 'Mid heavenly joys, this joy is given,
 Father, by Thee who art in heaven,
 That dwellers in that world of bliss
 Still love the friends they loved in this,
 And smile upon us while we yearn
 To make some tardy, cold return
 For the unselfish toil and pain
 Spent on us with such scanty gain
 Of thanks or love—whence have accrued
 Such long arrears of gratitude.

Thou, too, my father, art in heaven.
 Surely Our Father hath forgiven
 What stains soever may have clung
 To thee earth's weary ways among.
 Therefore my heart looks up and pays

The debt long due of love and praise,
Speaking as if thou still wert here
To smile and listen, father dear !
I bless and thank thee for the love
Which oft hung wistfully above
The cradle of my infant sleep.
I bless and thank thee, till I weep,
For all thou would'st have done for me
Had God ordained that thou should'st be
The guardian of my riper years,
Partaker in their hopes and fears.
God willed not thus : He thee removed,
But left a mother who hath proved
That in a woman's heart can dwell
Much of a father's strength as well.
Her presence and thy memory
Made " Home " a holy word for me.
Thank God, sin's silliness is shown
On earth and not in heaven alone.
E'en on this fallen, sinful earth
True joy from duty takes its birth.
The false-named " man of pleasure " knows
No joys so deep, so true, as those
Which e'en from cares and troubles come
Within a loving Christian home.
Such home was mine until the day
Which called me from its peace away
To do the will of God elsewhere.
May I one day thy new home share !
Till then, full often will I kneel
And pray for thee, although I feel
That He who shares with thee his name,
And deigns my filial love to claim,
Thy everlasting crown has given,
And thou, my father, art in heaven.

M. R.

DEAR OLD MAYNOOTH.

IT is more than "twenty golden years ago" since I made my first acquaintance with Maynooth College, and it was unpleasantly in this way.

It was a very dark night in the January time of the year. I had been travelling all day from my distant home in the country. A face had haunted me all that day. It was the face of my poor father. He had taken his leave of me at the railway station, and he stood yet by the train to see me off. When it moved out of the station, and I was being carried away from him, I saw a sad expression come over his features; he lifted up his two hands and let them fall again, and then he turned his back and went away. All day that sad gesture of the two hands and the sorrowful look of the face kept by me. When the twilight faded away and the darkness came on, the lifted hands and the sorrowful face seemed to peep in at the window out of the darkness.

In this mood the train drew up, and I heard Maynooth called out. It was well; I was beginning to get sleepy from sheer weariness.

My few traps were quickly bundled out, the train steamed away, and I was the only passenger on the platform. A jarvey came up, politely touched his hat, and wanted to know if the young gentleman was for the College; he had taken lots there that day? The latter part of the phrase was, of course, meant as evidence to character. I said "Yes."

"Sit up, sir," he said; "this boy here will take the trunk."

"To be sure, I will," said the boy in question.

I protested, and said that my traps should go on the car on which I drove.

"Oh, you needn't fear, sir; we two is one."

Again I protested. But the Jehu told me some plausible story about a broken knee or a broken spring; and after asking the station-master if he knew them and if they were honest, I consented to drive on the car, and let my scanty luggage follow.

When I got to the gate of the College the driver demanded his fare. I would not pay till the boy came, but the boy wasn't

coming, and the jarvey began to fume and threaten, and another train was due; was I going to let him lose his chance of passengers? For a time I refused: for a time I pretended not to heed; for a time not to hear; and still the boy was not coming. At last, for peace sake, I agreed to pay him. "What was his charge?"

"Every gentleman that he drove to-day gave him a half-crown, but he'd take two shillings." [The distance is about five minutes' walk].

In order to get rid of him I gave him double his due. In a few moments *the boy* turned up, and before I was done with him I had to give him also his demands. This trifling adventure made me sore—to think I should have been gulled by a pair of *actors*. In after days when I read about poor David Copperfield, I thought of my own arrival at Maynooth College.

In this frame of mind I was escorted by a liveried servant from the gate into the precincts of the College.

The night was pitch-dark, and the gas lamps that flanked the avenue seemed by their light to make the darkness doubly dense. All was strange to me. Coming from the depths of the country, I was quite unprepared to find what the magnificent cluster of college buildings was like: its uninterrupted lines of masonry, its gothic doors and windows and arches; its storied corridors:—oh, how strangely all these looked to my untravelled eye! And while I was gazing on them amazed, if not awe-struck, a busy, voluminous hum, "with the tread of many footsteps," broke on my ear. A huge door opened, and out rolled a torrent of student-figures. Next morning I knew that that was the door of the refectory.

What a confusing, uncomfortable effect comes to a person from being cast, a stranger, among hundreds of faces, all in the artificial glare of night. I was evermore sensitive, and instinctively avoided crowds. Had I my own way, I would rather have gone out again, and once more be cheated than face that crowd of figures. But it had to be done! The Purgatory, however, did not last long; for the bell in a short while summoned all to night prayer, and that being over some of my diocesan friends took me under their protection, and found me a room and a bed. When I was left alone, I flung myself on my knees, and, instead of praying, wept. It would be of little use to ask why I wept. Indeed, I believe I wept because I was happy to be alone; happy, to let

my heart go back to the simple country, and to the old, old home ; happy to remember the familiar faces by the fireside, and to recall once again the saddened look on my father's face, and the two uplifted hands that fell so heavily by his side as he turned to go away from the train. Poor, guileless, trusting youth-hood. "Its clouds and its tears are worth evening's best light." So says the poet ; but, to make a true confession, I think I should not like to have to go through many of the trials I have gone through again.

Next morning we were called before daylight. On some rare occasions at home I had to get up before daylight ; but to make a practice of it—that indeed was something new in my life.

With some few more—freshmen all of us—I was ushered into a room ; bare, but for its few chairs and seats and a centre table. As we sat, a tall, venerable ecclesiastic came in. It was not yet the morning light. He called our names, and welcomed us personally. There was something peculiar about that man. He was slight, gentlemanly, and (but for a scarcely noticeable stoop in his shoulders) quite erect. His hair was white, and yet his face was young, and his step active. But the one thing that struck the beholder immediately, and especially, and emphatically about him was his grace of manner.

Without at all desiring to go through the process, I had been considering in my thoughts what person that I had met was at all like to him. My old parish priest ? He had white hair too ; but his whiteness was undoubtedly due to age, and he was not so tall as this gentleman. Somehow then—in what erratic way the mind will sometimes ramble—I thought of him—the old P.P.—as we altar-boys used to see him on the altar ; and oh, tell it not in Gath, what I thought of was the poor man's long sermons, and how earnestly and vehemently he would speak, and his silver snuff-box, and the huge pinch of snuff, and the ample red handkerchief that followed as regular as a corollary in Euclid, and we all the time panting to get home to our breakfasts. But my old parish priest, revered as he was in my eyes, and still is (peace to his ashes !), was not at all like the reverend father before me.

Then I went a step higher and thought of my bishop. Away out in the country we used to see a bishop once in two or three years ; and it was a *sight* to us ! If something kept us from the chapel the day he came, it would be three years more, an interval of six years, before we saw him. If you will not laugh at the

ludicrousness of it, I may tell you that his reverence present must have gained very highly on me when I began to think of himself and such a supreme personage as my bishop in the same breath. And it occurred to me that even his reverence had priority!

It was a beautiful summer day, the day that the bishop was to come to give Confirmation in our little country church. If you will bend your elbow, our little church stood on such a corner of land. That is thirty years ago now, or so. Ah, me! there is "a striking contrast" in my recollections that saddens my heart while I write. Look, sir! that little elbow of land stood flowering that day with laburnum trees. They were just then in full bloom, and they seemed as bright and as innocent as the white-dressed little girls that were on that day awaiting to receive the Paraclete with His sevenfold Gifts. That little nook of land was swarming with people, and every road leading to it, and the white-washed walls that surrounded it; and even up the poplar trees the school-urchins were to be seen peeping and hiding among the leafy branches.

Alas! of all those graceful, gentle laburnums, there was not even one when I visited the place some months ago. There were a few broken, naked trunks, standing like grey tombstones in a churchyard; while below lay all that had been once beautiful and air

Crowds, sir! Don't talk of crowds! The crowds are gone. Oh, my people!

Well, the bishop came. I was standing, a little boy, dressed in soutane and surplice—red soutane; *the red* was the prize one among us boys; we had only one red one. I was standing at the iron wicket that with its few rude steps led up the ascent, holding the holy water and the *asperges*. I mention this to show you what a good opportunity I had. The bishop's carriage drove up. His lordship was helped to alight. He was old, and heavy, and feeble, and I would be half inclined to add somewhat palsy. Two priests had to put their hands under his arm to help him on; and sitting on the plane of the altar, he had to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

All now are dead; my old parish priest, that reverend father I am speaking of, and his lordship, the bishop; and I hope it will not call up an unseemly smile if I tell truthfully what that morning I felt in the dim light by the winter sun; that even the bishop had to go; he could not hold his own beside the reverend father.

What were the thoughts of the young men that were beside me I knew not ; but their ignorance as to who his reverence was, was quite equal to mine. As yet we could not mingle with the other students. For several hours in the morning silence is the rule in Maynooth College ; indeed it may be said that *silence* is the rule during the entire day, speaking the exception. As well as I can recollect, it used to be—for recreation, about three-quarters of an hour after breakfast, half-an-hour at noon, an hour and a-half after dinner, and about three-quarters of an hour after supper.

I do not think I shall ever forget my first breakfast in Maynooth College. It was a fearfully cold morning, foggy and frosty. There was no fire in the immense refectory. Two huge doors, that opened on it, were constantly shutting and opening. My hands were so numbed that I could hold my knife only as a Tipperaryman holds his blackthorn. I found to my astonishment that our tea-service consisted of huge bowls, with St. Patrick and the serpents in lively blue at the bottom. I was shown how to get my tea, and sitting down with a very fair desire for food, I attempted to put some butter on my bread. The dexterity of my hand, owing to the cold, was completely gone ; and do what I could I was not able to get the butter on my bread. I was trying every artifice, with limited success, and not in a particularly great hurry, taking my time, as I was accustomed to, when all of a sudden there was a skurry of feet, and I found that all were standing up to say grace *after* meals. I stood up. Grace over, I was directed by sign to leave ; and seeing the body of students moving towards the door, I, too, left ; not, however, without a long lingering look at St. Patrick and the serpents behind me.

My friends at the after-breakfast recreation were unable to tell, from my description, who the reverend father was. In a few days after, we were out on a walk. I remember, as we clomb over the ascent of a bridge, an ecclesiastic came riding at a brisk pace towards the foot of the bridge at the other side. On seeing us, he reined in his horse, a fine dark animal, jet-black. The eye was particularly pleased with the *sit* of the rider, elegantly but quietly attired in superfine broad cloth. There was a harmony of colours between the jet-black of the animal, champing its bit, and the dark clerical dress of the rider. Nearer he came, riding quietly, and bowing respectfully to the salutes of the students. As he passed me, I looked in his face. There again was that gentleness

of expression that from the first had attracted me, with a quiet smile playing over the features—such a smile as a priest might wear playing among children.

“Now there he is,” I said in haste. “Who is he? Who is he?”

“Who is he?” in amazement. “That is the President, Dr. Russell.”

Years passed, and I believe it was from that very animal—that noble, beautiful animal—the poor President got the fall, that shortened his life.

Dr. Russell was from the diocese of Down and Connor. He was born in 1812, and entered Maynooth College about 1826. It is not necessary to speak of the talents with which nature endowed him. The very fact of being appointed a Professor in Maynooth College is guarantee for his abilities. At the age of 22 he stood a *thesis* for the Chair of Humanity, and was appointed.

In the year '48 the Chair of Ecclesiastical History was established. The Chairs of Theology are scarcely more important than the Chair of Ecclesiastical History; and no one doubted that he was incomparably the best qualified to fill it. No Irish ecclesiastic had any pretension to compete with him. His knowledge of general history, of the history of the Church, and of cognate subjects, his acquaintance with the Fathers, his familiarity with the researches of continental critics and annalists, and his wide and varied literary acquirements, qualified him exceptionally for the task imposed upon him; and, without competition or *concursus*, he was established in the chair.”*

In 1857 Dr. Renah an, President, died; and by universal approbation, as well as consent, Dr. Russell was transferred from the Chair of History to the dignity of President.

It was only as President I knew him; and consequently it is only as such that I can speak of him. He was brought into contact with the students many ways. One very especial way was at the Christmas and Mid-summer examinations. Four of the superiors generally formed a board of examiners. The President had the right *ex-officio* to sit at any board he wished. The marvel to us, students, was, that at whatever board he sat and examined, he seemed to know “the business” as exactly and as minutely as

* Lord O'Hagan, *Irish Eccl. Record*, July, 1880.

if he had been professing the class for the half-year under examination. It was the same, whether it was the Humanities, the Metaphysics, Mathematics, Logic, Natural Philosophy, History, or Theology ; and a kindly and a helpful examiner he was.

Again, as President of the House, and therefore as the arbiter of discipline in the final court of appeal, he was brought in contact with the students, and there was never a hard word spoken of the President among us students, even when his government, or his ruling, or (it may be) his punishments were the subject of our conversation. There was an instinctive feeling that the sun might as well be the cause of darkness as that Dr. Russell should do anything unconscientious or unfair.

It was wondered outside why Dr. Russell was not raised to the mitre ; but we within did not wonder at all. On the contrary, there was current among us a story of how his hair became white. Like the prisoner of Chillon, tradition had it with us that it was all in a night,* and that the immediate cause was his being pressed to accept the bishopric of Ceylon. There is no doubt that he was offered it, and there is no doubt that he had great difficulty in getting released ; as again, there is no doubt that he was *dignissimus* for his native diocese of Down and Connor, on the death of Dr. Denvir ; but that he again cried out *nolo episcopari*, and prayed and begged until he was a second time declared free.

Indeed it was thought by many worthy men that his conduct in doing so could hardly be justified ; and these thought that not only was a bishopric or an archbishopric waiting for him, but that time would even bring a cardinalate in its revolution. However those things may be, Dr. Russell lived and died in a humbler and, perhaps, more peaceful, and, perhaps, also not less useful sphere.

We know that he was the friend of many learned men, and it could not be otherwise. He was associated with Cardinal Wiseman in the establishment of the *Dublin Review*. He translated the beautiful stories of Canon Von Schmid from the German, and on account of his name we read them with a double delight. In the *Apologia* Cardinal Newman refers to him in terms of intimacy and affection—"his dear friend, Dr. Russell." Again in his Dedication of *Loss and Gain* to Dr. Russell, he "trusts he shall not be

* A somewhat similar story, no doubt equally apocryphal, has been set down in our pages in the account of Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore. See *Irish Monthly*, Vol. xviii., page 369, where a good many such stories are mentioned.—ED. I.M.

encroaching on the kindness which Dr. Russell has so long shown to him."

Besides many papers of research and criticism, and which made him known as a scholar among scholars, his *Life of Mezzofanti* gained him universal repute. In his position as President of the Irish National College, Dr. Russell was an ornament to the Irish Church. In manner he was mild and inoffensive, in culture and learning a scholar, in demeanour a gentleman, in thought and purpose dignified, and beyond and above all, *inter ceteros* a cleric.

The sad accident that led to his death is thus told by his friend, Lord O'Hagan :

"But that life was to be abruptly closed. His health was excellent. It was maintained by his buoyancy of spirit and wise regard to sanitary conditions. For the sake of example, he had taken the pledge from Father Mathew, and he kept it inviolate for more than thirty years. His friends feared the effects of his abstinence, and often urged him to relax his strictness : but he was firm, and steadfastly adhered to his promise. He was an accomplished horseman, and had great enjoyment in his daily rides, which he continued, in full health and vigour, until, on the 16th of May, 1877, the fatal accident occurred which resulted in his death. He was thrown from his saddle in the street of Maynooth, and suffered concussion of the brain. He bore his long sufferings with constant cheerfulness and uncomplaining patience, and the great Master, whom he had served so well, took him to his reward on the 26th of February, 1880."

In the commencement of the valuable paper from which this extract is taken, it is said that "materials for a fit record of Dr. Russell's Life exist, and will be employed hereafter."

It is eleven years since the lamented death of Dr. Russell took place, and students of Irish ecclesiastical history, as well as the many friends who knew him, would welcome the appearance of such a work with the liveliest pleasure. A nation has no better gifts to put into the hands of her young, and thinking men covet no dearer prizes, than the biographies of the good and great of their land. No history, be it ever so minute or detailed, can give so vivid a sketch of a period of time as contemporary biography ; and nothing, like biography, can so enlighten and encourage the efforts of the thoughtful and the true.

R. O. K.

SICKNESS.

DAY after day God's warning word was spoke—
 I heard, but tried to hide in folly's crowd ;
 Night after night He called to me aloud—
 Yet, though I knew 'twas He the silence broke,
 My guilty fears and not my sorrow woke.
 I heard the voice, I felt the searching Eye—
 I would not kneel, I dared not move to fly,
 But sullenly refused Christ's sweetest yoke.

He pitied me, but still my welfare plann'd ;
 He loved me as a father, though He frown'd—
 With saving sickness made me understand
 How wise it were to heed His lightest sound.
 He pitied me, for lightly pressed His hand ;
 He loved me, for He let me kiss the wound.

D. B.

ANOTHER SAILOR JESUIT.

THIS Magazine, in its fourteenth yearly volume (1886), gave a sketch of Augustus Law, S.J., which has since been reprinted in a small volume and has reached a second edition. It summarised, chiefly from his own letters, the life of one who had been in the British Navy, and who then, after becoming a Catholic, became a Jesuit. The same vicissitudes precisely had been gone through, a few years previously, by another Englishman; but Granville Wood had advanced further in life, and in his worldly career, before the change came for him. He thus told his story to a fellow-student of theology at St. Beuno's, in North Wales:—

My father was a captain in the Royal Navy, and died while I was very young. My mother was a sincere and devoted member of the Church of England, and instructed me carefully in the doctrines of that Church. From my childhood I was destined for the same profession as my father, and at twelve years of age I was a midshipman. The life of the "middy" is by no means an idle

life, as some people imagine. Besides the ordinary "ship-drill," we had several hours a day for study, and our course of studies was varied and comprehensive. Mathematics, of course, held first place, but we had to study the classics also, and the modern languages. Our masters were competent and strict; there was no chance of "playing the truant," or of "shamming," and the penalty for idleness was no laughing matter. So we had to study for fear, if not for love. I liked study, and got on very well.

When about twenty-one years of age, after passing the usual previous examinations, I obtained a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed "Lieutenant in command" of *The Greyhound*, a 32-gun sloop; on board, they gave me by courtesy the title of Captain. *The Greyhound* was ordered off very soon to the Chinese seas to watch the pirates there, and after that she was to go to the coast of Africa to help to put down the slave trade. As it would be four or five years before my ship could return to England, I asked and obtained leave to spend a few days at home, to say good-bye to my mother.

Just at the time the Tractarian movement was at its height. It was the subject of conversation wherever you went, and thoughtful, earnest minds were occupied with it—some approving, some condemning. My dear mother entered heart and soul into it, and was an ardent admirer of Pusey and Newman. I, on the other hand, had my misgivings on the point. When bidding her adieu, I could not help saying to her: "Now, my dear mother, remember what I am saying; I don't like this Oxford movement—beware of it. To my mind it is all Romanizing."

"Oh! Henry," she said, "what danger can there be of Romanizing under the guidance of such men as Pusey and Newman?"

"Well, mother, time will tell. I don't like it. Good-bye."

After four or five years, my ship was ordered home; we arrived safely in Plymouth, and I had to see everything on board in ship-shape before I landed. Whenever a "Man-of-War" enters the harbour at home, piles of newspapers are sent on board. While superintending the work, I was looking over a number of the *Times*. A short article caught my eye which I remarked at once, and the moment I was free, I went ashore, and with the article in my hand I drove to the hotel, where I knew my dear mother was waiting for me.

Almost before embracing her I showed her the article in the *Times*: "We have just learned that the Rev. John Henry Newman has gone over to the Church of Rome."

"Well, mother, what do you say now? Wasn't I right? It was Romanizing after all. What do you think of John Henry Newman now?"

"Henry," she replied, "whatever Dr. Newman has done, you may be sure he did not do it rashly; he did it after serious examination and long and earnest prayer. Henry, *I have done the same.*"

I loved my mother dearly, but I was not prepared for this blow. I was so shocked I could not bring myself to go home with her. I set off on a walking tour through the North of England. After a couple of weeks I had walked my anger off, but not my sorrow and regret. I went home to my mother. We talked the matter over more calmly.

"My dear Henry," she said, "I need hardly tell you that before I became a Catholic, I had a long and painful struggle. I spent many an anxious hour. I prayed fervently to the Father of light to enlighten and direct me; and before I was convinced—before my doubts were solved and my difficulties were explained—I had many a consultation and a long correspondence with learned and pious men, both Protestant and Catholic. I shall put all these doubts and all this correspondence before you; and if you, my dear Henry, can solve these doubts and difficulties, I promise you faithfully that I shall return to the Church of England without a moment's delay."

This proposal was so fair and so reasonable that I could not in honour or conscience refuse to accept it. Besides I had such faith in the Church of England, that I had no hesitation in thinking that I would easily solve all her imaginary difficulties.

I took the papers and commenced to study them very carefully. After a few days I began to find out that the difficulties were more serious than I thought. I read on, and the more I read the more I felt that I was getting deeper and deeper into a fog; instead of overcoming the difficulties the difficulties were overcoming me. My faith in the Church of England was staggered, but I was not going to yield so easily. Was my dear mother praying for me?

About that time Lord Shrewsbury had published a little pamphlet on the "*Ecstatica of the Tyrol*;" in it he described

what he witnessed himself—what he had seen with his own eyes, “the stigmata” and the bleeding from the wounds. This little book fell into my hands while I was in this troubled state of mind. I read it very carefully, and re-read it; and I said to myself, these manifestations (if true) are certainly supernatural, they are miraculous, and whatever religion this Ecstatica professes must be the true religion. Almighty God would not work miracles to confirm a lie. But are they true? Lord Shrewsbury evidently believes they are, otherwise he, an English nobleman, would never give them the sanction of his name. But his lordship may have been deceived—may have been imposed on; I shall go and see this Ecstatica and judge for myself.

I started at once, and crossed over to Belgium, intending to travel slowly, observing and inquiring as I went. Before I had reached the South of France, the “fog” had passed away; my difficulties had disappeared; I recognised the one true Church—and I became a Catholic. My first care was to write to my dear mother. You may imagine what joy and consolation my letter brought her. Like St. Monica, she, too, had been praying for her erring child, who had been “sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.”

By the advice of the good priest who had received me into the Church, I continued my journey into the Tyrol. I came unexpectedly on the Ecstatica. There could be no collusion—no imposition; and I found everything exactly as Lord Shrewsbury had described it in his pamphlet. My faith was already fixed; what I saw helped to confirm it.

I rejoined my ship in due time, and remained in the service for some few years longer, and every day I realised more and more the greatness of the grace that Almighty God had conferred on me. Nearly every year I managed to make an “eight-day retreat,” in some monastery or another. The last eight days’ retreat I made was in Hodder, near Stonyhurst. At the close of the eight days I asked leave to continue in retreat for eight days more. I got leave. At the close of the second eight days, I again asked permission and obtained it, to make the full retreat of St. Ignatius for the thirty days. I finished the “long retreat;” I left Hodder no more. I entered the noviceship then and there; and here I am now—preparing for the priesthood.

“But,” said I, “how did you settle your worldly affairs?”

"Oh, they settled themselves," he replied. "Of course, I wrote at once resigning my position as captain in the Navy, and was placed on the list of captains on 'half-pay.' I draw my half-pay still and can draw it until I 'take orders in the Church.' I am going now to the magistrate to make the usual declaration that I am not 'in orders,' and you are coming as a witness."

My story is nearly told. A few years after his novitiate the "Captain" (as we always called him), * was sent to St. Beuno's College, North Wales, to study his theology. It was there I met him, it was there he told me his history. At that time he must have been about thirty-five years of age, above the middle height, rather slight, but very wiry, and a man evidently of energy and determination. He was a great favourite in the community, so kind, so cheerful, and at the same time a model of fervour and regularity for us all. Sailors as a rule are not supposed to be very hard students; the "Captain" was a marked exception to the rule, he was a very hard and a very successful student; he had St. Thomas at his finger's ends, he could speak Latin fluently and correctly, he was very quick and ready in the "class disputations," and when he preached in college he spoke with all the energy and fervour of a Celt. He gave promise, indeed, of being one day a first-rate missionary. But Almighty God had other designs. "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." After his conversion he led a very mortified life. His self-imposed austerity before he entered the Society had weakened his chest and finally brought on confirmed asthma. He was ordained at the end of his studies, and went at once to Malta for change of air. He died, however, within the year. May he rest in peace.

* This was also, a few years later in the same place, our pet name for dear Father Augustus Law, who had less claim to the title.—Ed. *I. M.*

MISS AUGUSTA WINTHROP AND HER CRITICS.

"Doctors differ," and so do critics. I had the privilege lately of looking over a collection of public and private criticisms on a dainty little volume, "The Bugle Call and other poems," by Miss Augusta Winthrop, of Boston—on which this Magazine pronounced its opinion last March, singling out for special praise "Sweet Friend" and "Three Souls." We may give the last as a sample :—

As the arrow which falls in a flame ;
 As the lips which shall never speak name ;
 As a cordial out-poured on the sand ;
 As the vessel that shall not reach land ;
 As the egg that is flung to the ground ;
 As the ear that shall never hear sound ;
 As the grain that has mouldered in earth ;
 As the life that shall never reach birth ;
 As the epic destroyed with the brain ;
 As the athlete defeated and slain ;
 As a gloom, Egypt's darkness above,
 Is the Soul which shall never know Love !

Like the bee as he waits for the rose,
 Like the bulb ere her lily unclose,
 Like the pearl hidden still in the shell,
 Like the haven-bound boat on the swell,
 Like the earth at the whisper of spring,
 Like the nestling that soon will take wing,
 Like the field where a harvest lies hid,
 Like the stirring, yet dumb, chrysalid,
 Like the tree when the sap leaves its root,
 Like the bloom that is pledge of the fruit,
 Like the aloe, her blossoming near,
 Is the Soul waiting Love to appear !

As the rock-buried fountain set free ;
 As the salmon that reaches the sea ;
 As the morning that conquers the night ;
 As the eyes newly-opened to sight ;
 As the seer with his vision revealed ;
 As the shout of the lips that were sealed ;
 As the hour that has opened the womb ;
 As the psyche who bursts from her tomb ;
 As the age-prisoned gem in the sun ;
 As the victor whose laurel is won ;
 As the snared dove, unloosed to her nest ;
 Is the Soul Love has clasped to his breast !

This poem is the choice of almost every reviewer also; but one of these objects to certain lines, while one of the private reviewers bestows special praise on one of the obnoxious lines. The *Boston Courier*, while saying that "the whole conception is strong and fine," thinks the second line of the last stanza commonplace: that, namely, which tells us that the soul which Love has clasped to his breast is "as the salmon that reaches the sea." Yet this is the very line that another brilliant young Boston lady, Louise Imogen Guiney, finds best of all. "The poem has in full your intellectual boldness and freshness of phrase, which is a precious thing in this dear day of triolets. 'The salmon that reacheth the sea,' as a symbol of attainment, delights me especially. Not many poets would think of the beautiful fresh-water fellow shooting oceanwards in spring, unless he had angling blood in him."

A true criticism passed on the same poem occurs in the letter of one who does not hold the faith which would be expected to make such an objection. It is not priest or nun, but a sturdy Protestant British sailor, who writes as follows: "In the higher and nobler sense of the word *love*, which includes the love of Jonathan for David, and of my dear mother for myself, is there any human soul which shall never know it? I think not. God even in this workaday world is too good to allow it; for the soul which should never know *it* would, indeed, be in the darkness of Egypt. Taking the word in its lower and narrower sense, a soul might never know it and yet do tolerably well without it."

How far may we pry into the letters that are joined with these printed criticisms? No harm to quote the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "Your little book (he says), like everything which comes from your hand, is stamped with the sincerity of nature, and not wanting in the graces of art. I am thankful that you have the many-chorded harp of language to play your heart-music on, and greatly pleased and flattered that you should have honoured my name with a place on one of its first pages." For the book is "again most lovingly dedicated to Louise Chandler Moulton and Oliver Wendell Holmes."

Mr. Russell Lowell, whose prose is so exquisite that we do not think so often as we ought of his poetry, read this little book with great pleasure, "all the more because I found in it a sweetness and a constancy that I have always loved in your great ancestor, who is one of my patriot saints." The late American Ambassador at the

Court of St. James's alludes here to the fact that our poet is a lineal descendant of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts, who is one of the glories of the colonial history of America. The old Puritan would have disowned this fervent convert, who has almost become an Irishwoman in the ardour of her adoption of the faith of Ireland. If ever there was an Irishwoman born outside her native country, it is Augusta Winthrop, who, these obligingly communicative American newspapers inform us, was born at Boston on the 30th June, 1858, and has spent a great part of her life in the Isle of Wight—which makes her Irish accent all the more remarkable. “Erin Acushla” is the name of one of her poems. “How did you learn to say *Acushla*?” someone asked. “Well, love taught me, just as he sends the tears to my eyes, and the blood leaping in my heart-veins, when I come near Fastnet lighthouse in the Cunard steamer, and hang over the bulwarks straining to catch the first clear view of the bold coast line of Ireland.” In the poem that we have just named she herself asks :

What long-forgotten sire
Bequeathed these veins the fire
Of his deep life-desire,
Dear Emerald Land?

Any one who has read “Margery Daw” or “Prudence Palfrey” will be glad to read a kind and cordial note from Thomas Bailey Aldrich. “I have delayed thanking you for your little volume, in order that I might first read it, and so be able to tell you how delicate and sweet I found the lyrics. One always has one's favourite in a book of poems, and I have discovered mine in ‘Compensation’ and ‘Three Souls;’ you touch a fine chord there.”

I venture to quote again the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, to whom the last of these poems was shown before it was included in his young friend's second volume:—“There is no doubt that your impulse to express yourself in warm and melodious verse is a natural, genuine one. Each of these two poems has the true note which belongs to the singer. If I had found ‘The Three Souls’ in an old collection of the British Poets, although I might have said that one or two expressions are rather modern, I should have thought it justified itself in taking its place with the authors Time has set his seal of approval on.”

I take these extracts without getting any leave to do so, what-

ever I may feel bound to do before using them. With the same reserve I copy the postscript from a kind letter of the poet, Whittier, with its quaint little bit of ungrammatical Quakerism. Lindley Murray was a Catholic, not a Quaker. "I hope thee do not think I am such a bigot as to be less pleased with thy verse because it is written by a Catholic. Thomas a Kempis, Augustine, and Fénelon are very dear to me."

It was of an earlier volume that he for whom there is universal mourning—John Boyle O'Reilly—wrote some two years ago: "Were it not for your New England name, I should be assured that a countrywoman of mine had written 'Queenstown Harbour'—a tender, true, and deep-sighted poem. I have read only one or two others, but enough to show me that it is no common hand on the keys."

GATHERED EARLY.*

THE tender bud has fallen, nipped in its early bloom;
The heart we fondly cherished is lifeless in the tomb.
The eye is closed for ever that beamed with heavenly light,
The rosy dawn of morning is swallowed up in night.

Oh! what can lift the shadow that o'er our hearts was cast,
When pealed the knell of sorrow to tell that all was past?
While round her grave we gathered 'mid choking sobs to pray,
Our tears of love and anguish might wipe her debts away.

The laugh of joyous music, the sunny smile she wore,
The heart so pure and gentle, are ours, alas! no more.
No more her home shall know her—Rostrevor's woods no more;
Time's tide has ebb'd, revealing the great eternal shore.

O darling, gone for ever! but let us not complain,
If He who lent her to us has called her home again.
He saw her ripe in virtue, and hence the early call—
The fruit that ripens soonest is ever first to fall.

One day we all shall follow the way that she has trod;
May death be but the portal through which we pass to God!
Till then o'er life's dark waters her image fair shall gleam,
The morning star of mem'ry to light us with its beam.

J. M. R.

* In memory of a young friend who died suddenly at Rostrevor, in her fourteenth year.

PROFESSOR CASEY.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY

We have already (page 106) paid our affectionate tribute to the memory of this good and gifted Irishman. A writer, whose knowledge enables him to speak minutely of Dr. Casey's scientific attainments, has contributed to *The Lyceum* the following much more adequate testimony, which, in his regard for the departed scholar, he will, we are sure, allow us to add to our own :—

The Catholic body in Ireland have many valid excuses to plead for the fewness of their distinguished scientific men. We have contributed to the names which the scientific world delights to honour, those of O'Curry, Sullivan, Sir Robert Kane, and a few of lesser note ; and the fact that we have done so is testimony to our success in the face of overwhelming difficulties. But our opportunities for acquiring scientific renown have been scanty, and the impediments which barred the way to success have been manifold. We may therefore be pardoned for taking special pride in those of our fellow-Catholics who have risen to signal scientific eminence, and for deploring with specially deep regret the loss of one or other of our few scientific celebrities. On this ground we may be permitted to devote a portion of our space to the life and memory of one whom we have no hesitation in describing as one of the most remarkable men of science whom the Catholic body in Ireland has yet produced, and to whose signal merits on the occasion of his recent death the Press of the country has not, we feel, done adequate justice.

Dr. John Casey was born on May 12th, 1820, at Kilbehenny County Cork. He became a schoolmaster under the National Board, and after some time obtained the honourable position of Head Master of the Central Model School at Kilkenny. He cannot have been much over twenty years of age when he obtained this appointment, as, when he relinquished it in 1861, he had held it for twenty years. During that period he devoted himself principally to the study of the Celtic language and literature—his knowledge of mathematics was probably inferior in extent to that of many a clever student of the present day who presents himself for the intermediate examinations.

At length the occasion came which determined his true vocation. A friend of his, a student of Trinity College and a good mathematician, proposed to Mr. Casey a theorem called *Poncelet's Theorem*, of which, we believe, there was then no proof. He gave him at the same time some hints as to the properties of poles and polars, and of the methods of modern geometry, unaccompanied, however, by any demonstration. It was thrown upon Mr. Casey to reconstruct for himself in substance the whole of modern geometry, and it is interesting to note that the proofs he then arrived at are those we now find in the *Sequel to Geometry*, and are different from those previously made use of by Townsend and by other Irish and Continental geometers. He at length arrived at the solution required, about the same time that Professor Hart, of Trinity College, Dublin (now Sir Andrew Hart), obtained independently another proof somewhat the same in substance. (See Townsend's *Modern Geometry*.)

This feat determined his future career. Some of the professors of Trinity College, notably Dr. Townsend, were struck by such an achievement, and induced him to enter Trinity College. He found time to write two papers, one on the nine-point (then the six-point) circle, and the other, "on the properties of the system of eight circles tangential to three given ones." Both appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Pure and Applied Mathematics*, the first in 1861, the second in 1862.

The second paper was specially remarkable. It contained the equation of the tangent circle to three circles, which was one of the most remarkable of Dr. Casey's discoveries in itself, and the most fruitful in suggesting others, at least in his analytical researches. The form of the equation recurs in several of his more recent papers, as in the "Cyclides and Spheroquartics" and the second "Memoir on the Equations of Circles." The circles in a plane were inverted by a peculiar method into circles on a sphere, and at last was obtained the equation of a conic touching three conics.

In the meantime Mr. Casey's friends in Dublin—Professor Salmon, Townsend, Malet and others—were exerting themselves in his behalf, and at last obtained for him the post of Head Master in the then celebrated Kingstown School. He removed in 1861 from Kilkenny to Kingstown. He won a Science Scholarship in the same year, the late Lord Justice Naish being another successful candidate. His degree followed in due time.

Henceforth Mr. Casey's life was one of extraordinary energy and productiveness. He published six lengthy treatises on Mathematical subjects, of which two were published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, the others by the Royal Irish Academy. Besides these, he wrote a number of smaller tracts, which are scattered through the Mathematical Transactions of various societies in these countries, on the Continent and in America; and he contributed to various mathematical journals in several languages.

For this work he had prepared by teaching himself French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch, and when subsequently he became for a time editor of the *Messenger of Mathematics*, he maintained a correspondence with some of the most distinguished mathematicians, such as Hermite, of Paris; Professor Cremona, of Rome; De Jonquieries, Neuberg, Cayley and others. The reader who knows what this literary activity implies will hardly be prepared to hear that Dr. Casey was all his life a teacher, that during the years when he wrote most he spent a considerable portion of his day preparing students for examinations. The preparation of his educational works, some of which have already passed through many editions, was accomplished during the last ten or twelve years. This portion of his labours—not the least fruitful certainly—Dr. Casey was, we believe, induced to undertake by the strongly-urged advice of a friend, then a professor in Maynooth, now the Archbishop of Dublin.*

His merits met with abundant recognition, and honourable distinctions were conferred upon him freely.

The most prized of these, we should say, came from his Alma Mater, Trinity College, when she conferred on him the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*. There is a law amongst the Constitutions of Trinity College forbidding that degree to be conferred on a graduate of the University, unless it is won by examination. Only on one occasion was this rule suspended, and that was in

* The educational works comprise the "Sequel" to Euclid, the two plane and the spherical trigonometries, and the treatise on Analytical Geometry. The latter has been translated into Spanish, and some of the others, we believe, are undergoing their adoption into French. The new addition of the Analytical Geometry will be conducted through the Press by Professor Neuberg, who has added much to it. We have heard that it contains all the latest developments of the subject, especially in the chapters on Recent Geometry and on the Invariants and Covariants of Systems of Conics.

favour of Dr. Casey. The leading newspapers of Dublin united to commend the exception thus made, and to exalt the deserts of the man who had merited it. Dr. Webb, who delivered the Latin address on the occasion, said, "his wonderful discoveries were known to all students in Geometry both at home and abroad." This occurred so far back as the year 1869.

In 1878 he received another high mark of distinction, the Cunningham medal, a gold medal, conferred by the Royal Irish Academy, in recognition of his extraordinary merit. Dr. Casey, on the occasion, had presented to the Academy his treatise "On Cubic Transformations," which was the first of the "Cunningham Memoirs." The medal has very rarely been conferred since.

Dr. Casey's merits were thus widely acknowledged, not only with justice but with generosity. One exception occurred in the Queen's College, Cork. He stood for the vacant professorship of Mathematics, and on asking his mathematical friends, *domi forisque*, to bear testimony to his capacity, so many letters came from such authorities as Salmon, Townsend, and others, that he declared afterwards that he was quite embarrassed by the praises he had provoked. But they had no effect on that stern mother of the arts and sciences, whose seat is by the pleasant waters of the River Lee. We have no desire to criticise the choice of the Senate; our want of qualifications for such a task is such that we do not now know the name of the successful candidate, though we know that the post has been held by some men of distinguished ability. But this incident is finely contrasted with another which shows the high value at which other learned bodies estimated him. He had become a professor in the Catholic University in 1873. In 1878 Trinity College offered him a professorship at an ample salary, which was to be created specially for him, and would not require him to give up his professorship at the Catholic University. Although pleased at this offer, Dr. Casey preferred to decline it, resolving to devote his powers to what he had made his principal object in life, the Catholic Education of Ireland.

In addition to these distinctions, we may mention briefly that he was in 1878 appointed hon. sec. of the Mathematical Department of the British Association; that of the twenty-five years during which he was member of the Royal Irish Academy, he was for twenty years Member of the Council, and for five years vice-president; that he was Member of the Mathematical Societies of

England and France—corresponding member of the Royal Society of Liege—and of many American and Continental journals and societies.

We have dwelt at so much length on his mathematical triumphs that we have little space to dwell upon what were more interesting to his private friends—the noble virtues and amiable qualities of his personal character. He was completely devoid of self-conscious vanity. He took a simple pleasure in his successes, which he was at no pains to conceal, and which readily called forth a sympathetic feeling in his friends. He was fearlessly honest, and hence the outspokenness of his language on any point which involved a principle. But his candour never offended, for everyone knew that in him honesty was united with a spirit of kindness which would have made it inexpressibly painful to him to cause injury to anyone. In his deep Faith in the truths of Christianity he became sometimes impatient of metaphysical or theological arguments; but his loyalty to the Church was whole-hearted and unquestioning. It is told of a man, remarkable in another science, that he would not have hesitated to exchange the treasures of his knowledge for the merit attached to a devoutly recited *Ave Maria*. Those who knew Dr. Casey intimately will agree that these words of praise might have been applied to him without much qualification. It is, perhaps, by this trait of his character, and by that singular kindness of heart which made him such an active friend of the poor, that he will be longest remembered by those who knew him best.

A TEAR

FOR JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, AUGUST 10th, 1890.

MY inspiration died to-day ;
 O John ! I cannot sing :
 The heart you tuned refused to play,
 The music left its wing.

Let others sing your soul to sleep
 To whom you were less dear ;
 Their praise in vain on Fame they heap :
 My Poem is—a tear.

West Troy, N.Y.

DENIS B. COLLINS.

ITEMS ABOUT IRISH MEN AND WOMEN.

The disappearance of "Nutshell Biograms" from our pages has not been due to lack of materials furnished by our obliging contributors or to lack of interest exhibited by our ingenious readers. But the compiler of even miniature biographies, if he labours under the disadvantage of having a conscience, finds a great deal of research necessary to gather with any fulness or accuracy those particulars which summarise many distinguished careers:—

"That he was born it cannot be denied ;
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless works, and died."

The less formal title given to the present personal paragraphs does not oblige us to verify by dates the birth and death of the persons concerned.

1. Father Arthur O'Leary's name has lived for a century. The fullest account of his life and writings was published in 1868 by the late* Rev. Michael B. Buckley, of Cork—of whom a "nutshell biogram" is given at page 486 of our fourteenth volume. The Rev. Langton Vere, a London priest, writing lately from 34 Soho Square, gives the following account of the removal of the remains of the famous Capuchin:—

On Wednesday evening, January 28, 1891, Father Ryan and I went to old St. Pancras Churchyard. By the light of a lantern we picked, as best we could, our way over heaps of earth piled up for the new embankment of the siding of the Midland Railway. Slowly and cautiously we went, at times our feet sinking into the soft ground. Presently we arrived at an enclosed spot. Descending the embankment we entered the enclosure and stood by the opened grave of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. We are told in his life, printed in 1822, that he died at 45 Great Portland Street, on January 8, 1802. "On the evening of January 13 his remains were removed to St. Patrick's Chapel, where on the next day a solemn Dirge and High Mass were celebrated. A funeral sermon was also pronounced by the Rev. Morgan D'Arcey, which was afterwards printed. The body was interred at St. Pancras Churchyard. . . . Even to the grave O'Leary was followed by the

* For how many years can a deceased person be spoken of as "the late?" Father Buckley died May 17, 1872.

affectionate piety of those whom, when alive, he had instructed by his eloquence and taught by his example. The vacant ground in the vicinage of his tomb was, after his interment, eagerly purchased . . . and his ashes are now literally surrounded by the families to whom, when living, he was dear, and who, even in the last silent depository of the dead, sought to manifest their appreciation of his character and their veneration of his memory."

We were standing by the opened grave, and the coffin which contained the mortal remains of the great Father O'Leary was before us. It had been reverently lifted from the grave and rested on the planks at the side. It was a plain elm coffin covered with black cloth. The coffin was entire, but the lid was broken. The plate, which is of lead, is perfect, and is now in our possession. It bears the inscription: "The Rev. Arthur O'Leary, O.S.F., died Jan. 8th, 1802, aged 70." The coffin lid was partially removed and we gazed on the skeleton remains, and breathed a prayer for the repose of the soul of the good and genial old Friar who, eighty-nine years before, had been laid to rest in that spot. What a flood of recollections and thoughts were aroused by that solemn scene, with its open grave and unearthed remains!

Ninety years, and what a mighty change! A Catholic then, a Catholic now! The dear old Faith the same—but the Faithful, who cling to that dear old unchanging Faith, how altered their position! To giant minds and faithful men like O'Leary, how much do we not owe? When days were dark and the laws hard, and persecuting, and penal, they "fought the good fight, they kept the Faith," they handed on to us the unspeakable treasure of the infallible truth. A century ago bigotry and a narrow-minded prejudice excluded us from our civil rights and crippled our action by terrible penal laws. Against all this the venerable O'Leary protested by his writings, his sermons, his life, and his example. And now, a Catholic Home Secretary—one of that despised creed for which O'Leary pleaded so earnestly and so well, at the express desire of a great English convert, Prince of the Church and a great leader of men—permits the removal of those hallowed remains to a consecrated cemetery. Surely times have altered—truth has prevailed.

The old coffin containing the remains of Father O'Leary was enclosed in a new coffin of oak and removed to Kensal Green, where it remained till Tuesday, February 3. At half-past eleven on

that day a Solemn *Requiem* Mass was sung and the remains interred in a grave close to that of the late Cardinal Wiseman. I had the great privilege of singing that Mass; the chalice I used on that occasion was one which doubtless Father O'Leary had used of old at St. Patrick's. On the foot of the chalice are written the words: "This Chalice is a free gift to St. Patrick's Chapel, London, by Philip O'Kelly, Esq., of Cannons, Middlesex, 1792." And thus it has been my privilege and my joy, as the Rector of what was once called "Father O'Leary's Chapel," to remove to consecrated ground the remains of that venerable and esteemed priest who, if not the actual founder, was at least the one "whose efforts were mainly instrumental in the foundation" of St. Patrick's, Soho.

We may take this opportunity of printing two letters of Father O'Leary's which have lain in our hands for some years. They are of no public interest, but they may be of some use in making us better acquainted with this celebrity of a hundred years ago. The handwriting is large and bold, with every letter easily read at a glance. The same, alas! will not be said of some of us moderns if our letters get into print in *The Irish Monthly* of March, 1891.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I expected to be with you and Mamma last Easter week. But in the course of my farewell visits I have got a sore throat and pain in my ear, which must detain me a few days, if not a few weeks more, as I will not set off until I am quite recovered. My stay in Dublin can be but short, a fortnight at most. It has then occurred to me that the room which Mamma has prepared for me might chance to be let. And you know that it would and should be rather a mortification than a pleasure to a sincere friend to have [let] an opportunity of having a lodger slip, than [merely] to be accommodated for a few nights with a bed which it is impossible for me to want in Dublin, where I have so many friends, or where I can have one at a trifling expense at an inn. I most earnestly request, then, that if an opportunity of letting the room should offer, you will not forego it, especially as perhaps I may go to Cork by Bristol.

It has given me infinite satisfaction that Arthur has not been disappointed. He is now of an age fit to be inured to military hardships, and which gives him a better chance in any climate than those of riper years. May God protect him.

The Duke of FitzJames is in London. He goes out so early, and we live at so great a distance, that after having been three times at his house I never arrived time enough. I most certainly must see him. He had no right to make a promise without performing it, especially as, had it not been for his repeated promises in favour of Anthony, I could have procured him a midshipmanship on board an eighty-four about two years ago—an opportunity which does not now offer. It must be acknowledged that Anthony is not of sufficient age for an officer in the army; but, as I did not conceal his age from the Duke, his promise must found a claim to which the lad is entitled when he is of a competent age, as he has lost a birth and good prospect of promotion in consequence of the Duke's promise.

Yours, &c.,

London, April 21, '96.

A. O'LEARY.

The foregoing letter is addressed to "James O'Leary, Esq., near Summerhill, Great Britain Street, Dublin." To the same (his nephew probably) he writes again on the 6th of July following :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After my last to you I intended to set off for Ireland the week after Easter, and to make Dublin instead of Bristol my way to Cork ; when unexpectedly I fell ill of the painful sickness of which Dr. Daly cured me in Dublin in your house. Under this I have laboured about three months and am now, I hope, recovered, but not in a state to go to Ireland until my health is quite re-established. This is the reason I have not written to you for so long a time. I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you about the first of October ; otherwise I must wait until next spring, for Cork is a bad place to begin the winter in.

I see that the Brigade, instead of Gibraltar, is destined for the West Indies. I expect a letter from you on receipt hereof, informing me whether you have heard from Arthur and how he was at his departure. Everything affectionate to Mamma, Fanny, and the rest of the family. I was not in a state to see the Duke of Fitz-James since I wrote to you last. If I see him before my departure, I know by anticipation his answer relative to Anthony—*apologies and promises*. But when I see Anthony in Dublin, I will be in a better state to determine on what is to be done.

Yours, &c.,

A. O'LEARY.

2. Digby Pilot Starkey was an Irishman, and published his books in Dublin between 40 and 50 years ago, which accounts for his not being known in England. But his subjects and his style, and indeed his whole character, seem to have been un-Irish, which accounts for his not being remembered in Ireland. He was Accountant-General in Dublin (in the General Post Office). He contributed to *Chambers' Journal* and *The Dublin University Magazine*, and published "Anastatia," "The Dole of Malaga," "Theoria," and a dramatic poem on the subject of Judas Iscariot. A large number of interesting letters which passed between him and the author of "Our Village" will be found in "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." He was an intimate friend of Miss Edgeworth's. Of one of his political writings, "Luck and Loyalty," published under the name of Menenius, this more than clever woman rashly prophesied that "its own merit would fix and hold its station in our permanent literature." And of one passage she says : "the queen and her lamp and her lattice will outlive and outshine Burke's 'brightest vision that ever lighted upon earth.'" Who has ever heard of this Menenius for thirty years past? Yet another Irishman, who is not quite forgotten (partly on account of his

tragic end on the burning ship *Amazon*), Eliot Warburton the author of "The Crescent and the Cross," admired Starkey's prose writings, and entered into a partnership with him to write an Irish history under some such title as "The Viceregal Dynasty of Ireland Personal and Historical." The project was never accomplished. It was Mr. Starkey that interested Miss Mitford in Thomas Davis, who was utterly unknown in her own literary world.

3. George Darley is another of Mary Russell Mitford's correspondents. He was born in 1785, in Dublin, and died in London in 1846. He was the son of a Dublin Alderman, who is said to have disinherited him because he wrote poetry. He wrote "Sylvia or the May Queen," and his song "I've been roaming," was for a long time extremely popular. It would be curious to compare his forgotten tragedy on Thomas a Becket with Tennyson's and Aubrey de Vere's treatment of the same theme.

4. Mr. John MacCarthy, an Irishman who did excellent literary work in the United States, died on Easter Sunday, 1890, in his fortieth year. He was born in Ireland and educated in Spain. He was a ripe scholar, a critic of excellent taste, and an editor of rare discrimination. He was for several years associated with the late Father Hecker in the editorship of the *Catholic World*. He preserved the admirable traditions of the late John R. G. Hassard, and kept that magazine up to the highest literary standard. Mr. MacCarthy had a wide journalistic experience. He began his career in the United States on the staff of the *Tribune*; he left the *Catholic World* to undertake an important mission to Cuba for the *New York Herald*; he contributed regularly during his residence in New York to the *Catholic Quarterly*, *Catholic Review*, and occasionally to *The Ave Maria*. His reputation rests chiefly on his essays, although one or two of his short stories are full of life and brilliancy. If Mr. MacCarthy had enjoyed robust health, he would no doubt have written something more lasting than "leaders," forgotten in a day; but pecuniary pressure forced him to do the work demanded at the moment, and his health could not support an extra pressure of daily work when the voracious demands of newspapers were satisfied. The list of Catholic American writers grows smaller every year. Brownson, Girard, McMaster, Hassard, Hickey, and now John MacCarthy, have gone! Who can fill the void they have left?

5. Paul MacSwiney, the Irish composer, died at his residence in

New York, on November 16, 1889, after a severe illness of several weeks' duration. Mr. MacSwiney was the first composer to attempt the production of an opera founded on a purely Irish subject. "Amergin," was the title of his first work, produced in Cork in 1880, when the author was in his twenty-first year. "An Bard 'Gus and Fo," "The Bard and the Knight," a Gaelic Idyl, was produced by the Gaelic Society in New York during the Fall of 1884, and was a work that elicited much approval. The Beith Luis Nuin Fraternity published last year "Brian," a tragedy in five acts, by Mr. MacSwiney, dealing with the Danish invasion of Ireland and the Battle of Clontarf. Among other works published by him are "Alexander," a musical drama; "Nirvana," a novel; "The Fairies' Dell," an Irish drama of the romantic school, and the "Texas Ranchers," a comic opera, dealing with life of the Western cattle ranches. At the time of his death Mr. MacSwiney was at work on a cantata for solo and chorus on "John McHale, the Lion of the Fold of Judah," which was to be produced on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of the great prelate next year. Mr. MacSwiney was a native of Cork, where his father is still engaged in commerce, and was thirty-two years old at the time of his death. He had made many and warm friends by his beautiful personal character as well as by his poetic genius.

With this Irish musician we may name Miss Augusta Holmes, whose "Ode Triomphale" was received with enthusiasm at a recent celebration in the French Republic; and also the new Irish tenor, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, to whom, at the very beginning of his career, has been entrusted the part of Ivanhoe in Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera of that name. He is 25 years of age, a native of Limerick, and a pupil of the Jesuit School in that city, as he mentioned to one of his interviewers. He has studied for some years in Italy; and his only public appearance before "Ivanhoe" was in a concert in Shoreditch Townhall for the benefit of the Irish poor.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. A thoroughly delightful addition to a very delightful department of literature is "A Return to Paradise, and other Fly-leaf Essays in Town and Country," by John James Piatt, author of "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley" (London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row). It belongs to the department of literature which we associate with such names as Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb, and of which, for many of our readers, the most familiar representative is "The Lectures of a Certain Professor" by their deceased friend, the Rev. Joseph Farrell. There are essays and essays; and the particular sort of essay that Mr. Piatt entertains us with is the genial, leisurely, literary, scholarly essay, closer of kin to Elia than to Sir Arthur Helps. There is only one beyond a baker's dozen of them in all, and none of the fourteen is long. The titles explain the subjects, except the first two. "A Return to Paradise" is an account of the pleasures of the country for one pent up in city life; and "Lares Emigrantes" is an invitation to a house-warming—a subject out of which a great deal is made. "A First Look at Strawberries" is a delicious little paper, and so is "Going to Bed in a Cold Room," and in a more serious spirit "Unexpected News of Death." Some of the very-short essays grouped together as "Fragments of Driftwood" are particularly good and thoughtful. The book ends with an amiable, unaffected, and interesting set of personal reminiscences of Long-fellow. The publisher has brought out this good book in a form and with a type and paper that add zest to the pleasure of reading it.

2. America again has some share in the second book on our table. We have had some acquaintance with Mr. J. C. Heywood as the author of "Herodias," "Salome," and other dramatic poems of very considerable merit, on which conscientious reviewers have bestowed high praise. Ralph Waldo Emerson, by the way, has spoken of them as "good to a surprise." Later it was announced that Mr. Heywood had been received into the Catholic Church. The reason why we mention this personal circumstance is that it accounts for many things in Mr. Heywood's newest work, "Lady Merton," a novel in two very handsome volumes (London: Burns and Oates). It is a clever but strange combination of controversy, sensational incident, Roman archæology, and some other subjects woven into an interesting tale, which is always well written and sometimes eloquent. The controversial part shows great earnestness and considerable talent and learning, and is even more frankly Catholic than Lady Georgiana

Fullerton's last novel, "Mrs. Gerald's Niece." As usual, we think the villains of the piece are failures. Miss Vivian Merton is an eminently disagreeable and utterly impossible young lady. We must be grateful to Mr. Heywood for devoting his high literary gifts to the service of the Faith for which he has no doubt made greater sacrifices.

3. A very important addition to our English theological literature is "A Christian Apology by Paul Schang, D.D., D.Ph., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen, translated by the Rev. Michael F. Glancey, Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of Birmingham, and the Rev. Victor J. Schobel, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Mary's, Oscott (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: Frederick Pustet)." The work, when complete, will consist of three volumes, of which the first only is now published in English, with the general sub-title of "God and Nature," discussing the various questions raised by the natural sciences. The second volume, which is already in the press, and may be expected about April, deals with Biblical criticism and the comparative science of religion; while the third volume will be an apologetic treatise on the Church. The table of contents consists of full summaries of each of the chapters, of which some of the titles are the history of Apologetics, religion and history, religion and man, traditionalism and ontologism, Life, Design and Purpose, the Soul, Monism, Creation, the age of the human race, and the deluge. Five hundred large pages of excellent but rather modest and compact type form a volume of great worth and utility, which priests and the educated laity should at once add to their libraries.

4. "Ancient and Modern Sketches of the County Westmeath, historical, traditional, and legendary," by James Woods, printed for the Author by Alley and Co., Ryder's Row, Capel Street, Dublin, is a very unpretentious but meritorious work, which deserves to be encouraged by others besides the priests and people of Westmeath. In two shilling pamphlets the writer—who, we believe, is a painter, that is, *peinturier*, not *peintre*—has gathered together a vast number of particulars about places and persons connected with this county, interspersing the more businesslike details with legends and anecdotes and folk-lore, which will be found useful for other literary purposes. It is very well to have as many things of this sort as possible recorded safely in print.

5. The Catholic Truth Society is doing a good work, and doing it as good works are seldom done in this fallen world—vigorously. We do not count on even naming all its recent publications. "The Catholic Temperance Library, Vol. I.," with a preface by Cardinal Manning joins in one neat volume, papers, which can also be had

separately—"Our National Vice," by the same marvellous worker, temperance tales by Rosa Mulholland, Mrs. Charles Martin, and others, and then Father Cologan's sketch of Father Mathew and his "Total Abstinence from a Catholic Point of View." A still newer penny tract on this subject tells us what the Pope says, what the English Bishops say, what the Irish Bishops say, what the American Bishops say, what the Judges say, what the Doctors say; and it adds Cardinal Manning's Thirteen Questions, and it winds up with an answer to the question "How we spend our money." A good penny-worth this. Next, there are biographical sketches—the *Curé d'Arc* by Lady Herbert, and St. Vincent de Paul by Father Goldie, S.J. And we have historical and controversial papers by Canon Brownlow, Mr. Allnatt, and others. Yes, the C. T. S. is doing a good work, and we hope it is driving a brisk trade; for, like the Newcastle razors, books, even pious books, are made to sell.

6: Two large and important volumes, published by Burns and Oates, may be announced briefly together—the third edition of "The Life of Blessed Margaret Mary," by the Rev. George Tickell, S.J., and the second edition of "The Science of the Saints in Practice," by Father Pagani, second General of the Institute of Charity, who died in 1860: Another new edition, far beyond the second or third, has been issued of Father McLoughlin's excellent practical treatise, "Is One Religion as good as Another?"—of which more than twenty thousand copies have been sold.

7. Miss Rosa Howe has made a pleasant book of some 130 pages out of "The Festival of the Most Holy Rosary at the Tomb of St. Dominic" (*Ave Maria* Press: Notre Dame, Indiana), but her book is a good deal more than a description of a certain festival. She lets herself be known as one of an American family party of four ladies, sojourning in Italy, and she gives us many agreeable glimpses of places, pictures, priests and people. This variety of topic, helped by a correct and lively style, make this little book, as we have said, very much pleasanter than might be expected from the title.

8. From the same Press we have another work from the pen of another American lady—"Christian Art in our own Age," by Eliza Allen Starr, author of "Songs of a Lifetime," "Pilgrims and Shrines," etc. Miss Starr is a recognized authority on this subject, and those who do not already know her by reputation will need nothing beyond the present slight work to understand that she does not take 'up art for the purpose of making a book or writing an article, but that she has given to it a life's steady enthusiasm. The five chapters of this book are devoted to the origin of Christian art, Frederick Overbeck and his school, the works of Overbeck, the New

School of Religious Art, and finally, after a brief notice of Pugin, Millet and the French School finish the volume. We hope that Miss Howe and Miss Starr are only favourable representatives of our American sisters in relation to art and literature.

9. We have read with more care and interest than we could bestow on many new books, the "Index-Catalogue of the Books in the Capel-street Lending Library." It has been compiled and arranged with admirable skill, and will be of service to others beside the ordinary frequenters of this public library. We hope that many into whose hands it will fall will be moved to present to this collection hundreds of good and useful books of which their present possessors make no use whatever.

10. Herder of St. Louis, Missouri, has published a thoroughly admirable address, "The Young Man in Catholic Life," by Conde Pallen. It is eloquent, but not *too* eloquent, and it breathes a spirit which we should pray earnestly may animate more and more the Catholic youth of America. Our Catholic young men at home might learn much from this essay of thirty-eight pages.

11. The Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J., has condensed into fifty pages of large type, widely spaced, "A Sketch of the Society of Jesus," a companion to his previous sketch, "The Saints of the Society of Jesus." Both of these little books will be very useful. Father Merrick very properly ends by referring the reader to the History of the Society by B. N., published in two volumes by Burns and Oates. We have more than once expressed our admiration for this work, and, naming the author in full, have thanked for it Miss Barbara Neave.

12. "The Lamp" has begun a new series under the best auspices, and is vastly improved inside and outside. We notice a short story by our contributor, Miss Magdalen Rock, and a long story by the author of "The New Utopia," whom our Magazine is happy to claim also as a contributor.

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W H I S P E R !

BY FRANCES WYNNE.

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A little volume of singularly sweet and graceful poems, hardly one of which can be read by any lover of poetry without definite pleasure. Take for instance this happy and half-humorous piece on "Members of the Congregation" [*poem quoted in full*], or take the touching poem called "Little Ships," or the still more fascinating one called, "A Lesson in Geography," and every one who reads either of them without definite pleasure, is, we venture to say, unable to appreciate that play of light and shadow on the heart of man which is of the very essence of poetry. — *The Spectator*.

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A perfectly delightful little bunch of the very prettiest of verses. . . . Miss Wynne betrays no haste nor incoherence, nor verbal carelessness. A marked power of portraying bright, sunny Nature, full of tenderness and beauty, is the distinctive quality of her poetry.—*Freeman's Journal*.

This little volume of verse comes to us like a bunch of spring flowers in mid-winter, so fresh and dainty and bright it is with the freshness and charm of youth and happiness. Our new singer seems to live in one of the fair, old gardens she describes so vividly. . . . We are grateful to Miss Wynne for this slender sheaf of song, the first fruits of a bountiful harvest, unless we are greatly mistaken.—*Surrey Advertiser*.

Poems so genuinely fresh and pleasing carry their recommendation with them. The strongest poem in the little collection is undoubtedly "A Lesson in Geography," which has a *naïf* pathos as delightful as it is original. The opening poem, "Whisper!" would make a charming song.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

To read these poems is to remember them with pleasure. . . . Poems remarkable for delicacy of expression and beauty of theme.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

Sweet and tender verses.—*Quis*.

These poems are full of promise, many of them of actual excellence. The author has evidently genuine sympathy with the changing moods of nature and no little skill in depicting them. We shall be glad to have much more of this kind of poetry from Miss Wynne.—*The Lyceum*.

A more charming book of verse we have not opened for a long time. It is pastoral poetry of a refined and intellectual type.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

Full of life, freshness, and warmth, and evincing a clear perception of the beauties of nature. Some of the poems will suit well to be married to happy melodies in song.—*Keene's Bath Journal*.

Many of these bright and breezy little poems remind us of T. B. Aldrich in their delicate music and freshness of thought and expression. We hope this preliminary "Whisper!" from a poet, who is evidently as bright and fresh as her work, may be the herald of many clear-sounding songs her true and sweet voice will sing for us in the future.—*St. Martins le Grand*.

All Miss Wynne's verse is neatly written, and some of the pieces are "poems that are poetical," which is one of the best compliments we can think of in days that are often distressfully unpoetical. Among the best are "The First Cuckoo," "Members of the Congregation," "A Lesson in Geography," and "Sea-Gulls."—*Glasgow Herald*.

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1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

APRIL, 1891.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESMOND FAMILY.

WITHIN a few years there had been many changes in Fintona. This fine old Clare estate belonged to Mr. Digby Huntingdon, an Englishman whose grandfather had married the only child of Mr. Charles M'Donald, a wealthy Irish gentleman. The bride went to England with her husband. When her father died, the property was set to Harry Desmond, a distant relative of the M'Donalds, and the Huntingdon's only thought of it as a certain spot on the earth's surface out of which were evolved so many hundreds a year. It did not occur to them that it was worth seeing, though it was part of that great mystic nature which wise men love to study, and was the outcome of divine thought. They did not think of its breezy heights, its pleasant valleys, its cool green woods, and mountain purple in the distance. There were fish within the rivers, game upon the hills, and beauty everywhere; but when they wanted shooting, they paid for it in Scotland; when they wished for fishing, they went to Norway; and when aspirations after the beautiful awoke, they followed the beaten track, and went to Italy, Switzerland, or up the Rhine. The old cynical belief was dominant—that no good could come out of Nazareth.

For several generations Fintona had been the residence of a family belonging to a class now almost extinct—the Irish middleman—a class that half a century ago formed a good portion of the county aristocracy. They were usually of the same blood as the landowners,

who preferred residing in England or elsewhere, and to whom they paid rent for farms whose acres might be reckoned by the thousand. They reigned supreme over the tenants who had holdings under them, and to whom sometimes the name of the head landlord was unknown.

These middlemen were, generally, an improvident race, holding that demoralizing place—a false position. They were looked upon by the peasantry as lords of the manor, and half unconsciously accepted the position, adopted the habits of a seigneur, and spent a great deal more money than they possessed, or were able to make. Amusement, not industry, was their aim. They raced and hunted, drank, and laughed the happy hours away, without giving over-much thought to the wisdom of economy, or being at all weighed down by perceptions of the gravity of life.

The famine years swept away many of these. When the under-tenants were unable to pay their rents, the middleman fell into arrear, and was got rid of by ejection or otherwise, sometimes to the regret of the peasantry, to whom he was usually indulgent, but to the ultimate advantage of the country. It became a recognised fact that sub-letting was a mistake; when old leases fell in, they were not renewed on the same terms. The middleman was left that portion of the land he held in his own hands, but he could no longer speak incidentally of his tenantry. Their dealings in future were with the head landlord or his agent.

Though the change was for the general good of the country, individual benefit was occasionally unattained; in some cases the tenants exchanged a kind-hearted master near at hand for one remote and utterly indifferent to them—but it is part of the law of all remedial changes that the few must suffer for the many.

The Desmonds remained in possession of Fintona, paying the head-rent, with an understanding that the house and grounds were to be kept up. So they were, after a fashion; the stables and kennels, at all events, were not neglected. They were generally full of horses and dogs, and proved to the family little better than a "white elephant." It was difficult to make any Desmond see that they could not afford their favourite amusements. They had a decided incapacity for abstruse mental calculations. They could not count the cost of their pet indulgences. Besides, the organ of "hope" was largely developed in the Desmonds, uncounteracted by any noticeable amount of "causality," so they were always fully convinced they were going to make their fortune. The horse that was at the moment in training for hunting or racing, as the case might be, was certain to make a "great haul," and take them out of debt and difficulties; but spavins, splints, curbs, or some other of those ills to which horseflesh is heir,

put in their unpleasant appearance, and the fortune was never made. If they were lavish in one way, they tried to equalise matters by additional prudence in other ways. The economic laws were enforced in the gardens and greenhouses, which were usually left to the care of the ladies of the establishment and their chance gardeners. As a rule, those ladies were refined and sensible; they did their utmost to bring order and beauty out of the chaotic elements surrounding them, and were trained into habits of patience by witnessing the return of chaos at certain calamitous periods when the lawn would be suddenly converted into a training school, dark rings would appear upon its soft green sward that were not all suggestive of fairy circles and dances upon moonlight raths; the croquet ground would be torn and trampled, and frolicsome young colts would canter gaily over the flower-beds with an equal disregard for floral development and feminine feelings. It was only the ladies who were refined, the men were of coarser fibre—reckless riders and crack shots. If they did not win honours at examinations, they won them at athletics, and God had gifted the whole race with a fine physique and winning manner.

Mrs. Desmond was often troubled about ways and means. She knew they were living beyond their income, and she was powerless to curtail the expenditure. Her husband was very fond of her, and firmly believed he would do anything on earth she asked him. He did not think there was such another woman in the world; he was certain he would sacrifice himself in any way for her if necessary, and was entirely convinced of her wisdom; but as a matter of fact, he did exactly as he liked, and was as inconsiderate a mate as possible. He was one of those persons to whom celibacy was better suited than matrimony, if marriage be supposed to entail duties, and a man is to be held responsible for his offspring.

Mr. Desmond took his domestic cares lightly. He was fond of his children, as he was fond of his wife. They were all pleasant elements in his life, contributing to its enjoyment and comfort—and that was all the feeling he had about them. He did not speculate upon the bringing up of his children or their future. Their natures were sealed books that he did not dream of looking into. He never instructed them in anything beyond the points of a horse or a dog, but left all higher culture to their mother. He was proud of their good looks, and of any tendency that showed they were "chips of the old block." Those tendencies often made the mother sigh and say she hoped, for diversity sake, they would not follow the Desmond course, but try some profitable life. "Tut, Mary," her husband would say, "what a money-grubber you are. There isn't such a life in the world as being on the back of a good hunter, flying over wall and fence on a fine

morning, with the music of the hounds in your ear. Nothing like it, my dear—stirs the blood in a man."

Mrs. Desmond would gently suggest there was something to be looked to in the world beside amusement.

"Yes; he knew that quite well. No one knew it better. There was lots of trouble in the world, too; but what was the use of grumbling? Care killed a cat; and one may as well knock as much good out of the world as he can."

The Desmonds suffered considerably in the famine years, but the head of the house had made a good match, and so contrived to keep the ball rolling until his death in 1870. His life was the last in the lease, and it was not to be renewed. Mr. Crosbie, the agent, behaved kindly to the widow. There was a small farm adjoining Fintona grounds, with a pretty house upon it, that had been built originally for a Scotch steward. This was fitted up, and Mrs. Desmond removed to it as a far more desirable residence for one of limited means than Fintona House, which would cost more than she could now afford to keep even properly aired.

There was a beautiful woodland walk leading from Fintona to "The Farm." In the summer time it was bright with bluebells and spring roses, violets half hidden in the waving grasses, and delicate ferns. A wicket opened from it into a tiny pleasure ground, well screened by handsome shrubs. Some instinct had always prompted Mrs. Desmond to decorate this little place. She had had a vague idea that it might be of importance to the family. They had a longer and a different lease of it than the one by which they held Fintona, and though she did not calculate on her husband's death, she had been conscious of the possibility of their losing the latter place. The mother bird trembles for the security of the nest that holds her little ones. She had some money in the funds, and a small encumbered property that had been part of her dower, which she hoped would clear itself before her son came of age. The boy was at school, and she had one bright-eyed merry little girl, whom for the present she was well able to teach herself. Mrs. Desmond was one of those unobtrusive women that are little spoken of outside their own circle, and are beloved within it—doing good so quietly, that though the effect is evident, the source remain unnoticed; or perhaps she had so accustomed others to the influence of her gentle ministrations that they took it as they took the pleasant summer sunshine, without any subtle analysis of its cause; but if they did not reason about her they loved her, and that was exactly what she desired.

The years passed on in quiet hope. Mr. Crosbie, the agent, spent most part of the year at Fintona. He preferred the country, and, as

he grew older, seemed to have less relish for city life. He was a widower, and had two sons. The elder was meant to succeed him in the agency, and the younger had got into the army. The boys had been great favourites of Mrs. Desmond, and the friendly relations continued when they were grown to be men. They often paid her visits when she was mistress of Fintona, and looked on her as the embodiment of ideal motherhood and womanhood. Her eldest children had died, but the young men were quite interested in the little ones. Arthur would carry about baby Mary on his shoulder when she was a little prattler, and tell her thrilling stories of giants and bogies, that made her eyes round with awe; and when he would take his leave of Fintona she would lift her voice, use her lungs vigorously, and refuse to be comforted, making known, over and over again, that she wanted "Arty." But Arthur was gone away upon foreign service, and it was very many years again till he wandered through the old Fintona woods.

The Mr. Digby Huntingdon, whose name was briefly mentioned as the owner of Fintona, had fallen upon evil days, or evil days had fallen upon him; and his Clare property assumed some importance, and began to find favour in his sight. He came to see it, invited some English friends to shoot his mountains and coverts, and made a resolution to come again, for really, after all, Ireland was not such a bad place. It was quite surprising how smart the people were, not at all so wild and *outré* as English writers represented. He had expected to find them all cutting capers on the high roads, with broad, idiotic grins on their faces, and big sticks in their hands; and there they were, going about their business, actually like human beings. He was never more astonished. All they required was just to be stirred up a bit—made to look sharp. He always heard it ruined tenants to have the land too cheap—made them careless. He saw them have whole tracts of it for little or nothing. Of course, it might be poor, but why not cultivate it and make it rich? They did not know how to farm; that was the whole secret. These, and several other things, going to prove the hopeless backwardness of the Irish, Mr. Digby Huntingdon discovered; he expressed his dissatisfaction with small holdings, ordered some tenants to be ejected and their farms amalgamated with others, and desired the rents to be raised. Mr. Crosbie had become somewhat delicate and incapable. His eldest son died, so he wrote to his son, Arthur, to sell his commission, come home, and take up his business as agent, which was a lucrative one.

Captain Crosbie did as he was advised; sold out of the army, and returned to Fintona just in time to brighten his father's last hours and see him laid in his grave.

In the meantime Mrs. Desmond's two children had been growing up. Harry was in Dublin studying for the constabulary. Mary had left school, and was on a visit with friends in England. She had not been home for nearly three years.

Captain Crosbie and Mrs. Desmond resumed their old familiar intercourse. He often went over to "The Farm" for a cup of tea in the evening, and they enjoyed each other's society. She did not think him much changed, apart from that external change which fifteen years is calculated to make in the accidents of any substance. He had been a quiet, reserved youth; he was a grave, thoughtful man, giving little outward evidence of the great tenderness that was mingled with the strength of his nature; he was a man difficult to deceive; he had ways that one who disliked him would call hard, and one who liked him would call just. He despised shiftlessness, and strongly denounced the system of doing for others what they ought to try to do for themselves. He objected to it as a demoralising influence, engendering a weak unmanly spirit of dependence. He encouraged thrift and industry, and by every means in his power helped those who were inclined to help themselves. The tenants were at first rather afraid of him; he was severe on idleness, poaching, trespassing, and all ways in which vagabond human nature sets itself in opposition to recognised authority; but as they came to a better understanding with him, there came an alteration in their feelings, and at length they arrived at the conclusion that "there were worse men goin' than the Captain."

CHAPTER II.

THE BUD BLOSSOMS.

The Farm was, as we have said, a very pretty house, in the cottage style, and quite large enough for Mrs. Desmond and her family. She had kept what was best of her furniture when leaving Fintona, so it was comfortably and tastefully furnished. She kept one woman servant, a little maid, and old Peter, who was part and parcel of the family.

Peter Conway was a son of Mr. Desmond's foster-brother, and, having been taken by him as "buttons" when quite a small boy, never left him again. He identified himself completely with the family, and when Mr. Desmond died and the removal took place, it no more occurred to Mrs. Desmond in lessening her establishment to get rid of Peter than it occurred to Peter to leave her. He was coach-

man, gardener, steward, and butler. He was odd as a boy, he was a "character" as a youth; but to age was left the triumph of developing him into a complete original. He was made up of contrasts; he was sometimes as cross as it was possible for man to be, and gifted with a most pointed and incisive method of expression; while he had an intense perception of humour—he would stop at some queer conceit of his own, open his mouth, put his hands on his hips, and laugh long and noiselessly, till the tears ran down his cheeks; then he would shut his mouth as suddenly as if it were the lid of a box, walk away with a bitterer expression than ever, and say something additionally caustic to the next person he met. He was generous, yet miserly; his wages gave him not the least concern. Mr. Desmond rarely paid him what he had agreed to give him; and it never entered Peter's head to claim it. Yet when he had money he would grudge himself an ounce of tobacco, and had generally to be kept supplied by his mistress and the young people, who knew his peculiarity. He would share his dinner with a beggar at the door, but he vigorously resisted Mrs. Desmond's habit of giving away flowers, fruit, or vegetables. One of his idiosyncracies was his dislike for the other sex, whom he always looked upon as created specially for the discomfort and the fall of man—weak, talkative, meddlesome creatures, who made up in craft what they wanted in wisdom; "running here and there, like a pig in a fair, without looking before them." He never married, nor as far as any one could see, showed the least ambition to enter the holy state; indeed it was a topic that drew forth his most pointed remarks; and, whether he came into collision with a "laughing woman with two bright eyes," or an enraged one with her tongue in full swing, Peter remained equally unimpressed and imperturbable. He nevertheless adored his mistress; he looked on her as an astonishing exception to women in general, and he loved Mary, whom he argued with and contradicted, and who completely led him. He did not put them on the same level as the rest of the feminine creation. Still, he recognised they were women, and too much sense was not to be expected from them; and when anything occurred that he looked on as the outcome of female incapacity, he did his best to be tolerant. "For sure, afther all, they had great sense an' steadiness for women, an' one couldn't put a man's head on their shoulders."

It was a glorious summer evening, the trees were throwing wavering shadows across the woodland walk, when Captain Crosbie entered it, and, with a stern expression on his face, strode along towards "The Farm." Things were not going on pleasantly with some of the tenants. In the middleman's time they had paid their rents pretty much as they liked, at his death there was an increase put on which

did not trouble them at all so much as some vexatious restrictions concerning tillage and turbary. Mr. Digby Huntingdon had been laid with his fathers, and his son, a handsomer and more agreeable Digby, had succeeded him. Fortune had been kind to young Digby. Besides giving him an attractive personal appearance, she inclined an old and distant relative to look on him with appreciative eyes, resulting in a legacy of very pleasant proportions, which relieved the young man from all monetary embarrassment.

If he did not want money, he soon found that he wanted something else.

He was languidly worshipping at the shrine of a goddess in every way charming, beautiful, wealthy, the daughter of his guardian, a great political leader, to whom a vote in the House of Commons on which he could count was all important. A brilliant idea struck Lord Rossroe—Digby should go in for Clare. He was sure to succeed. Money could do anything with the hungry Irish, and so Captain Crosbie was communicated with, and told to prepare for the advent of Mr. Digby Huntington. All this was unpleasant to the agent. He knew that vote by ballot had placed the voters in an altered position. They were no longer afraid of drawing down the wrath of a Conservative landlord by voting according to their inclinations, and putting in a Liberal member who would lessen that landlord's power over them, one who would fight for laws that would give them a hold on their farms and secure them from the possibility of being flung out on side of the road if the lord of the manor wanted to enlarge his demesne or his income. The people were no longer to be driven like sheep by political sheep-dogs. They had their own opinions; they were intelligent; and those who could not read the papers were well informed of their contents by those who could. Captain Crosbie saw at once Mr. Huntington had very little chance. A Conservative and an absentee—a man who drew every pound he could out of Ireland and never spent a penny in it, could hardly be supposed to struggle very ardently for those ends which were necessary to her well-being. What did a man like Huntington know of questions such as Home Rule and denominational education? He thought of them, likely, as war-whoops of savagedom—Irish cries, that sounded discordantly to refined English ears; yelpings from an unruly brute that no amount of thrown bones would keep quiet. Captain Crosbie thought over all the *pros.* and *cons.* He hated to be on the losing side, and he stalked moodily along, weighed down by unpleasant reflections, when he was suddenly arrested—by what?—by a woman's laugh—like a child in its abandonment, and as sweet and fresh as the thrill of a skylark—the laugh of one who had never known sadness. It was a very pleasant sound breaking the summer stillness. Captain Crosbie paused.

"Oh, laugh away, Miss Mary," said Mrs. Desmond's Peter in an irate voice. "Laugh your 'nough, when you're tired you'll stop; 'tis fine for you; faith, nothing troubles you. Maybe if you gave the money out of your own pocket to buy that spade, you wouldn't be so funny in yourself because 'tis in smithereens. What harm, only I have it for the last ten years."

"Why, it is time it should break, Peter," said a girlish voice.

"Iyeh, to be sure it is, too long intirely it lasted," answered Peter. "I wondher I didn't run across to the forge and get Pat Morony to make two halves of it; anything that's ould ought to be smashed to pieces. I'm fit for nothin' myself, I suppose, but to break turf on my head. Gardening, moryah; digging for woodbine, as if 'twould grow at this time of the year. 'Twould be a good deed if the Captain summoned us for trespass, so it would."

Captain Crosbie turned the corner and was face to face with Mary Desmond. He had not seen her since she was five years old, and she stood there now with the bloom of twenty summers on her fair face, a long trailing plant of woodbine in her hands, and the broken sunlight falling on her bright hair.

His dark face flushed, and there was a moment's silence, which was broken by Peter.

"'Tis to the courthouse you ought bring me," he said, "rootin' here like a pig in a pitatie pit; but Miss Mary should have her own way, like all the women in the world. Look at my little spade, Captain, if you plase; isn't it enough to make a dog sthrike his father? an' 'tisen't passin' three months since I paid tenpence for puttin' a new handle in it."

The girl, who was trying to look grave, laughed again. Captain Crosbie joined in her merriment, and then said:

"I never could have believed a few years would make such a change in little Mary Desmond. Why, you are a woman grown, and you were such a tiny thing when I saw you last. Of course you forget me. I am Arthur Crosbie."

"I had forgotten your face only," she replied, (smiling frankly, and extending her hand. "I have been hearing of you always; and I have been changed, not by a few years, but by a great many. Mother says I was only five when you went away."

"Yes, one forgets how time slips by," he said. "I suppose nothing makes us realise it so quickly as seeing those we left as children grown up into men and women. You have been from home for a long time?"

"Indeed, yes; I have been away very much for the past five years, but I used to come back during my vacations. It is now nearly three

years since I left home. I was with friends in England. I should not have stayed so long but we were travelling for part of the time, and I could not get away; but I enjoyed it wonderfully."

"You must find home dull?" said he.

"Dull! Oh, not all. I like home. I suppose I had no right to come here, 'rooting like a pig,' as Peter says. I sometimes forget those woods don't belong to us, but I'm sure we have more pleasure out of them than their owner."

"The owner is not so churlish," answered Crosbie, "as to prevent your making any use you like of them. If you are fond of flowers, I can supply you with some good ones."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, "the liberal banks and braes supply me. I am very fond of wild flowers. What a pity they fade so soon!"

"Oh, let Miss Mary alone for getherin' weeds and rubbish," said Peter. "She'd litter the biggest house in Munster. The hall beyond is like a walk in a wood; but sure everyone to her taste, as the ould woman said when she kissed her cow. I suppose, afther breaking my spade be it, I may as well go an' plant it, just to let you see it won't grow."

"It would be a pity to let it wither after Miss Desmond's trouble," said Crosbie.

"Iyeh! it would, to be sure," answered Peter, "'tis so mighty valuable. 'Deed then, wither it will, but sure I'll do her biddin', and we'll see by-an'-by what will come of the new gardenin'."

"I—I was thinking of going to the farm to see Mrs. Desmond," said Crosbie, hesitatingly, "and asking her for a cup of tea. It is some time since I saw her. I have been away for the last month."

"Oh, I'm sure nother will be glad to see you," Mary replied. "She told me you often spent an evening with her since you came to Fintona. Shall we proceed? You know if you find"—

"If I find what? Won't you finish what you were going to say?"

"Well, then, that if you find us stupid you need not stay long. I always feel for a man who hasn't another man to fall back upon. I fancy him in all the agony of suppressed yawns; and then, being sympathetic, I incline to the same myself."

Crosbie laughed. "You are trying to frighten me," he said, "but I'm more independent of men than you fancy. I shall be quite equal to the occasion. I think the truth is, you are afraid of finding me stupid and of being bored."

"Oh! what an awful possibility," said Mary merrily. "You make me shudder."

They reached the farm, where Peter had preceded them. Mrs. Desmond met them at the door and welcomed Captain Crosbie.

"You were a long time away, Arthur," she said. "I missed you so much. Were you surprised to see Mary? Has she not grown a great woman? Very like her poor father, is she not? Here are the keys, Mary dear; 'tis time to make the tea."

(To be Continued).

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

PAST ivied church and quiet graveyard holy
 The river murmurs low,
 And by the pine trees lingering runs and slowly
 To the green holms below.

The calm of evening falls o'er hills and meadows,
 The lights gleam far away
 From scattered homesteads through the creeping shadows
 That gather cold and gray;

That wrap each cross, and stone, and flower planted
 By tender, loving hands,
 In misty garments, till the place seems haunted
 By silent, ghostly bands.

Close by a cross with rose-trees covered over,
 A stripling kneels in prayer;
 Forgetful of the mists that o'er him hover,
 And of the damp night air.

Forgetful of all else but that she's sleeping
 Within the earth's cold breast,
 And low prayers mingle with his boyish weeping
 For her sweet rest.

By noon to-morrow o'er the dark blue ocean
 Westward his ship shall sail,
 With canvas spread and gaily-bounding motion,
 Far, far from Innisfail.

To-night his eyes are wet, his heart is grieving—
 Although that heart is brave—
 As bending low he plucks one shamrock, leaving
 His mother's grave.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

"I WORSHIP THEE, SWEET WILL OF GOD!"

A CHILD wandered through a wood one summer's day, pondering on the sights and sounds around him. "Why do the birds sing? Why does the sun shine? Why does the wind rustle in the leaves?" So thought the child, and, thinking thus, sat down on a mossy bank, and fell asleep, tired out with the summer sun. And as he slept he dreamt.

Still he was wandering beneath the noble forest trees, in whose branches the birds sang, and the wind rustled, while the sunlight played upon the leaves.

"Tell me, wind, why do you blow?" asked the child.

And the wind replied, "To do the will of Him Who sends me; for this do I come."

"O birds, why do you sing?"

And the birds replied, "To praise Him Who made us, without Whose leave the least among us falls not to the ground; we sing to do His will." Then the sunbeams, glancing through the trees, took up the strain, "To do His will Who made us; for this we were created!"

And the flowers lifted up their heads, and smiled back to heaven, "To do His will Who made us!" Then each insect, leaf, and blade of grass joined the sweet chorus till the whole forest echoed and re-echoed with the song: "To do His will Who made us!"

The child, half weeping at the sweetness of the sound, gently murmured, "And why did God make me?"

"O blessed child!" an Angel's voice replied, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him; to do His will, to love, and to enjoy Him thou wast made."

The child awoke, and rising up with the song of the forest and the words of the Angel in his heart, pursued his way along the steep thorny paths of life, ever loving and doing the sweet will of God. And when at last with trembling hope he knocked at the Golden Gates, St. Peter took down the keys and opened to him at once; for had not his Master said, "Not everyone that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father Who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

E. B.

A FRENCH POET-ARCHBISHOP.

FRANCIS DE LA BOUILLERIE.

THE United States of America have produced not only a real poet-priest—Father Abram Ryan, whom we pledge ourselves to introduce to our readers very soon—but also a poet-bishop: for it has been disclosed that “Henry Hamilton” is the pen-name of Dr. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, who under this disguise has given to the world two excellent volumes of verse, “America,” and “The Poet’s Praise,” and also a metrical translation of the first four books of the *Æneid*. The sacred Muse of France has mounted still higher in the hierarchy; for a French Archbishop might lay claim to the proud title of Laureate of the Blessed Sacrament.

The idea of some such account as follows of Monseigneur de la Bouillerie had occurred to us before his life had been written in a fine octavo volume, nay before his life had been lived to the end. Père Burnichon, S.J., in noticing this elaborate biography in the first number of the revived *Études* of the French Jesuits, speaks of its subject as “une des physionomies épiscopales les plus attachantes de ce siècle”—which phrase must in English be toned down to “one of the most attractive prelates of the age;” and he attributes to him “an harmonious combination of sweetness, piety and talent”—“le tout assaisonné (to relapse discreetly into French) d’un grand air et d’une certaine grâce aristocratique qui est une bienséance dans un évêque.”

Strange, Father Burnichon through the whole of his article makes no allusion whatever to the one aspect of the French Bishop’s character which introduces him now to our readers. Surely the Eucharistic lyrics which lie between the leaves of so many French prayer-books have done well for souls and for the pious writer’s fame. Here is one of them, which we give at once, that our extracts may be less thickly crowded at the end:

Une Bergerette rêvait—
Elle rêvait à l’agneau qu’elle aimait ;
Si bon, si doux, si patient qu’à peine
Elle pouvait en détourner les yeux

Quand le ciseau tondait sa blanche laine,
 Il demeurait calme et silencieux.
 On l'immola ! La Bergerette en larmes
 A son troupeau ne trouva plus de charmes.
 Jésus lui dit : " Enfant, reveille-toi !
 L'agneau que tu rêves c'est Moi."

As we must find room for several examples, perhaps this first stanza may serve as a specimen of the original and an instance of the closeness of our version. The tyranny of rhyme insisted on the little interpolation, "as I've heard tell." Hereafter we will be still more literal.

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
 Dreamed of a lamb she cherished well—
 So good, so gentle, that all the day
 She scarcely could turn her eyes away.
 When they shorn its soft and snowy fleece,
 It stirred not nor moaned, but held its peace,
 They slew it, and then grief filled her breast;
 She took no pleasure in all the rest.
 But Jesus said to her : " Wake, My child !
 I am that Lamb so meek and mild."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
 Dreamed of a flower she loved so well :
 A lily that low in the valley lay,
 Quivering before the breezes' play.
 Poor shepherdess ! she is dismayed
 To see her beauteous lily fade.
 " Thou hast deceived me ! " was her cry ;
 " I thought thee a flower that could not die."
 But Jesus saith to her : " Wake, My child !
 I am that Lily undefiled."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
 Dreamed of the heaven she loved so well.
 'Twas night, and all the star-strewn ways
 Were crowned with the moon's soft silvery rays.
 " Why," said the dreamer, in delight,
 " May I not take towards thee my flight ?"
 For the wings of a dove she eager calls—
 She soars and soars, but alas ! she falls.
 And Jesus whispers . " Awake, My dove !
 I am the heaven which thou dost love."

A shepherdess, as I've heard tell,
 Dreamed of all that she loved so well.
 In everything her soul serene
 Some atom of good had ever seen—

Not Infinite Beauty, but only a part,
And so to nothing she gave her heart.
"Where, then, art Thou, O Good supreme?
Thou art my search, my thirst, my dream!"
Said Jesus: "No longer dreaming lie:
The love that thou dreamest, My child, 'tis I!"

Francis de la Bouillerie was born on the 10th of March, 1810, at Paris, in the palace of the Elysée, where his father, though belonging to one of the old families of Anjou, resided officially as Treasurer to the Crown. Of his mother, Anne de Foucault, he said in some autobiographical notes: "After God, I owe to my pious mother all that I am in the order of grace. She spared no pains to give me a religious education; she fostered my early leaning to the priesthood; she knew how to inspire me at the same time with a tender love for her and a great dread of displeasing her."

Montalembert was one of his schoolfellows. In his First Communion he prayed to God to let him be devoted entirely to his service; but those were troubled times, and, after the Revolution of 1839, in which his father, the Baron de la Bouillerie, shared in the fall of his master, Charles X., young Francis prepared for the legal profession. At the same time he published anonymously his first volume of verse, small in size and in merit also. He mingled freely in the world, but in the most Christian circles of the Parisian world, such as frequented the *salon* of Madame Swetchine.

After being greatly moved by the first wonderful discourses of young Lacordaire, he made a journey to Rome, and, even before being aware that his boyish predilection for the priesthood had come back to him, he followed, as a layman, some of the classes of the Jesuit professors of the Roman College. But a French Jesuit, who spent some thirty years in Rome, made him understand his own soul. He resolved at last to become a priest, and at once he sent the good news to his mother.

His favourite authors were St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard: to the Angelic Doctor he went for his matter, while he strove to form his manner on that of the Doctor Mellifluus.

He celebrated his first Mass on Easter Sunday, 1840, in the Borghese Chapel of St. Mary Major, being then thirty years old. By Father Villefort's advice he continued his sacred studies for

two years more in the Eternal City, and received the degree of Doctor of Theology in 1842.

He had already shown a wonderful tenderness of devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament. When the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, who afterwards died for his people on the barricades, made him his Vicar-General, he used his position to introduce and propagate the devotion of the Forty Hours, the Perpetual Adoration, &c. It was for these associations that he preached innumerable exquisite discourses, which afterwards became books, such as *Méditations sur l'Eucharistic*, of which Father Caswall edited an English translation under the title of *Hours at the Altar*. To this epoch belong most of the Eucharistic poems which have procured for their author the distinction of being noticed in our pages. One of the most famous of these is the dialogue between an Angel and the Soul that haunts the tabernacle. Many will like to have it in the original, and some will understand it better in our literal English :—

Un Cherubin dit un jour à mon âme ;
Si tu savais la gloire de mon ciel,
Si tu voyais les purs rayons de flamme
Que sur mon front projette l'Eternel !
Je répondis à l'Archange céleste :
Toi qui vois Dieu plus brillant que le jour,
D'un Dieu caché sur un autel modeste
Sais-tu l'amour ?

L'Ange reprit : Sais-tu ma joie immense
De contempler en face un Dieu si beau ?
Le ciel pour moi tous les jours recommence,
Et tous les jours mon bonheur est nouveau.
Je répondis : Sais-tu ce qu'est l'hostie,
Toi dont le cœur ne s'est point égaré ?
Près d'un Dieu bon, près de l'Eucharistie
As-tu pleuré ?

Le Chérubin voulut parler encore :
Sais-tu, dit-il, mon aliment divin ?
Aimer, servir le grand Dieu que j'adore.
M'unir à lui : voilà mon seul festin.
Je répondis au lumineux Archange :
Tu te nourris de la Divinité ;
Mais l'humble pain que j'adore et je mange
L'as-tu goûté ?

O Cherubin de la sainte patrie,
 Louons ensemble un Dieu si bon pour nous ;
 A toi le Ciel, à moi l'Eucharistie !
 Notre partage à tous deux est bien doux.
 J'aspire un jour à voir aussi mon Père ;
 Mais ici-bas l'autel est tout mon bien ;
 Voilà mon sort—ton bonheur je l'espère,
 J'aime e mien

And thus the dialogue runs spontaneously into English :—

Unto my soul an Angel said one day :
 " If thou the glory of my Heaven couldst know,
 If thou couldst see the flames of purest ray
 That the Eternal on my brow doth throw ! "
 Then to the Angel I my answer made :
 " Thou seest the glory of the Lord above,
 But of our God on lowly altar laid
 Know'st thou the love ? "

Rejoined the Angel : " Oh ! if thou but knew
 The joy of gazing on God's face so fair !
 For me each day my Heaven begins anew,
 Each day new happiness is mine to share."
 I answered : " Ah ! *thy* heart has never strayed,
 Within God's loving arms securely kept,
 Before the altar broken-hearted laid,
 Hast thou e'er wept ? "

The Angel then would speak to me once more :
 " Know'st thou (said he) my nourishment divine ?
 To love and serve the God Whom I adore,
 With Him united—lo ! this feast is mine."
 But to the radiant Angel I replied :
 " Thou on the Deity indeed art fed,
 Yet not for thee the Lord of Life doth hide
 'Neath humble bread."

O Cherub from the fatherland above !
 Our God so good let our joint praises greet :
 Heaven, Heaven for thee—for me this pledge of love ;
 The portion of us each is very sweet.
 The Father's door for me one day will ope,
 But here all good lies near this altar-throne.
 Behold my lot : thy happiness I hope—
 I love my own !

There is another dialogue between the Angel and the Soul which does not bear Monseigneur de la Bouillerie's name on the little fly-leaf that lies before me ; but it follows the same course of

ideas, and borrows phrases from the piece just given. We may economise space by suppressing the French, which is very exactly reproduced in the following:—

One day unto my soul a Seraph came :

“ If thou the bliss of my bright heaven hadst known,
If thou couldst see the rays of purest flame
Upon my brow by the Eternal thrown ! ”

And I : “ Upon this lowly altar here

The God of glory to my love is given ;
Here night and day my love doth burn more clear—
The Eucharist for me on earth is heaven.”

The Angel then : “ God, God alone can give
This torrent of inebriating bliss.

O God of love, apart from Thee to live
And thy sweet radiance—death, not life, were this.

Soul.

To live on faith, to live on sacrifice,
To lean with love upon the sword-pierced Heart—
Thou canst not know how these delights we prize,
Who (happy spirit !) ne’er in pain hadst part.

Angel.

The sovereign beauty face to face to see,
And see therein all that can rapture lend—
Him to behold, to love as loveth He :
This is my heaven, and this shall never end.

Soul.

Within a feeble Host my God so fair,
My Saviour, Spouse, believing to adore—
To help His little ones His life to share :
Angel of Heaven, behold my joy’s rich store.

Angel.

But Jesus’ spouse, the Angels’ sister dear,
A song shall sing to other lips denied ;
She ’mid our phalanxes her throne shall rear,
Delights be hers that none shall taste beside.

Soul.

I love the Cross, I through the Cross am made
Like to my Jesus who for love was slain ;
Near to the Cross the Blessed Mother stayed,
Compassionating my heart’s bitter pain.

Angel.

Come and behold thy Jesus glorified
With all the glory of Infinity ;
Come, taste the fruits of victory at His side,
Far from the grief of thy Gethsemane.

Soul.

Not yet have I attained my journey's end.
Thou, happy Spirit, Sion's joys may'st see ;
But while my weary pilgrimage I wend,
The Sacred Host, and sacrifice for me !

Angel.

O faithful Sponse, in faith and trust repose.
What joy thy life's last tranquil eve shall bring !
For love even here the meaning doth disclose
Of the new song that virgins only sing.

Soul.

Oh, thou who knowest from the source divine
What forms my treasure on the earth below,
Bind me with chains close to the altar-shrine,
And Love's sweet strength give to my soul to know.

Having assisted Monseigneur Sibour for a few years after the martyrdom of Monseigneur Affre, our pious Vicar-General was appointed Bishop of Carcassonne in 1855. The name of his diocese is best known from Gustave Nadaud's ballad, which has for its refrain, "*Je n'ai jamais vu Carcassonne.*" It is supposed to be sung by an old peasant near Limoux, who chants forth the one desire that possesses his soul. He is growing old, he is sixty; and never once yet has he seen the neighbouring city of Carcassonne. There it is in the distance, with the blue mountains behind it, five long leagues off, and *that* before the railways seemed an insurmountable difficulty.

On dit qu'on y voit tous les jours
Ni plus ni moins que les Dimanches
Des gens s'en aller sur les cours
En habits neufs, en robes blanches.
On dit qu'on y voit des châteaux
Grands comme ceux de Babylone,
Un évêque et deux généraux !
Je ne connais pas Carcassonne.

Perhaps, if the vintage turn out well, he may yet be able to see this wonderful place where there are people dressed in their Sunday clothes all the days of the week. A rich friend comes to know the

old man's craving, and offers to bear the expense of the journey ; but the poor fellow dies on the way.

The Vicar-General of Paris, founder and director of many pious and flourishing Œuvres, had, we may be sure, no such yearning for Carcassonne ; but he obeyed the summons of duty and devoted himself ardently and exclusively to his new functions.

The Bishop found time, however, to publish several ingenious and charming books, generally founded on his courses of sermons, such as his *Etudes sur le Symbolisme de la Nature*, of which a volume is devoted to animated nature and another to inanimate nature. Here, too, his Eucharistic spirit displays itself constantly ; and still more expressly in the volume on "The Eucharist and the Christian Life," of which Mr. R. Washbourne has published an English translation. His commentary on the first three chapters of the Canticle of Canticles applies it all to the Blessed Eucharist, and indeed this is put forward on the title-page.

In the year 1872 Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux for thirty-five years, felt that he needed help ; and he asked the Pope to give him Monseigneur de la Bouillerie as his coadjutor with right of succession. So it was finally arranged, and the Bishop of Carcassonne became Archbishop of Parga. But the old Cardinal survived his Coadjutor. After ten years more of assiduous labour the poet-prelate was called to see unveiled Him whom he had adored so lovingly under the sacramental veils. When he received the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, he said : "le Dieu de l'Eucharistie a toujours été bien bon pour moi." This was his last spoken word. He was still perfectly conscious ; and when the Superior of the Bordeaux Jesuits, Father Carrère, his Confessor, recalled his own favourite expressions, *Sursum Corda*, *Nolite timere*, *Ego sum*, a faint smile came over the lips of the dying saint. Well might he smile, for a happy smile of welcome was surely waiting for him on the lips of his Judge.

M. R.

EILEEN'S TRUST.

EILEEN'S mother was dying. The doctor had given that last sad shake of the head which bade farewell to hope; and one hour in the next few was fated to carry off a gentle soul into eternity.

Eileen had been kneeling for a long time by the bed, gazing at the still form that lay on it, in that cold trance of horror into which Death's presence throws the young. At last she could bear it no longer, and when the nurse left the room for a moment she climbed on the bed and laid her warm cheek against the cold one that pressed the pillow. The mother opened her eyes wearily. They were full of the pain of death. She turned a little towards the child, and said, slowly and at broken intervals, "Eileen, love, I am leaving you and your father. He will have no one but you. Oh! it is hard. If I could live a little longer for him! God's will be mine! But promise me, Eileen, that you will love and watch over him as I tried to do."

The "I will, mamma," which was spoken in answer would not have been audible to anyone else in the room—scarce was it heard by the angel who stood waiting. But it was spoken in a kiss which made the words as solemn as a vow. And the eyes of the dying woman closed again, and her features seemed more peaceful than before. And then a man came into the room, on whose face was written that anguish of the strong which only those who can bear it know; and Eileen was taken sobbing from the room. She saw her young mother no more.

Eileen loved her father after that as father was never yet loved by his daughter. But in the early days of their affliction her love seemed to meet with no response. And when her father looked at her, it was with that fierce grief with which we look at the things which remind us of a dead hope or a lost love; so that Eileen grew afraid, and only ventured to watch unseen the stern features, and wonder with a child's timid patience when the old light would come back to them and why he, who had been always so gentle with her, should now seem so strange. Then in her own room at

night she would cry for hours together—cry out of mingled wonder and grief, thinking less of her own sorrow than of that which she longed to console but could not. In her father's presence she never cried—only watched him always, and did little things for him unnoticed; and in the selfishness of his bereavement he said to himself that a child ten years old could not know or measure the depth of his loss or her own, and he seldom looked at her or thought of her then.

So a month passed. And Eileen grew pale and thin, and her large, grey eyes grew larger and bright and moist with the night-dews of sorrow which had fallen early on her young life—those night-dews in which the flowers of the soul bloom fairer, while the body withers. But one evening when Eileen had gone to bed and her father was passing to get a book which he had left in his own room, he thought he heard someone speaking in that of his daughter. He opened the door gently. Eileen was kneeling in her night-dress by her bedside. And this was what he heard:

“And oh! God, do make papa love me a little as he used, for I cannot do what mamma asked me unless you do: and make him let me dine with him and be with him always, instead of sending me to nurse, for I know I could make him less sorry for mamma if he would only look at me and kiss me oftener. And make him not frown when he looks at me, for that makes me afraid. And I don't want to be afraid of papa, for I love him so much. And make him let me stay with him in the library, for I know he doesn't read there, but only thinks about mamma. And he doesn't know that mamma is happy, or he wouldn't be so sad, but I do, because I saw her face before she went away. And make me keep well, because mamma told me something, and I cannot do it if you make me ill. And I *am* getting ill, because papa”—here the childish voice quivered and the childish form shook—“doesn't love me.”

“Eileen!” There was a world of affection in that one word. The child turned and found herself in her father's arms, and the love she wanted in her father's eyes. “Eileen, darling!” he said, “how selfish I have been! And you felt for me all the time—and I didn't think of you—and”—but his words were stopped by kisses. He wrapped a rug about the child, now sobbing with joy, and carried her down to the library fire, and there poured over her all the manly tenderness of his nature, which affliction had

frozen up, till her sobs came at longer intervals, and she slept, tired out with happiness. And long after that he sat watching her sleep, and thinking how like her his dead love must have been when young, and accusing himself for the change in her, which he had not noticed. And the look in his eyes, when towards midnight he gently laid the sleeping child in her bed, and knelt to pray by its side, augured well for the success of Eileen's prayer.

Eight years passed away—years made happy for father and daughter by mutual devotion.

Again the famine came to Ireland. In the splendour of late summer a wind rose in the east, with fierce heat by day and fierce cold by night. It blew steadily for many weeks, and overspread the sky with sulphurous haze.

Out in the country the people made merry in the dusty cross-ways, rejoicing in the heat and the promise of a rich harvest. But one day the wind ceased: the yellow haze darkened: thunderstorms followed; and that night it rained as it seldom rains in Ireland. On the second morning after that the rain had passed: there was no cloud on the laughing face of Heaven; but the houses and faces of the people were filled with gloom. For far and wide the fields were blackened: the blight had come on the potato crop.

Then followed the familiar train of evils which attend that mysterious scourge of a nation—inability to pay rent, eviction, misery, starvation, death.

Matthew O'Donnell, Eileen's father, had the reputation of being one of the sternest land-agents in the west of Ireland. And he was. In the discharge of what he considered his duty he had no feelings. Studied cruelty would have been infinitely preferable to the calm unconsciousness with which he carried out the mandates which frequently came to him during this year of misery. Therefore he was hated by the people. And many were the threatening letters which he received at this time. He laughed at these grim messages, for he knew no fear, and destroyed them. And Eileen knew nothing of the danger in which her father's life was believed to be.

Eileen is happy on this October evening, as she sits by the library fire. The table is laid for her father's supper: his slippers

are waiting by the armchair, and his big red setter is lying on the hearth rug. A book is lying open on the girl's knees, but her eyes have sought the fire, and her features are full of that blissful repose which our faces wear when we are thinking of those who love us. Her thoughts are out this wild night with her father, who has gone twenty miles away to collect rents, and should now be nearing home. She is thinking of the tired face he will bring to her, and of the power she knows she has to charm his weariness away. And she is thinking, too, of her mother's last wish and how she has tried to obey it. And she might think with truth, if she could have philosophized, that to be a girl and to be eighteen years of age, and to love and be loved by one's father, is to be supremely happy, as earthly happiness goes.

A soft knock came to the door, and the old housekeeper entered. She came round to the hearth, stroked the sleeping dog, stirred the fire, and looked at Eileen. Then she stirred the fire again and, suddenly turning, said: "Faith, then you're right, Miss, it wasn't to mend the fire that brought me up."

"Why, Mary dear, I didn't say that!" laughed the girl.

"No! but yer eyes said it, Lord bless them. You don't know half what they can say without you speaking a word. And—well, it was just because I was lonely that I came up, and I thought ye might be the same."

"I am never lonely when Papa is away, Mary, for I can think of him better when he is away; when he is here, I have no time to think, I am so busy looking after him."

"It's you that does look after him too," and the old woman stirred the fire again; "ay, faith, he couldn't have a better one to mind him, surely—divil a betther." A few moments' reflection and she turned to Eileen, who was watching her amusedly, and resumed. "Do you know, Miss, the Master has no call to be out so late."

"Why, Mary dear? it's the pony he has to-night. He always takes the pony when the nights are dark."

"Ye're right, Miss; it's the pony sure enough—but the roads is very lonely, and I wouldn't let him keep out so late if I was you."

"Mary! you are trying to frighten me, or is it that you don't like waiting up so late yourself?"

"That's just what it is, Miss—it's not fair to me to be keeping

me up so late, and I'd tell him that, if I was you, that's it's not fair to me, and that I'll have to give him warning on the head of it, and ——" She made a last savage dash at the fire before continuing. "Lord bless ye, ye don't know the wickedness that's out now, ye don't; and I'm thinking ye couldn't know it iv ye tried." And she vanished hastily as if to avoid questioning.

Eileen thought over this sudden enigma for a few minutes. She did not understand in the least what it meant, but she felt vaguely disturbed. She took a light cloak, put on a deerstalker's cap of her father's, leaned against the chimneypiece for a moment, looking at the gold clock that stood on it; then, obeying an uneasy impulse, slipped out into the night, and took her way down the avenue. The dog did not notice her departure for a few seconds; then he sprang up and tried to follow her, but his first effort closed the half open door; he walked round the room, and crouched down opposite it.

The night was dark and wild, but warm; leaves were falling from the tall trees that fringed the avenue; the wind rolled heavily overhead, and gusts came down at intervals into the shelter and played with Eileen's long dark hair. She walked slowly, listening to the grumbling wind and the leaves rustling on the gravel at her feet. She was not afraid, but her sense of hearing was made keener by striving to detect the sound of her father's trap amongst the other noises about her. Just when she had walked half way down the avenue, she stopped suddenly; she thought she had discerned some strange noise a little way on and to the left, in the wood which there bordered on the path. She drew aside into the wood, stole on a few paces, and listened. This is what she heard in the pauses of the wind—

"And my child nigh dead before—to emigrate, that's the word he said—and she died on the rock, and the night, and the rain that bad! Oh! the murderous ruffian! Another drop—then ye'll be strong for the work."

The voice was not that of an old man, but it was weak and querulous.

"When did ye say he's like to be here?" This voice was more manly, but almost gruff in its stern intensity.

"It'll be eleven o'clock any way; he's gone to get the rents."

"The divil another he'll get this side of hell, I'm thinking." And then followed muttered imprecations, and gloomy, half-humorous ravings.

Eileen had listened as in a dream to these voices of the night. Only the last reply told her that it was her father they were talking about. Her heart throbbed so that she could hear it above the sound of the voices—even above the wind. Only by a supreme effort of the will she had escaped fainting. She retraced her steps slowly till out of hearing, and then flew up the avenue. Three facts had come home to her as that last sentence struck her ear; the first, that there were men there waiting to kill her father; the second, that one of them was, or thought himself, wronged by him; the third, that her father would be dead in less than an hour if not warned of his danger. It was ten o'clock when she had looked at the clock in the library, and he might be there by eleven. "Dead! dead! dead!" the word rang in her ears as she ran breathless into the yard. In the harness-room was a light; the stable-boy was there, nearly asleep—the only one in that lonely place to whom she could look for help, for the men who worked there in the daytime were now miles off in their homes. Her mind had leaped without conscious thought to the one thing that remained to be done; she must ride across by the lake to intercept her father on his return. She must ride herself; the boy might not go fast enough—would not be believed. What message could she send that would not be laughed at? She shook the boy. "Tom, Tom, awake!"

"Yes, Miss," murmured Tom.

"Saddle the mare for me quickly."

"Tom opened his eyes wide at once. The girl's face spoke more than a thousand words. "Begorra! she's in earnest. For the love of God, what do ye main, Miss?"

"Yes, the mare. Oh! Tom, saddle her at once."

He took a side-saddle and bridle down, and went out, muttering "Lord have mercy on us! what is it all about!" The mare was ready in a few moments. Eileen was leaning against the door of the harness-room, trying to collect her thoughts. It was of no use. Only the word "Dead!" came to her in every beat of her pulse. Tom brought out the mare; it was Eileen's favourite, and she mechanically patted the animal's neck as she stood by it.

"Tom, help me up?"

"For the love of God, Miss, where are ye going?"

"Help me up, I say," she repeated in a fainter tone. Tom obeyed silently. "Now lead her out to the gate into the lawn;

keep on the grass." Eileen leant over the saddle; was she going to faint? She revived in the strong wind that came over the bare lawn, as they reached the gate. "That will do, Tom. Good-bye." She had not known till then that she held a riding-whip in her hand; how she got it, she could not have told. She touched the mare's flank with it and spoke to her. "Good Flo, then! Good Flo, then!" The animal seemed to know that she was called upon and sprang at once into a gallop. Tom looked after her till she vanished in the gloom, then walked back slowly into the yard. He went into the harness-room, searched for a pipe, put it into his mouth without lighting it, sat down and gazed out into the night. After a few minutes the pipe-stem broke off and the bowl fell to the ground; he did not seem to notice it.

At first Eileen could not think of what she was to do; but now the exercise took away her physical prostration. And her mind, set free from the tension of her nerves, began to work rapidly. There was one fence in her way, at the foot of the lawn—a loose stone wall; the mare knew it well; it was nothing. And then a gallop round the lake to the road; then she would turn loose the mare and wait for her father. And he would come and find her there, and she would tell him what brought her, and then—oh! she knew him so well, he would laugh at her, and say she dreamed it all. And they would drive back and he would be killed—she perhaps too, but he certainly—no! that would not do. Well, she would tell him merely that she had come to meet him. She had often met him there before; but that was in summer. Never mind, the night was warm. And then—she saw the rest without thinking further. And at the end of it all she saw her mother's face with the peaceful smile it wore when she saw it last.

They were nearing the wall. She could scarcely see it about a hundred yards ahead; her slender hands tightened on the reins in an endeavour to pull the mare together for the leap. But the animal knew it well, shortened her stride as she neared it, and flew over it at the old spot, merely brushing off a stone with one of the hind hoofs. "Good Flo, then!" Now the way was clear. Another flick of the whip and the lake flew past them; and the excitement of that night-gallop and the wildness of it went through her, and she thought of nothing, only watched the bushes plunging by and the gleaming waves of the lake. A few minutes brought them to the gate leading out on the road.

Was she in time? She sprang from the mare and tried to take off the bridle. She could not. She led the animal back some distance and turned her loose in the field; came back, opened the gate and took up her post on the road.

Was she in time? Her fragile form was quivering with excitement. If she was late! Five minutes past ten. The darkness was growing lighter. There was a moon, then, somewhere behind those flying clouds. Another five minutes passed. She thought she heard a car; it was only a distant groan of the wind. A thought occurred to her; she would take off her cloak, and the white dress under it could not be seen. She did so. How cold the wind had turned!

Again she heard a sound; it grew louder; it was that of a car. A hollow in the road kept it out of hearing for some moments; then the noise came clearer than before. A vehicle was coming down the hill towards her; she could not move. The horse shied at the white object by the roadside. A voice from the car said, "Steady, boy!" then louder, "What is that?" It was her father. The answer came very low. "It is I, papa;" but it was heard. Her father sprang from the car—"Eileen, darling! what madness is this?"

"I came to meet you, papa."

"Without a cloak! on such a night!"

Eileen felt the tears rising. "You were very late, papa." Her father detected the quaver in her voice; he could not see her face, or he would have read a tale in it, but he feared lest she might think he was vexed with her.

"My darling child, take my coat and sit up on the car, we shall be home in no time." He took off his big Ulster as he spoke.

"Then let me drive, papa." The words were low, but steadier.

"Nonsense! on such a night?"

"Please, papa." The voice was very pleading.

"What a strange girl! Well get up." He helped her up on the right side of the car, the driving side, and put the reins in her hand. At five yards anyone would have said that the form in the Ulster and the deerstalker's cap was Matthew O'Donnell. "Kiss me before you go round, papa." He kissed her, thinking that she still thought him angry. But she thought only, "It is the last time perhaps," and a tear fell on the hand that held the reins.

The pony went on. All was now over. Her father was saved.

And she! How long before they would get *there*? She would drive the pony faster—oh yes; very fast when they were passing it. And they might not fire at all. They might repent. They might not even be there. Then another cessation of thought supervened, and she only felt the wild wind whistling past and the rapid beat of the pony's shoes on the road.

And her father on the other side of the car was thinking how, when they got home, he would kiss again the lips which had spoken to him so faintly, and reassure the eyes which might shrink from his. Angry with *her*!

They neared the entrance. The gate-lodge was vacant. It was usually inhabited by the coachman, but the last had left, and no new man had come as yet.

They entered and sped up the avenue. The pony went faster along the smooth drive: his thoughts were in the warm stable waiting for him.

Another rush of thought swept through Eileen's mind in those long seconds which elapsed before they came to the wood. Was she not going to die? And at eighteen years of age—the world which had shone so bright before her was already in darkness. And the romance of youth and life was over. All this occurred to her, not with regret but as dull fact, felt only as she felt the presence of the night—her love for her father—that alone was left to her now, and her mother's words were repeating themselves over and over in her mind. She would not now be afraid to meet her mother. And she would meet her soon—God would be merciful—and—and—

A hundred yards more to that terrible spot, and the pony went faster still, as if he too felt the danger. Then at the last moment, as the reality of all that had happened came home to her, the fear of death, that fear which is more physical than mental, overcame her. A sickening desire to scream, to die, to have it all over, oppressed her. But she shut her lips tightly, shuddering with the effort, and closed her eyes, from which the tears were falling. Yet even in that last agony of apprehension, she remembered to draw her slender figure to its full height.

They raced past the spot. A shot! The pony fell. Another! A faint sound between a sigh and a scream—and a noise of rustled leaves in the distance—and then again the roar of the rushing wind.

Both of them had been thrown forward by the sudden stop as the pony fell. The girl's form remained leaning forward over the front rail of the car. Her father was at her side in an instant. "Eileen!" There was no answer. He took the silent figure in his arms, staggered blindly up the avenue—into the house—into the library, and laid it on a sofa. He unbuttoned the heavy ulster. The face was deathly pale, the tears not yet dry on it. And on the white dress, just under the right arm, there was a large, bright stain of blood. A long minute he stood looking at that fatal spot, then staggered, and fell to the ground with a groan.

And the dog went from one to the other with a low whine, licking alternately the pale hand that hung over the side of the sofa and the livid face upon the floor.

J. O'G. L.

THE IRISH THRUSH.

IN the soft and verdant northland,
 Where the thrush's song is sweetest,
 Oft I've sat in dreams and listened
 To his tuneful song of joy.
 So to-day in sweet communion
 With the past, whose smile allures me,
 Fancy flutes the song, whose magic
 Held the hot heart of the boy.

In the new, as in the old land,
 There are shadows, there is sunshine;
 There are songs of birds more brilliant
 Than the thrush of other days.
 But I live in sweet communion
 With the past, whose smile allures me;
 And listen still in dreamland
 To the thrush's tuneful lays.

WILLIAM W. HANNA.

WILKIE COLLINS AND THE NOVELISTS OF THE DAY.

IF the theory of Mr. Howells and the American school of fiction writers, regarding the aim and construction of the novel, be the correct one, the works of Wilkie Collins have no place in literature, and ought never to have been written. There are few novelists, if indeed there are any, who are more opposed in their views concerning the art of fiction than the author of "The Moonstone," and the author of "The Lady of the Aroostook." Mr. Howells is entirely for character painting, and says that all the plots have been invented. Mr. Collins is entirely for plot and construction, and maintains that characterisation must follow. Some writers who take a middle course, such as Mr. Besant, believe that a novel must first possess human sympathy : that it deals with real, living men and women ; but then comes the story. "The story," Mr. Besant says, "is everything. I cannot conceive of a world going on at all without stories, and those strong ones, with incident in them, and merriment and pathos, laughter and tears, and the excitement of wondering what will happen next. A drama without a plot—a novel without surprises—the thing is as impossible as life without uncertainty." In other words, Mr. Besant believes that you must first conceive your characters, and then tell their story. Mr. Collins takes the story only into consideration, and believes that you must depict character in order to tell it truly and artistically.

In these days, when we all are either novel-readers or novel-writers, these theories are peculiarly interesting. It is only of late, however, that such "shop talking" has become the fashion. The great masters of fiction never thought it necessary to explain their aims, or to apologise for their methods. Fielding and Smollett, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins in the early part of his career, wrote their stories and sent them forth to stand or fall on their own merits. But, at present, every school of novel-writing has its own "shop talk"; and every school is quite convinced that its own work is the genuine article, and that the work of the others has a decided flavour of Brummagem. Loudest and most persistent of such theorists is the American school, to

which the unkind term "Lollypops" has been applied. Mr. Howells, the great exponent of this system, gives simply photographic views of society and thinks, as our own Miss Austen thought, that fiction should attempt no more. He does not try to dig down into men's minds, like the French and Russian novelists, and to bring to light the hidden thoughts and passions which are there, or which he may imagine are there. He does not depend for the interest of his narrative on strong, sensational incident; he concerns himself only with the ordinary actions and trivialities of everyday life. The people to be met with in his books are not of exceptional mental or moral characteristics, but commonplace people who are neither villainous nor heroic, neither ugly nor handsome. As an example, he describes, simply and in polished language, how two old friends met, after long years, on the bridge over the Arno at Florence: how they talked about old times and how the lady asked the gentleman to call on her: how he did call: how they got gradually to like each other's society: how another lady, who was young and rather good-looking, appeared on the scene and disturbed the harmony of the friendship: how the gentleman began to imagine himself to be in love with this second lady: how he communed with his common sense and discovered that he was not: and finally how he proposed to lady number one, who was getting on in years, and was accepted. This is the substance of Howells's "Indian Summer." Uninteresting as this bald summary is, the book itself is very readable; for although Mr. Howells professes to be only a kind of reporter of drawingroom small-talk, he himself has got the gift of humour, and his workmanship is faultless. Speaking of him, or rather of the American writers in general, Mr. Rider Haggard says: "Their heroines are things of silk and cambric, who soliloquise and dissect their petty feelings, and elaborately review the feeble promptings which serve them for passions. Their men—well, they are emasculated specimens of overwrought age, and, with culture on their lips and emptiness in their heart, they dangle round the heroines till their three-volumed fate is complete." Leaving out the unnecessary harshness and bitterness of this criticism, it must be admitted that there is some truth in it; but it is not on that account unfavourable to Mr. Howells. He professes to depict society as he finds it; and if the men and women in his books are such as Mr. Haggard describes, Mr. Howells cannot be blamed. It is amusing, on the

other hand, to observe how Mr. Haggard himself is scourged by "Ouida," who compares his African Princesses very unfavourably with London shop-girls.

England must be admitted to be the great home of prose fiction at the present time. The methods of the English novelists are practically unlimited, and their subject-matter is simply the world and all its interests. There are the famous exponents of character in Dickens and Thackeray; subtle analysts of motive and explorers of the human mind in the two Georges—George Eliot and George Meredith; unequalled word-painters of natural scenery in Black, and a writer who goes beyond him, in name at least—Blackmore; and accurate recorders of local customs and peculiarities in Thomas Hardy, Hall Cane, and Baring Gould. We have at present a host of novelists whose central idea is adventure, such as R. L. Stevenson and his weak imitator, Rider Haggard. We have novelists, and amongst them James Payn, who pay all their attention to the sensationalism of quiet, domestic life. We have a pessimistic novelist in Robert Buchanan, and one who is inclined to optimism in Walter Besant. We have George MacDonald and Charlotte Yonge to show the workings of religion in the human mind. We have Clark Russell as our writer of sea stories, and W. E. Norris to tell us about polite society. We have even our novelist of nastiness in George Moore, who is complaining so bitterly about the restrictions imposed on English fiction by *The Young Person*. From all these writers, with their different aims and different methods, it seems impossible to deduce any general principle by which they guide themselves. But there is one particular in which they differ from all other story-tellers. In depicting their characters and evolving their story they employ more Incident, or—as Charles Reade expresses it—Facts, than their foreign brethren. The latter deal more in indirect narration and dialogue; the former reach the end they have in view by detailing direct facts. "All fiction worth a button is founded on facts," wrote Charles Reade; and it was on this assumption that he wrote those thrilling books of his which have not yet been appreciated as they deserve to be. A simple illustration will show more clearly the difference. In "*Père Goriot*"—that tragic story of the almost unnatural ingratitude of children towards a parent who had heaped on them all his worldly possessions—Balzac begins the story proper just where the English novelist would be gathering in the threads

before the final catastrophe. Père Goriot has lived a life of toil and anxiety. His sole aim has been to amass wealth, with which to enable his two daughters to gain a high social position. After years of wearying self-denial he reaches the height of his desires, and buys—literally buys—two aristocratic husbands for his daughters. The latter accept with equanimity the distinguished position thus bestowed upon them, and commence to reign as queens of society, each in her respective circle, leaving their father to live a life of obscurity and semi-starvation in a miserable boarding-house. It is exactly at this point that the English novelist would have finished the first half of his third volume; it is exactly here that Balzac begins the story. The reader is brought up to this point by a few admirable words of description and a few fragments of conversation, and is then shown the dramatic climax in the shape of a double word-picture. On the one side, the daughters are seen, careless and happy to all appearance, giving brilliant receptions to their friends: on the other side, Père Goriot starves in his empty attic, curses them, and dies. “Dombey and Son” may be taken as an illustration from the English standpoint. Dickens paints Dombey as a hard, stern man, with no feeling outside self except a kind of pride in the hereditary descent of the name of the firm. He then shows how self was immolated; how Dombey was reduced to humility by losing, first, his son Paul, on whom he had centred all his hopes, then his belief in humanity, and lastly all his worldly possessions; and how he was forced to turn for comfort, in his loneliness and woe, to his daughter, Florence, whom he had always despised and hated. Balzac would have told this story in a series of dramatic pictures. But how inextricably Dickens weaves it among the joys and sorrows of Mr. Toots, of Miss Fox and Susan Nipper, of Mrs. Mac-Stinger and the immortal Captain Cuttle, and of all the others. It is customary to explain this difference between English and foreign fiction by saying that the latter is more dramatic than the former. But in speaking of the art of fiction, it is more accurate to reject as much as possible technical terms which relate to other arts, and to say that English fiction is richer in incident than any other kind.

In the above list of representative English writers there is a missing link: there is one class of novelists which is not represented. This class comprises the novelists of ingenious construc-

tion; and its chief English representative is, or was, Wilkie Collins. Of his early career very little is known as yet by the public. People were not so curious in his younger days about the personality of their great men as they are now, and the practice of interviewing, which has been raised lately to the dignity of an art, had not been invented. We know that he was intended for a commercial career by his father, William Collins, the painter, whose biography he wrote. After wasting a few years of his life in one of the great tea houses in the city, he tried the law for a while, and finally drifted into literature. Latterly he had lived a very quiet life, and his name was never seen, except, perhaps, when he would let the public know his views as to the hundred best books, or when one of his own books was published. If he is ever to have a biography, it is to be hoped that the writer of it will throw as much light as possible on his parentage and youth, and show how heredity and his early surroundings shaped his life towards the unique position which he acquired afterwards. He began his literary career about forty years ago, when he was twenty-six years of age; and of the period that followed, the first twenty years may be described as a period of ascent, and the second twenty, in which he wrote twice as many books as in the first, a period of descent. He did not spring all at once into fame, as did Dickens; but he had not to pass through the wearisome years of imperceptible advance through which poor Anthony Trollope had to toil. Collins's first novel, "*Antonina*," a story of ancient Rome, though far superior in character-painting and incident-marshalling to ninety-nine per cent. of the novels which are being issued at present, gave him no great reputation. It shows that he had not yet acquired a distinct ideal, and was most likely a reaction from a former book which the publishers had rejected as being hopelessly bad. Two years afterwards he produced "*Basil*," which is, perhaps, his most characteristic work. It is as full of horrors as the *Newgate Calendar*, a work which, along with some records of the Parisian police, had a very important position in Collins's library, and must have supplied him with the facts and characters for many a deed of villainy. It is amusing to read, in the light of after events, the criticisms on "*Basil*" when it was first published. One critic in particular gravely warns our author against the exaggeration of the then French school, and bewails the fact that he had not studied literary art in another

school than that to which it seemed he had irrevocably devoted himself. If "Basil" is Collins's most characteristic work, "Hide and Seek" is the very opposite. In this book he seems to have paid the maximum attention to character and the minimum to plot. Valentine Blyth and his invalid wife, Madonna, Zack Thorpe, and Mot, are worked up with all the loving care of a true artist and a keen observer of human nature. They prove to us beyond all doubt what Collins could have done in characterisation, had not circumstances and his own inclination forced him to pay more attention to another branch of his art. These stories are the most remarkable of his early attempts, except "The Dead Secret" and "After Dark"—which James Payn speaks of as one of the best books of short stories that have ever been written. It is, however, on the work that he did in the ten years following eighteen hundred and sixty that his reputation rests. "The Woman in White," the first of the five great books that he wrote during that period, was first introduced to the world by Dickens in "Household Words." Then followed "No Name," "Armada," "The Moonstone," and lastly, "Man and Wife." This book marks the climax of his greatness, and in "Poor Miss Finch," which may be described as a sensational novel for Sunday reading, we see the failing hand. The dozen or twenty books of his latter years all show the same fluctuating mediocrity: now rising towards greatness in "The New Magdalen" and "Fallen Leaves"; now verging on extravaganza in "The Haunted Hotel" and "The Law and the Lady." The three short stories which he wrote in collaboration with Dickens are interesting from an artistic point of view. It is possible to analyse them and distinguish the work of each of the Masters. "The Lazy Tour" seems to have been written by them in alternate chapters. The title of "No Thoroughfare," which is far and away the best of the three, and the idea which suggested the title, belong evidently to Dickens: the same idea occurs repeatedly in "Little Dorrit." The same hand wrote also the account of the journey over the Alps. But how easily the Collinsian style may be discerned in the chapter entitled "The Clock Lock."

The frequent want of human sympathy in Collins's books, and his comparative failure in the delineation of character, were due not to any fallacy in the principle by which he guided himself, but to his failure to carry out the principle into practice. "I have

always held the old-fashioned notion," he writes, "that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story, and I have never believed that the novelist who properly performed this first condition of his art was in danger on that account of neglecting the delineation of character," because "it is not possible to tell a story successfully without presenting characters, their existence as recognisable realities being the sole condition on which the story can be effectively told." This principle, reasonable enough in itself, is dangerous to be taken as a guide, in two ways. First, there is the danger of forgetting the assumption on which the principle is founded—the assumption that the story itself is natural and possible. If you conceive an unnatural and impossible story, you must invent unnatural and impossible characters to carry it out. For example, in "*The Law and the Lady*," what an unnatural and impossible train of events it is that impels Collins to introduce such a character as Miserrimus Dexter: a being who is at one time a giant in intellect, at another a dangerous lunatic. "*Armada*," which has moved Mr. Swinburne's admiration, is built on such a number of improbable coincidences and strange resemblances, prophetic dreams, and sudden deaths, that Collins was driven to invent that strange creature, Miss Gwilt, who had lived and breathed in the sinks and sewers of society, and yet who talked about Beethoven and kept a diary which surpasses that of Marie Bashkirtseff. The second danger in writing a story on Collins's principle is that your characters may be only characters, and not persons. You may find yourself able to tell your story as well by presenting types of humanity as by delineating real men and women. And here again Collins was often in fault. In "*Poor Miss Finch*" he required in order to evolve his story a very learned, gluttonous doctor. So he presents us with Herr Grosse, who is learned and gluttonous, but nothing more. Indeed, Collins's fault lay deeper. Not a few of the so-called characters in his books have no identity at all, but are only lay figures: mere names which were necessary to carry on the story.

Collins always founded his narratives on some central dramatic idea, in the conception of which he never showed much originality. Strange personal resemblances and mistakes in identity were his favourite methods. "*Hide and Seek*" and "*Poor Miss Finch*" both hinge on the resemblance between two people in each of these stories. The strong likeness of Laura Glyde to Anne Catherick is

the central idea of "The Woman in White." "Armadales" is built on the simple fact that two people have the same name. In "The New Magdalen" Mercy Merrick thinks to rise to higher things by assuming the identity of a woman whom she supposed to be dead. All these tricks have been used over and over again, both in fiction and in fact, since the days of Jacob and the disinherited Esau. Collins's most original ideas occur in "The Moonstone," where an honourable man commits a theft in his sleep, and is seen by the woman who loves him, who does not perceive that he is asleep; and in "Man and Wife," where two people in Scotland are married involuntarily owing to the peculiar character of the Scottish marriage laws. What a story our author could have made from the secret of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had he been original enough to have invented it! But it was in ingenuity of detail and constructive ability that his real genius lay. Any one who has read "After Dark" will never recall without a shudder that wonderful mechanical bedstead; and the scene in "Armadales," where Dr. Downward murders the wrong man by fumigating the room in which he is asleep, is exciting above measure. The best example of this peculiar quality of Collins is the intrigues of Magdalen Vanstone, the heroine of "No Name," and Captain Wragge, who is a kind of Count Fosco, enlisted on the side of virtue against the reptile-loving Mrs. Lecourt.

Summing up and taking everything into consideration, the three books of this author that will live are: "The Woman in White," on account of the admirable way in which he arranges the bewildering sequence of events; "The Moonstone," thanks to the originality of the central idea and the artistic manner in which he works up to the very unexpected climax; and "No Name," if only for the sake of that humorous rascal, Captain Wragge.

It must be remarked in Collins's favour that in most of his stories there is some moral purpose intended to be displayed. I say intended, for it is very difficult, if not impossible, to write "a novel with a purpose" in which plot and construction also are an important consideration: either the purpose will be neglected, or the plot will suffer. It is different, however, with novels of character. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is one of the greatest novels with a purpose that have ever been written, but it is eminently a story of character; the authoress paid little or no attention to construction. In "Oliver Twist" Dickens was successful in draw-

ing attention to the disgraceful state of the old Parish system in England; but it is on account of those odd specimens of humanity—Fagan, Nancy, the Beadle, *Oliver Twist*, the Artful Dodger, and the others—that the book, considered from a literary stand-point, is famous. Who does not remember the melodramatic hash towards the end where Dickens tried to add to the interest by the introduction of a little mystery? Collins followed his friend Dickens's example with regard to writing with a purpose, and nearly every one of his stories affects to teach some moral lesson or advocate some social reform. He attacks vivisection in "*Heart and Science*" by making his villain a vivisectionist who is suspected of having thus operated on his own child. "*Man and Wife*," as he explained, "aspires to afford help towards reform of certain grievances." The first of these was the scandalous condition of the Scottish marriage laws, which seemed certainly to have been a real evil. But the same cannot be said with regard to the other social questions raised. Collins asserts that "the present rage for muscular exercises" is bad for the morals and also the health of Englishmen. Speaking of the athlete, he says: "I don't care how he stands in the social scale, he is to all moral intents and purposes an animal, and nothing more. There has been nothing in his training to soften the barbarous hardness of his heart." But surely there is not such a close connection between the muscles and the moral heart that a training which hardens the one should harden the other also. Is it not possible for muscular training and mental and moral training to go on side by side? Indeed, the best kind of intellectual and moral development is that which is aided and fostered by plenty of physical exercise, as in the case of two of our eminent statesmen whose wood-cutting and golf achievements have become famous. But Collins was very tenacious and very one-sided with regard to any opinion which he happened to take up. He grasped an idea, and saw in it some truth, which he refused to compromise with the truth that he could have seen had he viewed the question from another standpoint. He makes Geoffrey Delamayn, the villain-hero in "*Man and Wife*," a kind of aristocratic prize-fighter; and at the end of "*The New Magdalen*" Mercy Merrick is wanting only in a pair of wings to enable her to impersonate an angel of light. The same fault is seen in this author's attitude towards religion. He had met in his time some hypocrites amongst religious people; therefore, in his

opinion, everybody who makes any kind of an open or aggressive profession of religion is hypocritical. Let him speak for himself on the matter. In the preface to "Armada" he says: "Estimated by the clap-trap morality of the present day, this may be a very daring book. Judged by the Christian morality which is of all time, it is only a book that is daring enough to speak the truth." It is hard to know exactly what he means by "Christian morality which is of all time"; but "clap-trap morality" is evidently his word for an open profession of religion. He gives us only two types of avowed Christians, and seems to leave us to infer that there are no others: gloomy, fanatical sabbatarians, such as Mr. Thorpe in "Hide and Seek," and talkative pietists, such as Miss Clark, with her eternal tracts and words in season. All the people who go up into the Temple to pray are Pharisees, according to Collins; he does not seem to think that there can be humble and sincere worshippers in the Temple such as the Publican.

But in spite of all his faults—even because of his faults—he was a great story-teller. At the time when some of the greatest novelists that the world has yet seen were depicting men and women of every conceivable variety and in every conceivable position, he took up his one-sided idea of inventing, first and above all, a good story, and then fitting it with men and women. To this peculiar theory he remained true as steel, in spite of the fashion of the time, and went on constructing his literary labyrinths and giving inexpressible relief to a world surfeited with novels of character. When Dickens and Thackeray were penning their marvellous experiences of human conduct; when George Eliot was analysing the workings of the human mind; when Anthony Trollope was showing his infinite knowledge of human trivialities; when Charles Reade was distributing from his treasure-house of human incidents—obstinate, one-sided, old Wilkie was laboriously planning and putting together his secrets and surprises, his letter-writing and his telegraph operating, his strange meetings and his wonderful resemblances, his deaths and his risings from the dead, and proving his right to be considered the Master of Constructive Fiction.

W. J. JOHNSTON, M.A.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

[*Died February 26th, 1891.*]

MY Rose, 'twas the wild rose you were,
 Trailing upon the hedgetop green ;
 No narrow garden hemmed you in.
 You had the dearest face, my dear,
 Rose and white with a touch of brown,
 Sweet as the country come to town.

The children found your goodness out,
 The old folk and the poor and weak,
 And the dog's instinct wise and quick.
 To me, my dear, in pain and doubt
 What were you ? Ah, well, none can take
 • The empty place that is heart-break.

The bravest eyes that ever were
 You had ; the honest heart and mind,
 The tolerant judgment large and kind.
 Dear, in some day of pain and care,
 How we shall miss your eyes and face !
 And oh, your heaven's a far-off place.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

March 2nd, 1891.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN.

[The seventh of this month of April will be the ninth anniversary of the death of Denis Florence MacCarthy, which took place on Good Friday, 1882. On Easter Monday *The Freeman's Journal* contained a tribute to his memory by his dearest and most congenial friend, Judge O'Hagan, who died on the 12th of November, 1890. Even if we had not been honoured with the friendship of both these good and gifted Irishmen, we should deem it the duty and the privilege of this Irish magazine

to help to keep such men from being forgotten. It is good for the young generation to know them and to remember them. We have an abundance of original materials for a memorial of the poet Mac Carthy ; but at present we prefer to mark the ninth anniversary of his death by reproducing the words of one whose most hurried writing, even when meant only for a temporary purpose, is always worth preserving.—ED. I. M.]

WITH deep sorrow we record the death of Denis Florence Mac Carthy.

Three years ago, at the Moore Centenary, when his splendid ode to the memory of our greatest poet was read to a delighted audience, Denis Florence Mac Carthy was accepted and crowned as the Poet Laureate of Ireland. And surely, since Moore himself, rich as Ireland has been in national poetry, upon no other head could the crown have been so fittingly bestowed. It is true that the best years of his assiduous life were devoted not to Irish themes, but to the task of giving a beautiful and almost faultless English rendering of the works of the great Spanish dramatist, Calderon. But of his original poems (far more numerous than is generally conceived), Ireland is almost exclusively the inspiration and the theme ; and those poems possess, in a degree unsurpassed except by Moore himself, the grace and tenderness, the brightness and facility, the touch of pathos, intermingled with gaiety and lightheartedness, which are so inextricably woven together in the best strains of the Irish Muse.

Mac Carthy, as is well known, was one of the band of writers of "Young Ireland," and it was in the *Nation* that his earliest known productions appeared. "The Voice and Pen" and "The Pillar Towers of Ireland" enrich the pages of the *Spirit of the Nation*. O'Connell was especially delighted with his verses, and had a sincere affection for the author. On the occasion of the imprisonment in 1844 the motto inscribed on Richmond Prison, "Cease to do evil—learn to do well," inspired Mac Carthy with the well-known poem bearing that title. The lines relative to O'Connell, from which the following are an extract, highly gratified the Liberator :—

If haply thou art one of genius vast,
Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,
Who all the springtime of thy life hast passed
Battling with tyrants for thy native land :

If at thy call a nation rose sublime ;
 If at thy voice seven million fetters fell,
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime,
 Cease to do evil—learn to do well.

To this period of his life belong three longer poems on Irish subjects, which must ever find an enduring place in our literature—"The Bell Founder," "The Foray of Con O'Donnell," and "The Voyage of St. Brendan." "The Foray of Con O'Donnell" is especially deserving of notice as a piece of Irish romance. The narrative is as rapid, graphic, and spirited as the verse is sweet and flowing. At this or at a somewhat later period was written the lyric entitled "Summer Longings":—

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May,

which is possibly better known and has obtained a wider acceptance out of Ireland than any other of his writings.

But he soon after commenced to devote himself to what will be recognised as the chief work of his life. He had at all times an admirable facility of translation. Some of the Greek idylls of Andre Chénier were translated by him for the *Nation*, as well as pieces from the Italian and German ; but Spanish literature soon commenced to exercise over him the same extraordinary fascination as in the case of Mr. Ticknor. He found in the dramas of Calderon a mine of almost unknown and unappreciated beauty, and to the task of making this great Catholic dramatic poet known to and prized by the English-speaking public he henceforth almost dedicated his life. As early as 1853 he published two volumes containing six of Calderon's dramas, amongst them "The Purgatory of St. Patrick," treating of that Irish theme so famous throughout the middle ages, which probably may have been the first cause of attracting MacCarthy to the study of Calderon. In 1861 he produced translations of three more dramas, and from time to time, down to 1873, he published successive volumes of new translations, choosing by preference in later years the autos or dramas representing devout or mystical subjects. His success in the doing of this work, especially in the difficult task of representing in English the assonant or vowel rhyme of Calderon, excited the wonder and admiration of Spanish scholars. Nothing could exceed the language of praise used by both Ticknor and Long-

fellow with respect to them. He obtained the high and well-earned distinction of being elected a member of the Academy of Madrid, and there was sent to him from that capital a beautiful medal which had been struck in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Calderon's death.

But amid all these labours in far foreign fields his heart always reverted to Ireland. He was residing in France when a friend sent to him an Irish shamrock to wear on St. Patrick's day. On the very day he received it he wrote in reply the verses, "A Shamrock from the Irish Shore." And surely few more touching and tender tributes have ever been paid by minstrel to his motherland. We cannot resist extracting one or two from the many beautiful stanzas :—

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh, fond words kept fresh and green,
The pressure of an unfelt hand,
The kisses of a lip unseen.
A throb from my dead mother's heart,
My father's smile revived once more—
Oh, youth! oh, love! oh, hope! thou art
Sweet shamrock from the Irish shore.

.

Enchanter, with thy wand of power
Thou mak'st the past be present still—
The emerald lawn, the lime-leaved bower,
The circling shore, the sunlit hill,
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding 'neath their trembling flowers
The shamrock of the Irish shore.

.

I'm with them in that wholesome clime,
That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod,
Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
Have still a simple faith in God;
Hearts that, in pleasure or in pain,
The more they're trod rebound the more,
Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
O shamrock of the Irish shore!

.

Memorial of my native land,
The emblem of my land and race,
Thy small and tender leaves expand,
But only in thy native place.

Thou needest for thyself and seed
Soft dews around, warm sunshine o'er,
Transplanted thou'rt the merest weed,
O shamrock of the Irish shore !

And shall I not return thy love,
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore !*

This poem of ninety-six lines in all was written, as we have said, in a single day. In truth, MacCarthy's facility and spontaneity of composition was one of his most remarkable gifts; his lines were not the conjoint product of labour and poetic taste, they flowed from the source. The thoughts, as well as the numbers, teemed in his brain and streamed forth into free expression.

To turn from the author to the man, it is no exaggeration to say that no more genial or delightful companion has existed in our time. He was the very soul of brightness and gaiety, and his wit was as unfailing as it was natural and unforced. He perfectly illustrated the truth of the observation that whenever an author possesses a tender and pathetic vein, he has inevitably a keen sense of humour as its accompaniment. In the early days of "Young Ireland," when they held those temperate weekly feasts which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy recalls, it was seriously complained that no business could be got through from the perpetual laughter which his sallies occasioned, and this gaiety never deserted him till his dying hour. It was absolutely free from the slightest taint of ill-nature. He seized happily and instinctively on the comic side of

* Having seen this poem used as one of her numerous advertisements by a writer who was then famous and who has since become notorious, and who pretended that this well sung shamrock had been sent by her, whereas I had heard that the lines were addressed to the sister of the distinguished Irish historian and scholar, Mr. John T. Gilbert, I appealed to the poet himself. He answered me on the 31st of March, 1881 :—

"You are quite right. It was Miss Gilbert and not ——— who sent me the shamrock from the Irish shore. For years up to the present the same kind friend remembers me (as you have frequently done) on St. Patrick's Day. When in health and spirits, I generally replied to Miss Gilbert by a little quib. In *The Dublin University Magazine*, where the 'Shamrock' first appeared, I think Miss Gilbert's initials, M. G. [Mary Gilbert] were given."

I am glad to mention these names also, with deep respect for the living and deep regard for the dead.—ED. I. M.

things, but never used his gift as a weapon against any human being. His early friends and the friends he made through life remained his friends to their last hour, or his; and he never had an enemy that we heard of.

He was called to the Irish Bar in 1846, but he never practised, or seriously thought of practising. He was essentially a man of letters, and the drudgery of the bar would have been intolerable to him. In truth he disliked any task save such as he had chosen for himself. Dr. Newman appointed him professor of English Literature in the Catholic University when it was first established, but he gave up the office after a few months.

That a man of such a genial and affectionate disposition should be a devoted husband and father might well be anticipated, and in truth few men would have been more happy than he would in his domestic relations but for the too busy hand of sickness and of death. His wife, whom he passionately loved, and to whom, under the name of Ethna, he inscribed some of the finest of his lesser poems, died eight years ago after a long and harassing illness; and of nine children but three have survived. His son, Florence, who was his closest companion and who resembled him most in genius, was laid in Glasnevin Cemetery in December, 1880. The three who survive are his eldest son, John, already a ripe Oriental scholar; his youngest son, Brendan, private secretary to Judge O'Hagan (who was one of the poet's oldest and most intimate friends); and his daughter, Sister Stanislaus of Sion Hill Convent, who also inherits in a high degree her father's gift of poetry. He had been for some years residing near London, when six months ago he felt his health grievously impaired by that disease of the heart which has proved fatal to him. A desire for his native soil—a desire, above all, to be near his daughter—induced him to transfer himself to a little cottage at Blackrock, within a stone's throw of her convent, and there he lived with his sons until his death. He died on Good Friday, the day on which his mother had died—the day on which he himself had expressed his desire to die. He died happily and serenely, with all the aids and consolations of that Church of which he was always a fervent adherent. He was in his 65th year, having been born in 1817. May we not say of him in his degree what he himself says of Moore:—

But wheresoe'er the Irish race has drifted,
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,
There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted.
And be proclaimed in glory and in pride.

A ORY IN THE WORLD.

KINE, kine, in the meadows, why do you low so piteously ?
 High is the grass to your knees and wet with the dew of the
 morn.

Sweet with the perfume of honey, and breath of the clover
 blossoms ;

But the sad-eyed kine on the hill-side see no joy in the day new-born.

“ Man, man has bereft us and taken our young ones from us ;
 Thus we call in the eve, call through night to the break of day,
 That they may hear and answer ; so we find no peace in the
 meadows,

Our hearts are sad with hunger for the love man stole away.”

Bird, bird on the tree-top, my heart doth sigh for thy music,
 In the glad air of morn and promise of summer, rejoice !
 Thy head droops low on thy breast, half hid in thy ruffled feathers,
 The grove is lone for thy singing, O bird of the silver voice !

“ Man, man has bereft me, stolen my nestlings from me,
 Wrecked the soft home we built 'mid the budding blossoms of
 spring.

My mate's brown wings grow red in vain beating the bars of her
 prison,

With heart so full of longing and mourning, how can I sing ? ”

Seal in the cliff's shadow, why are thine eyes so mournful ?
 Come from the gloom and the echo of the sea's sighs in the cave,
 Sink down into deeper waters 'mid the hidden flowers of the ocean,
 Or seek the splash and sparkle 'neath the snowy break of the wave.

“ Man, man has bereft me, robbed me of those my loved ones ;
 Alone, I find no gladness, alone, where is joy for me
 In the silvery flash of the fish or the wonderful gardens of coral ?
 My eyes grow dim with watching the desolate waste of the sea ! ”

Woman, king of the world is the babe you hush with sobbing,
 King of all that is living on air or sea, or on land,
 Therefore, why do you kiss with lips that are dumb with sorrow ?
 Your tear-drops falling cold have chilled the little hand.

This is the soul's proud right, the earth given into his keeping.
 And all that lives thereon must come to his feet a slave.

Mother, why do you flee with haggard eyes in the morning ?
 To answer with white face hid in the grass of a baby's grave.

DORA SIGERSON.

DEAR OLD MAYNOOTH.

II.

FROM my first paper it might be thought that I could hardly look back with affection to the old Alma Mater. Dear me! how many happy days we all spent there—sunshine in the air, and sunshine in our hearts. How many friendships formed; how many joyous seasons passed; how many a pastime, and many a joke, and many an arch and thoughtless prank. Many an old Maynooth student has felt, I am quite sure, as I have felt, that he was looking at the old College turrets and spires of Maynooth, when reading that beautiful ode of Gray's on Eton College:—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Maynooth College stands about twelve miles from Dublin, on the old great north-western road between Galway and Dublin. It stands in the middle of a beautiful fertile country. By the way, what a difference between the ideas of our fathers and ours with regard to the situation of a college! It had been always thought that silence and retirement were as necessary to the college students as the air they breathed, or the food they took. But we look away to America. It has established a college—one that proposes to rival any in ancient or modern times—and Catholic America throws its college right into the heart of its capital city, over against its senate-house. Perhaps, nothing could be adduced which would show so quickly the change in the times, and the power of adaptability in the Church. In olden times it was the great monasteries, or the great colleges, and their scholars that ruled the world of intelligence. Men were more sedate then—we are busier now; and the Church that then withdrew into the desert, now comes out on the highways, and just as its usages, so

has its curriculum changed. It used to be theology; now it is rather metaphysics or science. The Church, without changing, changes her weapons and her armour; and she will not use, or allow her children to use, the cloth-arrow against the rifle.

As ivy makes a building venerable, as ancient tradition makes a locality sacred, the present College of Maynooth stands upon ground that is holy. With our naked eye, even, we can mark how reverend and ancient it is. As we face the college gates, we find, flanking the fine open space in front of the college, the remains of two very old buildings. On the right hand are the well-preserved ruins of the old Geraldine castle, that draws an inspiration from being held and defended by Silken Thomas against the English forces under Sir William Brereton in the reign of Henry VIII. It held out for a fortnight, and (what seldom happens in Irish history) was lost through the betrayal of Lord Thomas's foster-brother. In Hayes' *Ballads of Ireland* the reader will find a description of the defence and the capture by James Clarence Mangan. This castle was built by John, the sixth Earl of Kildare, in the year 1426.

On the left hand there still stands the square tower of an ancient church. The Protestant place of worship is built into it. This is supposed to have belonged to a college founded here by the Earl of Kildare in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and it was dedicated to our Blessed Lady. The Protestant church was reconstructed about the year 1774; the building then lost its ancient form and character, but the tower was left untouched.

I cannot say whether or not the present college occupies the grounds of the college just alluded to; but, at any rate, it cannot be very far removed, as the tower has been admitted to belong to the church served and used by the then college authorities. In the charter the staff of this old college are set down as a provost, vice-provost, five priests, two clerks, and three choristers. This charter received the confirmation of William, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1518. Of the present Protestant parish we read: "the living is a Vicarage in the diocese of Dublin: this rectory constitutes the corps of the Prebend of Maynooth in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick in Dublin." The old college suffered the fate of all the old religious houses in those days.

We now come to the foundation of the present college. Two historical movements, which at the first sight would seem to have

little or no connection with the Catholic College of Maynooth, led nevertheless very immediately towards it, and had a pretty intimate bearing on its establishment. These two movements were the Volunteers of '82 and the French Revolution of '89.

The Penal Laws had, to a great extent, deprived the Catholic population of Ireland of the spiritual guides necessary for keeping alive the religion of the people. No Catholic colleges were allowed in Ireland; and it was only by stealth that priests could be educated abroad; and their return to their native country was often attempted at the risk of their lives. Sometimes the savagery of these laws seemed to slumber: but, like a wild beast in its lair, they were ever to be dreaded. The Catholics dared not ask for the means to be educated. Like the little child told of in Father Mathew's life, who, on being asked, since she had not milk for her poor father's dinner, could she not at least get salt for him, replied: "Cook him up with salt!"

Cock the Catholics of Ireland up with colleges, indeed, when it was a boon to allow them to live on the land at all: and when their priests offered up the Holy Sacrifice in country places on the lonely rock in the well-watched glen; in cities, in barns, and hay lofts. Cock them up with colleges, indeed!

But with the Volunteers "a new soul had come into Erin." Men struggling for their own rights could not but have a fellow-feeling for the wrongs of others. The Catholics were not, it must, however, be remembered, without wealth and education; but of the spirit that has made Sparta memorable in the world's annals, there was not an over-abundance. Nor is the lack of it to be wondered at. In opportune moments there was a sign of life in the corpse; but normally it was true to say of Catholic Ireland: *Dormit*, "she sleeps."

On the 15th of February, 1782, the Volunteers met in the Protestant Church of Dungannon, and passed their famous resolutions. In that assembly there was not one Catholic man. This body of Protestant gentlemen, elected not for religious but political purposes, could not separate without putting it on record "that as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." This was after the American Revolution.

"It was unfortunate," says Mitchel, "that the principles of Dungannon were not adopted by some of the leading minds. The seeds of ruin lay deep in the intolerant exception of the Catholics from the general rule of liberty. Flood and Charlemont would have raised a lofty temple to freedom, but would not permit the great preponderant majority of the nation to enter its gates; nay, even to inscribe their names upon the entablature."

About this time several mitigations of the Penal Code were passed by the Irish Parliament. Yet, speaking of these laws even in their relaxed state, Burke says: "one would imagine that a bill inflicting such incapacities had followed on the heels of a conquering army. No man, on reading that bill, would imagine that he was reading an act of grace or amnesty. It declares that Catholics ought to be considered good and loyal subjects to His Majesty; then follows a general exclusion of these good and loyal subjects from every, even the lowest, office of trust or profit, or from any vote at an election; from any privilege in a town corporate; from being even a freeman of such corporations; from serving on grand juries; from a vote at a vestry; from carrying a gun; from being a barrister, attorney, solicitor, etc. This has surely more the air of a table of proscriptions than an act of grace. *What must we consider the laws of these good and loyal subjects to have been of which this is a relaxation?*"

Up to this the English Government had not been called upon to interfere in the affairs of France. It simply confined itself to looking on, and (for its own comfort) predicting that the conflagration across the English Channel would soon burn out. When, however, it did not burn out, but, on the contrary, began to spread, then it became a case of *Ucalegon's house*. "*Proximus ardet Ucalegon*." Ireland was quite near, and Ireland was troubled.* Ireland was near England and near France also; and it were better to tone down matters there. So in the year 1795 an act was passed by the Irish Parliament to remove the difficulty of procuring suitable education for young men intended for the Roman Catholic ministry. The carrying out of the provisions of this bill was entrusted to a body of Trustees.

The Trustees selected Maynooth because of its old associations,

* On the 1st of February, '92, the French Republic declared war against England; on the 15th a Catholic Relief Bill was brought in by the Government.

because of the generosity of the Duke of Leinster, and because of its retirement. Some few miles away from the banks of the Liffey, out in the open country, it stands, with the little stream called the Rye sweeping around it, and the woods of Carton in the immediate neighbourhood; while away in the distance tower up the Wicklow hills and mountains, on whose sides in the evening time one can discern the homely cottage with its curling smoke, while the level rays burnish up the rugged mountain-tops as if molten brass had been poured over them. So comes to me now the memory of those quiet days; "twenty golden years ago," when I sat in my room in one of the attics of the old college. The rooks gathered the sticks for their nests; the noisy jackdaws scolded and quarrelled, like so many attorneys-at-law, disputing or asserting possession to a particular cranny in the chimney-pots; and the calm glow of the spring evening was shed on the distant ridges and cultivated sides of the Wicklow hills. I have then thought of a scene far away—a scene in a country side dearer than all the scenes of earth, where the furze and ferns grew on the sides of the rugged hill; and in the hollow beneath the lapwing built its nest. And, truth to tell, in the lengthening shadows of evening I have often longed to be there.

Nothing, it seems to me, could have been more providential for the Irish Church than the establishment of Maynooth College. At the time there was no place on the continent to which religious students might be sent. Paris, Louvain, Salamanca, Rome—all these old nurseries of the Irish Church—were in the hands of the French, or going to be. The men who were then at the head of affairs in France—*domi et militiae*—hated the name of Catholics, and hated *les Anglais* with scarcely greater animosity. In the last category the Irish were sure to be confounded, if by any chance they escaped the first.

It was providential, too, for another, and (in the long run) a better reason. The best traditions that can be bequeathed to the Irish Church are the traditions of its own past; the traditions of its faithfulness and its sufferings. Among these blessed and fateful traditions it were best that an Irish priesthood should be reared. Put them to be educated in a strange land, separate them from the old and sacred traditions of faith and fatherland, and, like the rose transplanted from its native clime, they lose their native flavour. But set the young Levites of the Irish Church among the sadly

glorious traditions of their own native past ; whisper to them of the sufferings of the ancestors dead and gone ; limn out for them in light and gentle outline the figures of those venerable priests, who in the days of persecution, on hillside and homestead, in city garret and country cot, lived and dwelt, and taught and sanctified ; for is it not as plain as daylight, that unless these men had been holy and sacrificing and unselfish, they never had handed down the old faith of our fathers to us, in its fulness and in its purity, as they have done ? Keep before their youthful minds these men, saints though not canonized ; and nature itself, even if unaided by grace, will attempt and all but compass the supernatural.

Down almost to our day there lingered traces of thought and ritual, certainly not indigenous to the Irish soil, nay, somewhat abhorrent to it : and when the matter was sifted it was traceable to the Gallic education of our clergy. Furthermore, what has been the remarkable *note* of the Church in all days ? What did our Divine Lord Himself appeal to ? “ And the poor have the Gospel preached to them ! ” If any man were to ask me to-day what proof have I of the living existence of the Irish Church, I would not point to sacred buildings or to parochial schools ; but I would take him into the churches, on the week morning as well as the Sunday morning, and I would point him out the poor gathered into the house of God ; or I would take him into the home in the poor lane or in the simple country-side, and I would point out the religious prints on the walls, the crucifix, and the rosary ; or I would steal in in the night-time, before they had retired to rest, and point out the humble household gathered at family prayer, and I would say—“ the poor have the Gospel preached to them.” Long live the Irish priesthood, “ kindly Irish of the Irish ! ”

In my opinion, there would have been a different Ireland to-day if there had not been an Irish college in Maynooth.

The first beginnings of our National Catholic college were, like all beginnings, small. The Duke of Leinster gave a house and fifty-four acres of land, on a lease renewable for ever, at the yearly rent of £72. This is the house that fronts the entrance ; and these fifty-four acres are the grounds enclosed within the college walls. Beside the entrance is an old palm-tree, or species of palm, which has been there since the time of the former college. It is old, but as full of life as the youngest sapling ; like our native ‘ faith, old and yet young.

At the commencement the number of students was small : in the first year it did not pass seventy. After a time it rose to 200. Then a portion of the college was allotted to lay students : but in the year 1817 this was discontinued. The young lay gentlemen were not considered of an advantage to the clerical students. For the first twenty-one years the annual average of parliamentary grants was £8,000 ; afterwards it rose to £8,928. To this was added the Dunboyne grant of £5,000 ; and about the year '45 a much larger one, of which we shall speak in due time.

The French Revolution was of advantage, in another than the political way, since it sent some of the moral eminent professors of the Sorbonne to it. This was of incalculable benefit to the young college. Among the most noteworthy names of its staff in the beginning were Drs. Anglade and de la Hogue from the Sorbonne, and Rev. Dr. Hussey, its first President.*

The two French professors mentioned wrote able theological treatises ; that of Dr. de la Hogue on the Blessed Eucharist is particularly able and devotional. One might read it as one would any devotional book on the Real Presence. Dr. Hussey was an exceedingly able man ; but he excelled in the science of politics rather than in the science of theology. He was engaged by the Pope and the Emperor Napoleon to assist in drawing up the Concordat of 1803, and received the unstinted thanks of both. Dr. Hussey was a man, it is said, of very attractive manners, handsome presence, and engaging conversation. He was the welcome guest of the highest social circles in London, not excepting royalty itself ; he was the intimate friend of Johnson and the literary men of his time, possessed the confidence of statesmen, and was the bosom friend of Edmund Burke.

In 1792, after two years' Presidency, Dr. Hussey left Maynooth College for the bishopric of Waterford. In 1803 he died, at the age of 62 years.

R. O. K.

* The Castlereagh Papers give very interesting particulars of Dr. Hussey as a diplomatist. The fullest account of this remarkable Irishman was furnished in an appendix to the Maynooth College Calendar some ten years ago.

SYMPATHY.

A LITTLE flower in a garden-close
 Dead for want of a single smile !
 And the courtier sun on the queenly rose
 Hovered unheeded all the while.

A human heart athirst for love,
 And the kindly word that no one spoke.
 Too late ! your pity must plead above,
 For just this minute the sad heart broke.

PATRICK J. COLFMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Some reviewers are fond of sneering at "a novel with a purpose." "The Disappearance of John Longworthy" is a story with several good purposes in view, the most important effort of this kind that we have yet had from Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, whom we have often introduced to our readers as one of the most promising of the American writers who in their writings show their Catholic principles and convictions. Mr. Egan's name is a sufficient warrant for the literary merit of the tale, while its excellent spirit is guaranteed by the fact that it is dedicated to and published by the Rev. Daniel Hudson, editor of *The Ave Maria*. Irish readers will not feel less interested in the many changes and incidents of the story because Mr. Egan lays the scene in the city that he is best acquainted with—New York. The narrative winds up with at least three weddings.

2. "Order in the Physical World and its First Cause according to Modern Science" is the title of a book which has just been translated from the French by the Rev. T. J. Slevin, and brought out with his usual skill and care by Mr. John Hodges, the London publisher, to whom we owe a large number of the most solid additions recently made to the higher departments of Catholic literature, and especially

the literature of learned historical controversy. No author's name is given, but the work is assigned to the conductors of "*Cosmos*," a very learned and orthodox organ of modern science. An immense number of facts, with due indication of authorities, are marshalled in support of the various parts of the author's thesis. The translation is clear and intelligent; but many sentences and expressions will no doubt be changed in a new edition, so as to make us forget that we are reading a work taken from the French. The very first sentence ventures to use the verb *divulgate*, but there seem to be very few similar oversights. The translator has evidently taken great pains with his very difficult and very useful task.

3. The latest of the many important volumes issued by Father Coleridge and other English Jesuits is "*Acts of English Martyrs hitherto unpublished*" (London: Burns and Oates). The compiler is the Rev. John Hungerford Pollen, S.J., and a very useful introduction is prefixed by Father John Morris, S.J., the highest authority on such subjects. The documents now published for the first time have been selected from the manuscripts preserved at Stonyhurst, from those kept at the Public Records Office, and from the Westminster Archives. They are of the highest interest and value.

4. Since we began these notes on the books of the month, the most important of them all has come into our hands—another of Father Bridgett's splendid contributions to the true history of religion in England. A very handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages is labelled on the back "*Sir Thomas More*," and on the side "*Blessed Thomas More*," while the title-page describes the work as containing "*The Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England and Martyr under Henry VIII. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer*" (London: Burns and Oates). We cannot imagine the difficult and laborious task performed more satisfactorily than Father Bridgett has performed it. The most patient research, a keen critical faculty, calmness of judgment, and thorough mastery of his subject in all its bearings—these are some of the qualifications that Father Bridgett has brought to the collection and handling of his materials; and the results are set forth in a style, tone, and spirit which exactly suit the biographer of Sir Thomas More. The personal, religious, literary and political aspects of that great man's character, and the corresponding vicissitudes of his career, have here full justice done to each of them in turn. This beautiful book can never be superseded. It is a contribution of solid and permanent value to English literature; and it especially imposes a fresh debt of gratitude on those who possess the treasure of the faith for which Blessed Thomas More died.

M A Y, 1891.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER III

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

AFTER tea Mary sat at the piano, and Captain Crosbie, who was a real lover of music, was delighted and astonished by her singing. She had a rich contralto voice, expressive, and well cultivated; and when she began "The Wearing of the Green," and sang the sorrows of "that most distressful country," with exquisite pathos, the man felt his heart strangely moved, thrilled by subtle feelings—half love, half patriotism. But he awoke from the dream into which he had fallen, sighed, and shook himself together when the music ceased.

"Why do you sigh, Arthur?" said Mrs. Desmond. "Has Mary made you melancholy?"

"Oh, I'm content, mother," said Mary, "so long as he does not yawn."

Crosbie smiled.

"Apropos of poor old Ireland," said he. "Huntingdon is coming over in August to ingratiate himself with the people. He intends to stand for the county at the next election."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Desmond. "Why, that is grand news. It will cause a great stir at Fintona. Surely he has no chance of being returned! An absentee! Of course, I cannot blame him for preferring to live in his own country, but he might have shown some interest in the prosperity of his Irish property."

"What is he like?" asked Mary. "I hope he is young and handsome."

"He is both," said Crosbie. The question pained him somehow.

"His father was a handsome man," said Mrs. Desmond, "when first he came here. He came again for a very short time, but was in delicate health, and greatly disimproved. He suffered from gout, I believe. Do you think has the son any chance of success?"

"Not much, I fancy. However, I don't know his principles, or who his opponents will be; so it is too soon to form an opinion."

"I hope he won't be returned," said Mary, "for he can only be moved by self-interest, and self-interest makes *me* glad he is going to try."

"Why, my dear, what interest have you in him?" asked her mother.

"The interest of a little fun, mammy, a little excitement; a handsome young man is not to be despised in the country; he is a great addition, like a sheep in a landscape."

"He is half engaged to a daughter of Lord Ross, I believe," said Crosbie.

"Dear me," laughed the girl, "those handsome young men are always appropriated before I meet them. Even though one may not want to possess them, it is annoying to feel they are out of one's power."

After a very pleasant evening Captain Crosbie took his leave about eleven o'clock, and walked home in the moonlight. A change had come over him, such as comes when the first electric breath of spring touches the sap in the forest trees and wakens them to new development. He did not analyse its cause; he only felt that he was in better spirits than usual; life seemed to be fuller and sweeter; there was more in it than he had thought. How beautiful the moonlight was, bright and pure, like that girl's face! And what a touching voice she had! It was soothing, like the murmur of running waters, and yet it roused a longing for some inward life, some happiness that would come from within and overflow into outward existence. A man may have full measure and running over of the world's gifts, and yet have many empty hours. How lonely he was himself, and he had a good many of those material advantages which are esteemed valuable, and, of course, are valuable in smoothing life to human footsteps. Perhaps, after all, it was not good for man to be alone. It is only when youth is past one comes to feel it; and his youth was past, he would soon see his fortieth birthday. Captain Crosbie's thoughts took a sadder turn. Forty years. It was a good age. When he was twenty, he thought a person of forty quite grandfatherly. So does every young person. And yet he did not feel very old. It seemed to him as if the past ten or fifteen years had not greatly changed his

nature. He was much what he always had been ; time had nothing to tame in him ; he was never a sower of wild oats ; he had no occasion to surprise others by turning over " new leaves ;" an ardent, emotional temperament had not led him into scrapes, for he was not ardent or emotional ; he was not imaginative, so folly did not assume alluring shapes. He was simply a strong, rather cold-natured, clear-headed man, who had very distinct perceptions of right and wrong, and who thought more of doing his duty in the world than of making it a place of amusement.

Well, his youth was past, that was certain ; and that there was no help for it was equally certain. He wondered what had set him speculating about his age to-night. It never occurred to him before to think whether he was old or young ; it was a matter on which he was profoundly indifferent as long as he had activity and health ; but, after all, youth is surely a beautiful thing. Captain Crosbie dreamed that night that he was leading Mary Desmond to the bridal altar, when suddenly she shrank away from him. He raised his eyes to a great mirror that presented itself, and he saw himself pictured in it as a bent, white-headed old man. He moved restlessly in his sleep, and sighed.

Captain Crosbie had remained unmarried for the simple and sufficient reason that he had never met a woman that he cared to marry. He had had some passing admirations, but they were evanescent, and touched nothing deeper than his perceptions of womanly beauty ; he had no antipathy to matrimony—on the contrary, he rather envied his wedded friends who had a pretty feminine face to brighten the domestic hearth, and little children's voices to welcome them home. But he was not sentimental ; he felt no very " strong necessity for loving," and managed to get along without any feelings of discontent or isolation. He was somewhat shy with women ; he had none of that boyish audaciousness that puts some men on an intimate and pleasant footing with them almost immediately. His relations with them, though chivalrous in the extreme, always remained cold and formal. This seeming indifferentism got him the name of being a woman hater, when, in reality, he had a greater reverence for and appreciation of the sex than many more demonstrative individuals, inclined to kneel at feminine feet and look unutterable nothings. At all events, it so happened that though women looked with no unkindly eyes upon his handsome, dark face, Captain Crosbie remained a bachelor.

The summer stole on. They were very happy at The Farm. Harry Desmond had passed his examination, and came down for a short time before entering the depot. He was a fine, bright young fellow, with frank, winning manners, and full of fun. He and

Captain Crosbie took very kindly to each other. When the latter was not at The Farm in the evenings, Harry was generally at Fintona. The agent had more than the usual amount of business on his hands. Many preparations were being made for the advent of the lord of the soil, who was to make himself necessary to Ireland and to shoot pheasants. The rearing of those aristocrats of the feathered tribe had been carried on extensively: they crowed and called to each other in the long bright evenings, their lovely plumage glancing in the sunlight, as with a sudden whirr they flew from tree to tree. The house was being put in order, a billiard room built, the stables were being remodelled, for Mr. Digby Huntingdon liked luxurious surroundings, and, as he had plenty of money, did not hesitate to indulge himself in any little gratification. Captain Crosbie's hands were consequently full, what with seeing after workmen, ordering furniture, and looking for suitable horses, in which latter business Harry, having the instinctive knowledge of his race, was of considerable assistance, and was only too delighted to try an animal's paces across country. Busy as he was, he managed nevertheless to spend a good many evenings at The Farm, and every visit only deepened the first impression Mary Desmond had made on him, until he loved her with all the strength and tenderness of his nature.

"Do you know, Mary," said Harry one morning at breakfast, "the awful fact begins to dawn on me that Crosbie is mashed on you?"

The girl laughed. "More likely he admires mother," she said. "How would you like him as a stepfather?"

"My wedding present will be a bottle of Mrs. Allen's hair restorer," went on Harry. "He is getting thin on the temples."

"What a shame for you, Harry," said Mrs. Desmond reprovingly, "to speak so, and Arthur so kind to you."

"My goodness, mother, how strict you are! It is no harm to say a man's hair is thin. Hair is a part of one's being over which one has no control. I think Arthur Crosbie a grand fellow. I wish Mary was as fond of him as I am."

"So I am," said Mary; "I love him like a daughter. I wouldn't rival mother for the world. He is not much younger than you, mother, is he?"

"Indeed, he is," said Mrs. Desmond, rather provoked, "a great deal younger. He was but a mere boy when I was married."

"That wouldn't make him younger," said Harry, "for when you married you were a mere girl."

"Well, whatever I was, I am a great many years older than Arthur Crosbie. It is not polite to talk of people's ages, Harry."

"Why, mother, what harm? I don't see why people should be so squeamish about their ages. I shouldn't care if I was thought to be as old as Mathusalem's cat; why anyone should make a mystery of it I can't see."

"If you were as old as that often-quoted cat," said Mary, "you couldn't get into the Constabulary. Youth is a necessary qualification; and when that cat was young, there was no such object known as a policeman. It is very fortunate you are of tender years. In some cases it is better for one to be a young ass than an old lion, my sapient brother."

"I wonder why the lion in question never took unto himself a lamb of the feminine gender," said Harry.

"He never cared for anyone," replied Mrs. Desmond.

"Ah! dear, if that is true," said Harry plaintively, "what a peaceful existence he has had; what temptations to suicide he has escaped! No one knows what I have suffered from my too susceptible temperament."

"Your damask cheek has escaped the worm," said Mary. "It is fat and red instead of being green and yellow. You and I are utterly commonplace, I fear; even if we were crossed in love, we shouldn't look romantic."

"I am a little better since I came home," he replied, "and I think it a duty I owe society to resist melancholy. What's the use of depressing one's fellow-creatures?"

"What a pity you won't be here, Harry, when Mr. Huntingdon comes," Mary said; "they will have good sport, I'm sure. I wonder will he entertain much; he seems to spend money right royally."

"I shall be in my military straight waistcoat then," answered Harry, "walking distractedly under the Park trees, fancying I hear every shot at the pheasants. I hope I'll bear it all, without deserting. It will be a great test of my loyalty to Her Majesty, and of the inflexibility of my nature. Every fellow hasn't my iron determination. I can tell you. Under such temptation most would stop at home with their mammas."

"I shall write you all the news," said Mary, "and paint Mr. Digby in words for you."

"Do," said Harry. "I know it will harrow my soul, but in some cases it is better to hear what harrows you than to hear nothing at all. I think I shall take a walk towards Lisburn. Who has a message?"

"Would you like one to Amy Hayden?" said Mary slyly.

"Oh, I'll take it with pleasure," answered Harry, with an elaborate assumption of indifference. "I may call into the doctor's for a moment."

"Oh, mother, mother," said Mary, "did you ever expect your son would prove such a hypocrite? I heard him telling Amy he was going in to-day for a book she promised him, and he is pretending now it is by the merest accident he will call there. It will hardly occur to him, I suppose, except he happens to pass the door. Tie a knot on your handkerchief, Hal, lest you forget it."

"Shall I get you that hair restorer at once?" asked Harry, holding the handle of the door in his hand. "Wouldn't it be well to have it convenient in case he proposes, so that you can apply it before he gets off his knees?" Without waiting for a reply to this parting shot he banged the door and departed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LORD OF THE SOIL.

Those little remarks on Captain Crosbie's personal appearance were anything but pleasant to Mrs. Desmond. It had occurred to her, too, that his admiration for Mary was assuming a serious aspect, and to no man in the world would she give her child as gladly. It was not merely that he would be an admirable match from a monetary point of view, though she thought of that also; she had been too long struggling to make her income and outlay proportionate to disregard the comforts of independent means, but she knew the worth of the man, and how fully he might be trusted. "He would never cost his wife a tear," she would say to herself, "he is so reasonable, so thoughtful, so sweet-tempered, not absorbed by those dreadful horses and dogs; his wife and children would be the first object."

Not having been fortunate herself in getting a husband with domestic instincts, Mrs. Desmond had learned to look on them as indispensable to connubial happiness. She was the least worldly and the least speculative of women, but what mother would not be glad to see her daughter married to the man she thought worthy of her? Money could not buy her. She would prefer to lay her daughter in her coffin than to give her into the keeping of an irreligious, dissipated man, brutalised by self-indulgence, were he worth ten thousand a-year; and she did her best to imbue her daughter with a like horror of such godless unions.

She was too wise, and had, indeed, too much womanly refinement to say anything to Mary about Captain Crosbie or try to put ideas of him into her head. "If he can't make her love him, I can't," she

thought, "and I don't want her to marry him if she does not care for him." Neither did she ask Crosbie to The Farm except when she asked others. He knew he had permission to come for a cup of tea whenever he chose—let him come when he liked. Let things take their course. If anything came of it, she would be very pleased; if not, it was not the will of God, and there was an end to it. Mary saw that Crosbie admired her. It did not impress her very much; she had youth's happy incapacity for thinking deeply about other people's feelings, and she was not unaccustomed to admiration. She liked and respected her old friend, but unconsciously looked on him as more on her mother's level than on her own. As yet lovers caused her no serious reflections. She had no ideas about them that she did not communicate with the greatest frankness, and her views of the passion of love were certainly more comic than tragic. She neither sought or avoided Crosbie. She was the same to him as she was to everyone else, and took his attentions as she took all attention, with frank joyousness, never speculating as to the amount of meaning in them. She was quite happy as she was, and at present her greatest excitement was the arrival of Mr. Digby Huntingdon.

Mr. Digby Huntingdon arrived with a flourish of trumpets that caused a conversational thrill to run through the country. An English lord was among the host of visitors that accompanied him, and eating, drinking, and making merry were carried on with laudable activity at Fintona.

Mrs. Desmond received more game than she knew what to do with; and in a few days Mr. Digby Huntingdon paid her a visit. He was charmed with everything—The Farm, the country, the scenery, and the racy Irish people. As soon as he became aware of the existence of the pretty, bright girl, he claimed kinship with her, and expressed his confidence that Mrs. Desmond's genealogical knowledge would constrain her to look on him with cousinly regard.

He was eminently handsome—tall and fair, with expressive, dark blue eyes, which he did not scruple to use—and was evidently determined to make himself agreeable.

"Well, mother, isn't he charming?" said Mary merrily when he had taken his departure. "Did you ever see such eyes? He tries to look as if it were by an effort he resisted kneeling at one's feet."

"Yerra, Miss Mary, God bless you, an' let no one hear you," said Peter, who was removing a tray that had been brought in, and who was not supposed, like highly-trained servants, to hear anything said at the table, "talkin' of a man as if he was made of allybaster. Maybe he'd kneel at your feet willin' enough if he thought you had a vote to give him."

"If I haven't a vote, can I not get them?" answered Mary. "Don't you think James Brien, and Connor Burke, and Davy White would do what I asked them?"

"People would promise the world," said Peter, "but I'd thrust 'em as far as I'd throw them, an' that's not far. My hand to you, they won't vote but for the gentleman they likes, an' that won't be him, with all his soft talk, lovely as he is."

"For whom is Peter legislating?" said Captain Crosbie, appearing at the window, gun in hand. He had been busy all the morning, and was only now following Mr. Huntingdon, who had gone to join the shooting party after leaving The Farm.

"The charmin' Mr. Huntingdon, sir, as Miss Mary calls him. She is goin' to get votes an' everything for him. Many's the one, I know, that's very purty outside, an' very dirty inside; but some thinks as long as a sheep has a fine fleece the mate must be beautiful; an' shure so let 'um; bought sinse is betther than taught sinse, an' there's no use in my shearing their sheep for 'um."

Mary laughed and blushed. "Peter is trying to moderate my ardour," she said, "but there is some excuse for it, is there not? Mr. Huntingdon is very handsome."

"There can be no doubt about it, Miss Mary," replied Crosbie, looking at her gravely, "but I did not know you were such an admirer of beauty."

"Oh! but I am," said Mary. "I love beauty both in the abstract and in the concrete. I delight in handsome faces."

"Beauty won't make the pot boil," said Peter, as he was leaving the room; "but as for that matther, I suppose 'twould do it as soon as ugliness."

"You ought to come in and eat something, Arthur," said Mrs. Desmond; "you will be late for Mr. Huntingdon's luncheon. I saw James pass with the basket an hour ago."

"Thank you, I had a crust before I came out," he answered, "so I am independent of them," and lifting his hat he took his leave.

"I say, Crosbie," called out Mr. Huntingdon, as that gentleman joined the party, "I have been calling on the natives; paid Mrs. Desmond a visit. By Jove, I was taken aback to find her such good style; I had to apologise for paying so unceremonious a visit. Fine girl, the daughter, too; seems to have some fun in her, eh?"

I suppose no man relishes comments made on the girl he loves by a number of his male acquaintances, and it jarred on Crosbie to hear Mary described as a fine girl, who seemed to have fun in her. He answered rather coldly:

"They are a very agreeable family."

"Yes, they seem to be. I was quite surprised, though I believe they are thirty-first cousins of mine by marriage."

"The Desmonds are a very good family," said Crosbie. "They lost a great deal of property during the penal laws. Fintona belonged to their ancestors, and passed from the direct line to a junior member, who changed his religion to get possession of it. It was let to one of the elder branch when its heiress married your ancestors and went to live in England."

"You seem to be well up in the family history," said Huntingdon. "I made capital out of the relationship as soon as I saw the pretty girl. Great latitude is allowed to a cousin. The brother ought to be useful. Are they popular?"

"They are very popular," said Crosbie dryly; "but they can hardly be utilised. The brother is a police officer. The ladies don't know much about politics, and possibly, if they did, would take an adverse side."

"What a bore it all is," said Huntingdon. "If one could get into Parliament by paying so much money, what a relief that would be! And I don't see why the wretched devils shouldn't take it; it would be a quicker way of serving themselves than they are likely to get by Parliamentary circumlocution."

"That circumlocution is one of the things they wish to put an end to," said Crosbie. "They all want Home Rule."

"Oh! Home Rule's a humbug," said one gentleman; "the Irish would never manage their own affairs."

"I think that's a mistake," replied Crosbie. "People ought to be allowed to manage their own business."

"Let us keep politics till after dinner," said Huntingdon, "and come now to try the upper wood."

"You ought soon pay a visit to the priests," said Crosbie, as they walked on.

"I suppose so," said Huntingdon. "I must try to get them on my side; but they haven't much influence now-a-days. Ballot put a stop to that."

"They have more influence than anyone else," Crosbie said; "the people trust to their judgment. They sometimes come into collision with the better classes, who, it must be confessed, have very doubtful political principles, but they influence the masses still."

"It's very hard that one can't trust one's own tenants now," said Huntingdon.

"Some of those on the Fintona property have no votes at all," was the answer.

"We must see to that by and by, Crosbie. The holdings are too

small. Better get rid of some of the poorer tenants, and add farm to farm. I saw such miserable houses yesterday, only fit for styes, quite disgusting, by Jove. Better get rid of some of them. They will be better off elsewhere. Ha, there goes a bird." Mr. Huntingdon lifted his gun and brought the bright-winged pheasant fluttering to earth.

After thus confidently predicting the beneficial effects of turning out his objectionably poor tenants on the highway, Mr. Huntingdon forgot all about them for the present. He gave utterance to his decrees with as little thought as if he were ordering a basket of superfluous kittens to be consigned to a watery grave. His views of human existence were too large and highly coloured to leave room for perceptions of life as it appeared round a little cabin fire; the grandmother in the corner, old and grey, and possibly cross; the hard-worked mother, some of whose avocations were hardly compatible with cleanliness, say, for instance, carrying baskets of manure on her back to where her husband tilled the "bit of land;" the father smoking his pipe, his elbows through his bawneen (for even pieces cost money); the little children, rosy and dirty-cheeked, sitting on the floor between their elders, toasting their red toes; the dog and the cat, quite happy in the ashes; the pig in the corner; and the hens roosting over the door. This was a picture in which he could see no beauty or pathos; in fact, he did not consider it at all, but decided that it was better for the well-being of all parties that the fire should be quenched, he grandmother sent to a grave or a workhouse, the pig sold, the hens killed, the dog drowned, the cat banished, and the father, mother, and children taught that intellectual and difficult art—to live by their wits—an art that those troubled with a scrupulous conscience find very unsatisfactory, as it leaves them a peculiar feeling of emptiness about the stomach.

It did not occur to Mr. Huntingdon that those ragged specimens of humanity, who were steeped to the lips in poverty, who only shaved once a week, and made rare displays of clean linen, could think, and feel, and love pretty much as he thought, felt, and loved himself; were led by the same motives, actuated by the same passions, and had the same, or, indeed, a far greater attachment for their unsightly homes than he had for his English mansion. He admired his oaks and shrubberies; they valued the one or two hawthorn trees, and the hedge where the family linen was bleaching on Saturdays. He looked with pleased eyes on his smiling parks, where the timid deer browsed in the shadowy groves; they watched their little haggard and garden with intense interest, fearful lest the blight should appear on the potato leaf or the caterpillar eat the cabbage. These were poor things, but they were their own—all they possessed in the wide world, and they loved them accordingly.

Mr. Huntingdon's religious ideas also were extremely vague. He went to a Protestant church on Sunday, if it were near, if the day was fine, if he had nothing better to do; but he did not bring away any more distinct idea than the appalling length of the sermon. His perceptions of eternal truths were very indefinite, and his recognition of the certainty of death awoke, not any consciousness of the mystery of another existence, not thoughts of the wisdom of virtue, but a conviction that there was a great deal to be said in favour of the pagan philosopher, who suggested eating and drinking as the most jovial method of passing away the years allotted to man. As a natural consequence of his careless attitude towards his Creator, he was not scrupulous in his relations with his fellow-creatures, and took no very lofty views of human conduct. Judged by the world's standard of morality, there was nothing in his conduct to call for severe condemnation. He was an honourable man, generous, agreeable, and hospitable; and how many sins of commission or omission do not those qualities suffice to cover, more effectually even than charity? But, unfortunately, this spirit of generosity, controlled by no sense of a landlord's duty, makes life often a difficult thing to a man's tenants. The great world is an expensive vortex in which to whirl—it takes a great deal of money to enjoy life in fashionable society; to entertain handsomely; to bestow jewels on one's wife, to gamble, to keep horses and carriages, opera boxes, and various other luxuries. If a man goes too fast, loses on the Derby, or has been a little rash at baccarat, there is one means of extricating himself from his difficulties—the rents must be raised.

The fiat sounds very differently in the ears of him who already works from dawn to dark to keep body and soul together, who dines ascetically on potatoes dipped in salt, and breakfasts on coarse bread and weak-boiled tea without milk to colour it. Goats are a luxury not possessed by the lower rank of tenant farmers; and eggs are reserved, not for feasting, but for the purchase of small household items, such as half a pound of soap, a pennyworth of dipt candles, a little snuff for the old granny, or a bit of tobacco.

(To be Continued).

A ROSE AND A ROBIN.

DARK and desolate and grey
 All things seem this winter day;
 Shroud-like mists are creeping
 Down the high hills sleeping
 That most trance-like sleep that earth
 Holdeth till the sweet spring's birth.

Oh, the fair lost summer days!
 When the beautiful blue haze
 Clothed these fair hills, seeming
 Like a girl day-dreaming,
 With much joy in face and heart,
 Dwelling in a world apart.

But the blue-eyed summer day
 Many a month had fled away,
 And the blue haze, and the swallow,
 Loving her, were swift to follow.
 Loving her, the flowers went too.
 In her foot-steps song birds flew.

So we said, my heart and I,
 'Neath the melancholy sky,
 'Neath the dull sky growing dimmer
 Till the grey grass did but glimmer,
 "Since the laughing summer fled,
 Bird and blossom all are dead."

"Bird and blossom all are dead
 Since the laughing summer fled."
 Lo! the sad words were but spoken
 When the silence deep was broken
 By a burst of rapturous song,
 Shrill, and beautiful, and strong.

And the beech-bough lightly stirred
 As he sang, this joyous bird,
 Singing, swaying, swaying, singing,
 And the gladness swiftly bringing
 Of the summer back again,
 Till my heart forgot its pain.

When he stirred his little throat,
Straight to heaven there seemed to float
Such a song of hope and gladness,
That its magic smote my sadness.
O dear robin, wert thou sent
To rebuke my discontent ?

Lo ! beneath the beechen bough,
Three pale roses I saw now,
On one spray the three were growing,
In the cold wind faintly blowing.
When they heard the robin's song,
Their faint flutterings grew strong.

Till the robin in the tree,
And the monthly roses three
Seemed to sway and sing together
In the wild and wintry weather.
Oh, the Lord's earth is not dead !
" No, poor heart," they answeréd.

MARY FURLONG.

" WAITING FOR THE MAY."

D. F. MAC CARTHY AND HIS IMITATORS.

IF I were ever to make a collection of one apiece samples of Irish poets, my solitary sample of Denis Florence Mac Carthy would be the poem which he called " Summer Longings," but which his readers have insisted on calling " Waiting for the May"—and rightly, for " Summer Longings" would mean longings felt in the summertime rather than longings for the Maytime to come. A few weeks before his death I asked which of his poems would be his own choice ; and he voted for such fanciful pieces as " The Bridal of the Year," or " The Spirit of the Snow." I urged the claims of that most lyrical lyric which gives a name to this paper.

It was first printed in *The Dublin University Magazine* for May, 1848, the month being, no doubt, chosen expressly, as this May,

forty-three years later, has been chosen expressly for its sake. Amongst the admirers which it at once attracted was Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the Astronomer Royal, who might have been a considerable poet if he had not been a great mathematician. A manuscript-book of his, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains a minute and enthusiastic criticism of "The Bridal of the Year," referring also to "a shorter and almost a sweeter piece called *Summer Longings*. I wish that I knew the author, or were even acquainted with his name."

It would be foolish to think that all my readers have this poem off by heart or even within their reach. Therefore, it shall be set down here in full before we go any further :—

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the young face fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer's day.
 Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May—
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
 All the winter lay.
 Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where in laughing and in sobbing
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away :
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May !

A curious testimony to the charm of this song is given by a very ingenious and eloquent writer in *The Cornhill Magazine*, of June, 1862, in a paper which is strangely entitled "May : In Memoriam." Neither name nor initials are furnished ; but the writer is so free from Irish or Catholic sympathies that many pages of his essay are devoted to an enthusiastic appreciation of Cavour. He and some friend of his, whom he calls Lancelot, discuss a vast number of topics, and among the rest the sad degree to which May has fallen off from its traditional fame. Then they quote Robert Browning's lines on Trafalgar.

"Lancelot admitted that it was a noble hymn. 'What a glow there is in it ! How the sunset burns ! 'Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay.' So we won't quarrel any more about Browning's nationality. Yet, to my taste, Denis Macarthy (a clever lad, by the way) has said better and truer things about the May than have been said by almost any other poet. He has learned the advantage of sticking to fact, too,—its value even to a poet." And Lancelot took a little volume of poems from his pocket, and read me one—so musical, so broken-hearted, so touched in every word with saddest longing, that I could not listen to it unmoved. I am sorry I cannot recall the whole of it (for I am sure it would charm you), but the last verse still rings in my ear."

The volume that Lancelot took out of his pocket was, no doubt, "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, Original and Translated, by Denis Florence Mac Carthy"—a dainty quarto, produced in Dublin in 1850, with an elegance that Dublin typography has never since surpassed and hardly equalled. This was almost the only "premium" that I have ever read ; and I read it, partly because it was left in its own tasteful cover. If I were a member of parliament, I should be disposed to bring in a bill for the prohibition of what is called premium-binding. Surely premium-giving is not meant for the encouragement of bookbinders ; and books given as prizes would have a far better chance of being read

in an ordinary cover than in that stiff solid binding, which often costs more than the original price of the work.

"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." One of the first imitators of "Waiting for the May" was Alexander Stewart Meehan, Recorder of Derry : for so I am able, on Mac Carthy's authority, to interpret the "A. S. M." signed in *The Nation* of 1848 to this warlike parody of so peaceful a lyric :—

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the fray—
 Waiting for the sunlight dancing,
 On the bristling pikeheads glancing,
 With the rifles alternating,
 Ranks in green and grey.
 Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the fray.

Ah, my heart is weary longing,
 Longing for the fray—
 Longing to escape from speeching,
 Reading, writing, and beseeching,
 Longing for the stormy thronging
 Round our banners gay.
 Ah, my heart is weary longing,
 Longing for the fray.

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the fray,
 Throbbing for the time of starting,
 Wives and sisters fondly parting,
 Kisses from the loved one robbing,
 "Love, I cannot stay."
 Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the fray.

Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
 Burning for the fray—
 Burning for the roar and rattle,
 For the crimson stream of battle,
 Squadrons round me wildly turning,
 Fear far far away.
 Ah, my heart's athirst with burning,
 Burning for the fray.

Waiting calm, determined, steady,
 Waiting for the fray.
 Spring goes by with preparations,
 Baffled law and stern ovations—

Summer comes. That we be ready,
 God of hosts, I pray.
 Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting or the fray.

Of a very different spirit, indeed, is the next echo of Mac Carthy's musical stanzas. It is an elegy on his death by the one who mourned his death most, and who, in throwing her elegy into this form, was but following an example set by her father. When the Rev. Francis Mahony died, Mac Carthy at once thought of Father Prout and the Bells of Shandon, and the following appeared in *Saunders' News-letter* :—

In deep dejection, but with affection.
 I often think of those pleasant times,
 In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,
 How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes ;
 When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
 Of Watergrass-hill, O renowned P.P. !—
 May the bells of Shandon
 Toll blithe and bland on
 The pleasant waters of thy memory !
 Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
 In this social city have I heard since then—
 (With the glass before me how the dream comes o'er me,
 Of those attic suppers and those vanished men,)
 But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,
 Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
 As " The Bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

The songs melodious, which—a new Harmodius—
 " Young Ireland " wreathed round its rebel sword,
 With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
 Flung a glorious madness o'er the festive board.
 But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
 Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee—
 Of the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a grave that rises o'er thy sward Devizes,
 Where Moore lies sleeping from his land afar,
 And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes
 In the quiet cloister by Temple Bar ;
 So where'er thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest
 Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
 While the bells of Shandon
 Shall sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Mac Carthy explains a phrase in the first of these stanzas by mentioning that the Prout Papers first appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*; and to the line about Moore's grave he attaches this note:—"In Bromham Churchyard, five miles south of Devizes. The spire of Bromham Church is seen from the front of Sloperton Cottage; and, indeed, from that point is the only building in view. Both cottage and tomb were visited by the writer of these lines on the 28th of May, 1867, Moore's birthday. Father Prout's acquaintance he had the pleasure of making at Paris in 1863." A column cut from John Boyle O'Reilly's *Boston Pilot*, October 25, 1884, gives one after another Father Prout's original, D. F. Mac Carthy's copy, and another parody by Alexander M. Sullivan, dated from 15 Bridge Street, Cork, 21st September, 1884. A. M. Sullivan was not a poet, like his brother; and it is unfair to quote his protest against the praises bestowed on the Shandon Bells which kept him awake one night, even as the Town Clock of Lurgan did once for another poet who also took his revenge in rhyme.* Here is a bit of A. M. Sullivan's diatribe:—

I have heard bells rattle 'round the necks of cattle;—
 The Chinese, in battle, use hideous gongs;—
 And, down in Galway, the "natives" alway
 Enswarm their bees to the beat of tongs.
 But there's something sadder, to drive one madder,
 Than gongs or tongs struck discordantly—
 'Tis these bells of Shandon with discords damned on
 The rushing waters of the River Lee.

But let us pass on from A. M. S. to S. M. S.; for Father Prout has only come in to show how D. F. Mac Carthy's example was applied to himself. What he had done with "The Bells of Shandon" was done with his own "Waiting for the May" by two of his mourners on each side of the Atlantic. The home elegy has never been printed before, and it is printed now without the author's consent, and therefore without the author's revision. The copy which I transcribe is dated "April 14, 1882"—namely, a week exactly after the death of him who had said:—

"Man is ever weary, weary,
 Waiting for the May."

And thus does the voice most like to his own turn tenderly
against himself the burden of his song :—

All his patient life he waited,
Waited for the May :—
When the airy heights he builded,
When the golden beams that gilded,
Fading from his path belated,
Left it cold and gray—
Still with trustful heart he waited,
Waited for the May.

Oh, his heart was made for gladness,
Made for sunny May,
Like the joyous songbird's singing,
Like the tender flowers upspringing :
Nought should he have known of sadness
All along life's way—
Yet what human heart has had less
Of the joys of May?

Now at last his eyes elated
Gaze on heaven's own May.
All his long-sought hopes have found him
With his darling treasures round him ;
All his weary longings sated,
There he dwells for aye.
Ah ! he sees 'twas well he waited—
Waited for the May !

I do not know how soon after preceding lines the following were composed, somewhat on the same plan, though the writer of them, the Rev. William D. Kelly, and S. M. S. will see one another's attempt for the first time on this page. Father Kelly was born in Dundalk, Co. Louth, in the year 1846. His home was removed to Quincy in Massachusetts in his childhood, and he was educated in Boston, Worcester, and Montreal. His priestly work lay for some years in Providence ; but he has returned to Boston. These facts we find in the enormous "Household Library of Ireland's Poets," collected and published by Daniel Connolly, who died in New York last year. In the division assigned to "memorial poems" the following is headed "Denis Florence Mac Carthy" :—

Nevermore your heart will weary,
Waiting for the May.
Nevermore, sweet Celtic singer,
March and April, when they linger,

Will appear as dark and dreary
 As they did that day,
 When your sighing heart was weary,
 Waiting for the May.

Peace attend your soul that slumbers
 While awakes the May !
 In our eyes the tear-drops glisten,
 In the meadows as we listen
 For the sweetness of your numbers
 Which have passed away,
 With your gentle soul that slumbers
 While awakes the May.

Nay ! we wrong you, who, when living,
 Waited for the May,
 When we say your spirit slumbers,
 Since the echoes of its numbers,
 Without shadow of misgiving
 In this world delay ;
 And we wrong you who, when living,
 Waited for the May.

To the buttercups and daisies
 In the meads of May,
 Every breeze that lightly passes
 Where these spring amid the grasses,
 Of your virtues and your praises
 Sings a tuneful lay,
 To the butter cups and daisies
 In the meads of May.

In the sobbing of the ocean,
 All this month of May,
 We shall hear your verse undying
 Where the hardy seamew, flying
 In its swift and graceful motion,
 Seeks the lower bay ;
 In the sobbing of the ocean,
 All this month of May.

Could we only be translated
 Where you are this May,
 Could we see the fields elysian
 Which have opened on your vision,
 We would know your heart that waited
 Was content to-day :
 Could we only be translated
 Where you are this May.

Nevermore there will you weary,
 Waiting for the May ;
 Nevermore, sweet Irish singer,
 March and April, when they linger,
 Will appear as dark and dreary
 As they did that day
 When your sighing heart grew weary
 Waiting for the May.

From the United States also comes the next echo of Mac Carthy's "Summer Longings"—through a very elegantly printed volume called "A Chaplet of Verse," written by Californian Catholics. To thicken the layer of prose which separates the preceding poem and that which comes next, I will mention here a curious circumstance connected with this Anthology of San Francisco. The friend who sent it to me called my attention to two poems, "Mary" and "Enchantment," by Mr. Lyttleton Savage, which, he said, have been much admired by all to whom he had shown them before the book appeared. I read them, and found "Mary" strangely familiar. I had it already for years in print as the work of the late Dr. Tucknor of Georgia. Some months later the other original poem contributed by Mr. Lyttleton Savage was quoted in *The Magazine of Poetry* as the work of an American lady whose name I forget, but it was not "Lyttleton Savage." I mentioned these circumstances in the proper quarter, but no explanation has reached me. By the way, in *The Boston Pilot* of September 13, 1890, there is a little elegy which is said to have been "written for *The Pilot*," and is headed "August 10, 1890" (the day that John Boyle O'Reilly died). It begins thus:—

I stirred in my sleep with a sudden fear,
 The breath of sorrow seemed very near,
 And the sound of weeping. I woke and said :
 "Someone is dying, someone is dead."

I seem to have a vague recollection of having heard that and all the rest before. Can any of my readers confirm this impression? This poem is dated from San Diego, California. I hope it is not another Californian plagiarism ; for to steal another man's poem seems worse than to steal another man's coat—except that the coat might be pawned for ten shillings. But our separating layer of prose is now sufficiently thick, and we may quote a Californian poet whose inspiration is true and her own—"S. A. R.," Sister

Anna Raphael, who is, if we mistake not, a Notre Dame Nun at San José. With their months of unbroken sunshine the dwellers near the Golden Gate can enter more wistfully into the spirit of this "Waiting for the Rain" than *we* can do, whose sweet mother, Erin, always has "the tear and the smile" in her eye.

Oh! the Earth is weary waiting,
Waiting for the rain—
Waiting for the fresh'ning showers
Wakening all her alumb'ring powers,
With their dewy moisture eating
Thirsty hill and plain—
Oh, the Earth is weary waiting,
Waiting for the rain!

Oh, the Earth is weary longing,
Longing for the rain—
Longing for the cloud-wrapt mountains—
Longing for the leaping fountains,
With their clamorous murmurs thronging
To the silent plain—
Oh, the Earth is weary longing,
Longing for the rain.

Oh, the Earth is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the rain—
Pained to see the valley fading,
Pained to see the frost's red braiding,
Pained to hear the north wind's sobbing
O'er her fields of grain—
Oh, the Earth is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the rain.

Oh, the Earth is sad with sighing,
Sighing for the rain—
Sighing for the green grass springing,
And the fragrant wild flowers bringing
Beauty—are the clover dying
Sear the wintry plain—
Oh, the Earth is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the rain.

Oh, the Earth is sore with sobbing,
Sobbing for the rain—
While along the upturn'd furrow
Busy rooks and blackbirds burrow,
From her wide-spread gardens robbing
Wealth of scattered grain—
Oh, the Earth is sore with sobbing,
Sobbing for the rain.

Waiting restlessly yet weary,
 Waiting for the rain—
 For the crystal tear-drops clinging
 To the wild oats freshly springing,
 And the voices blending cheery
 With the wild bird's strain—
 Oh, the Earth is sad and weary,
 Waiting for the rain.

And our human hearts grow weary,
 Waiting day by day—
 Thirsting for the fresh'ning showers,
 Dreaming dreams of future hours,
 While the present, never sating,
 Glides unfelt away—
 Oh! the heart is weary waiting,
 Through its life-long day.

We ought to have mentioned earlier a cruel wrong that was inflicted on Mr. Mac Carthy in connection with the subject of this paper. We do not like to speak harshly of the author of "The Angel's Whisper" and many other good songs; but it is shameful that Samuel Lover, when he edited a collection of the Lyrics of Ireland, assigned "Waiting for the May" to James Clarence Mangan. For this outrageous piece of carelessness there is no excuse whatever.* It was bad enough for Mr. M. J. Barry, in his poorly edited volume of the Library of Ireland, so unworthy of a place beside the two companion-volumes edited by Gavan Duffy and Florence Mac Carthy—it was bad enough to set down "Songs

* We may record here another gross act of injustice, of which Mr. Mac Carthy was the victim. Sir Francis Doyle, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1868, delivered a lecture on Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, discussing incidentally Calderon's sacred dramas. His whole knowledge of the subject was derived from our Irish poet's labours. Yet this Oxford Professor quotes at considerable length the German commentator, Dr. Lorinzer, and mentions how a friend to whom he read one of the plays exclaimed—"Why, in the original this must be as grand as Dante!"—and so he goes on for many pages, and neither in text or footnote does he mention Denis Florence Mac Carthy, from whom he took every word that he said. And this not only in the "laboured impromptu" of a written academic lecture, but while revising the proof-sheets of his book, it never occurred to him as a duty to mention that Lorinzer's dissertation and Calderon's play were only known to him through D. F. Mac Carthy. The man who would not be glad to make such an acknowledgment could not be a poet, however spiritedly he may have described in verse "The Doncaster St. Leger." We made this complaint before in this Magazine, and the passage, we are glad to say, was brought under the notice of Sir Francis Doyle, who pleaded guilty, and had no excuse to offer. He died on the 8th of June, 1888, aged 78 years.

of our Land" as anonymous instead of assigning it to Frances Browne, the Blind Poetess of Donegal; but to rob Mac Carthy of a lyric published with his name in 1850 was really a worse crime than many an indictable felony, especially when the poem drew from the author of *Handy Andy* such a note of admiration as this, which is a contrast to the general run of his flippant, long-winded, and often worse than useless annotations. "Command of rhythm, in almost capricious variety, with great facility and melody of rhyme, were among the poetic gifts of Clarence Mangan. The fineness of his ear, in both respects, is evident in the following exquisite lines. They are intense in feeling, sweetly poetical, bitterly sad—'most musical, most melancholy.'" And then, after all this praise, he robs Mac Carthy of a poem which he had published with his name eight years before, which had been constantly quoted with his name, and which young Lord Belfast (who died in 1853 in his 26th year) had wedded to very graceful music.* When the present writer long afterwards called the attention of Ward and Look to this injustice, they said no one had ever complained of it; yet the contrary is stated in a curious article printed in *The Nation* of January 27, 1877, written by Mac Carthy himself. After complaining of this gratuitous and cruel blunder, he adds: "Worse than this—though the original injustice was pointed out to the publishers in 1858, they have persisted in it down to the present day in numerous editions. The matter may finally have to be arranged in a court of law." Ward and Look have changed the name of Lover's very faulty collection to "Poems of Ireland," putting no date on the title-page—a somewhat unfair practice. If a new edition is called for, they will probably continue to give Clarence Mangan as the author of "Waiting for the May."

In *The Nation* just referred to, "The May" is punningly used like the name of a Celtic or an Italian grandee—The O'Donoghue or Il Pellico—and stands for Chief Justice May, whose appointment was then imminent. The allusions to the crankiness of Judge Christian and the frankness of Judge Francis Fitzgerald (not J. D.)—almost the only two lawyers whose learning made them Judges without serving the Crown as law officials—these and the contrast between the fun of Baron Dowse and the gravity of

* Another sign of its wide acceptance is that a French translation of it was given by the Chevalier Ernest de Chatelain in his "Rayons et Reflets."

Chief Baron Palles (misspelled in honour of Minerva) will be already unintelligible to many of our readers. Indeed the whole parody is, perhaps, too obsolete to be reproduced here, if it had not so peculiar a connection with the subject of our paper. Did any poet ever parody himself before? Mac Carthy did so as part of an ingenious piece of mystification.

Ah ! my wig is weary waiting,

Waiting for the May—

Waiting lest some greater noodle—

Some more pliant lick-plate poodle,

Chief with puiſne alternating—

With its curls should play.

Ah ! my wig is weary waiting,

Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my wig gapes wide with waiting,

Waiting for the May ;

Wig too big for little Lawson,

Or that modern Munchausen.

Who, " blue-moulded for a bating,"

Fought the Galway fray—

Ah ! my gaping wig is waiting,

Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my wig too long is drying—

Drying for the May ;

All its crisp appears imperilled—

Christian crank, and *frank* Fitzgerald,

Thought it quite beneath their trying,

Even with added pay—

Ah ! my wig too long is drying,

Drying for the May.

Ah ! my wig awaits the throbbing

Of the brows of May.

Terms go by with wasted motions,

Silly actions, stupid notions,

Counsel's clack and client's sobbing,

Drowse " my Luds " all day ;

Nothing brisk except the jobbing—

Jobbing for the May.

Ah ! my court awaits the thawing

Of the warmth of May :

Howse Socratic fun providing—

Though stern *Pallas* chafes with chiding—

On his own *Exchequer* drawing,

Jokes and jests away—

Ah my court awaits the thawing,

Thawing of the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May;
 Marlborough comes, and twaddling papers
 Tell the Tadpoles and the Tapers
 Who for trash so dull and dreary
 Their subscriptions pay—
 Well, we won't be long now waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

The article which contained this squib ended with sundry epigrams on a certain Rev. Mr. Tooth, a London Anglican clergyman, whose extreme Ritualism made him very notorious for the moment. The writer gives an amazing list of works to be consulted on the subject, all punning very laboriously on the clergyman's name—from Dens' Theology to Molar's Symbolism. Mr. Mac Carthy did not share Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of puns. One of his amiable offences may be recorded, as it introduces the name of another good and gifted Irishman who has left many fine works behind him of another kind—Mr. James J. Mac Carthy, the ecclesiastical architect. Some one asked the poet one day: "By the by, are you and J. J. Mac Carthy relatives?" "Oh, yes, of course: Jem and I are twins." Must the historic Muse stoop to explain that the Latin of "twins" is *gemi*ni?

To show that nothing has escaped our vigilance, we may mention that, when there was a long delay about setting up the O'Connell Monument at the end of that noble street which was called Lower Sackville Street, at the time that Denis Florence Mac Carthy was born there, at No. 24,* on the 26th of May, 1817, some Tory poetaster in the *Irish Manufacturer's Journal* gave vent to his impatience in five stanzas, one of which is a sufficient sample:—

Ah! my heart is full to bustin',
 Bustin' for the day
 When the Patriots have an outing,
 When they'll treat us to some spouting—
 Speeches from Mac Carthy Justin,
 And from Dwyer Gray.
 Ah, my heart is bustin', bustin',
 Bustin', for the day.

* The site is now occupied by the Imperial Hotel. Five years earlier, from the balcony of a house nearer to the Liffey, "his Shelley" had dropped down copies of his "Address to the Irish People" when any *likely* person passed by.

There must be many others that I have not seen; but the latest parody that I have seen of this much parodied lyric was furnished by Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P. He described in prose the forlornness of the good old times when the welcome cry of "Who goes home?" never wakened the echoes of the Palace Yard till three, four, or five o'clock in the morning. On one such occasion the Hon. Member for North Mayo had exhausted all possible expedients for killing time when a colleague lent him Denis Florence Mac Carthy's Poems, and the one which has here been named so often suggested the following adjuration of "The Last Division Bell":

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for that bell—
Waiting for the last division,
When we'll come to some decision,
And we'll cease perambulating
Past the men who "tell."
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for that bell.

Ah! my mind is tired of dreaming,
Dreaming of that bell—
Blue Books pall upon the senses,
E'en some Celt in vain dispenses
Wit whose flashes, brightly beaming,
Should the gloom dispel.
Ah! my mind is tired of dreaming,
Dreaming of that bell.

Ah! my brain is racked to bursting,
Bursting for that bell—
Speeches flow, and few are heeding,
Towards the smoke-room more are speeding,
Who for sparkling spirits thirsting,
Aim that thirst to quell.
Ah! my brain is racked to bursting,
Bursting for that bell.

Ah! my limbs are sore and aching,
Aching for that bell;
Heads are drooping, eyelids closing,
While on various couches dozing,
Members forty winks are taking,
As their noses tell.
Ah! my limbs are sore and aching,
Aching for that bell.

Ah ! my pulse is palpitating
 Fiercely for that bell ;
 Time with laden wings is flying ;
 When towards home we'll all be hieing,
 Legislators speculating,
 Wish they could foretell.
 Ah ! my pulse is palpitating
 Wildly for that bell.

“ Life is sweet.” But is it living,
 Living near that bell ?
 Will this wrangling and this clamour
 Buoy us up when death's strong hammer
 Rings upon his anvil, giving
 Forth of Life the knell ?
 Ah ! is life at all worth living,
 Living near that bell ?

In an early volume of this Magazine we devoted an entire article to “Lafontaine's Best”—namely ‘le Chêne et le Roseau.’’ The present paper might have been called “Mac Carthy's Best.” It has confined itself to a single lyric and its numerous echoes. But it may now at last be brought to a conclusion by a few more general reflections which occurred to us before, but which cannot have come under the notice of our present readers.

There has been hardly any more purely and genuinely poetic nature in our time and in our country—nay, none so exclusively and genuinely literary and poetic, as Denis Florence Mac Carthy. He devoted his life with unwavering fidelity to the more graceful forms of literature; and he helped to prove anew that there is no more exquisite medium for the expression of the fancies of the brain than the English tongue wielded by Irish genius. His muse sought her inspiration from Irish history, Irish scenery, and Irish feeling. Many arduous years were indeed consecrated to the transfusion of the sacred drama of Spain into the language of Shakespere. But if Mac Carthy and Calderon are now names as inseparably united in English literature as Cary and Dante—if Ticknor, the highest authority on Spanish literature, pronounces Mac Carthy's version to be “little less than marvellous,” and if Longfellow (a poet of closely kindred genius, though of much more world-wide fame) tells his brother poet that he has read his translation “with eagerness and delight”—if one of the consolations of his last months of declining health was to receive, on occasion of Calderon's bi-centenary, an exquisite medal from the

Royal Spanish Academy as a token of the gratitude of Calderon's countrymen : all these conquests on foreign fields, like the Brigade at Fontenoy, only won glory for Ireland.

But it is his Irish strains that will make him for ever a poet. His "heart untravelled fondly turned" to Erin. He cannot see the Bay of Naples without thinking of the Bay of Dublin, his thoughts wander from Misenum to Killiney, and he exclaims :—

" My native bay, for many a year
I've loved thee with a trembling fear
That thou, though dear and very dear
And beauteous as a vision,
Shouldst have some rival far away,
Some matchless wonder of a bay,
Whose sparkling waters ever play
'Neath azure skies elysian."

His wanderings only serve to set such misgivings at rest ; and after visiting the fairest scenes of the sunny South, he returns to tell his native Erin :

" I can look proudly on thy face,
Fair daughter of a hardier race,
And feel thy winning, well-known grace
Without my old misgiving ;
And, as I kneel upon thy strand
And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land
Where life is worth the living."

Thus are Howth and Killiney, and the Vale of Shanganagh and the Pass of Keim-en-eich, and a thousand Irish names embalmed in the aromatic spices of his verse ; whilst his longer poems treat of such themes as the Foray of Con O'Donnell and the Voyage of St. Brendan. The Italian Bell Founder would never have been immortalised by his muse if the bells themselves had not strayed from Fiesole to St. Mary's Tower in Limerick. A Saxon reviewer in the *Athenæum* of thirty years ago, bestowing great praise on this most interesting poem, accuses the poet of bathos in making the story end on the banks of the Shannon. For a true Irish heart, such as Florence Mac Carthy's, this was not bathos, but

" Like noble music with a golden ending."

There is one special praise to which our Laureate is entitled.

Their admirers have sometimes to devise excuses for what is blame-worthy in men of genius. But with Mac Carthy there was no sowing of wild oats. Even in his earlier days, when he interpreted so well the vague, pathetic longings of the young heart that is "weary waiting for the May"—from first to last he never wrote a line that might not be read aloud round the family fireside, even on a Sunday evening.

Such a man must not be forgotten. Ireland, blamed so often for being *incuriosa suorum*, must always cherish in grateful love and honour the name of Denis Florence Mac Carthy.

M. R.

AN ANCIENT MONASTIC TOWN—SHREWSBURY.

I.

THERE are many inland towns of surpassing beauty as to situation and surroundings which the ordinary tourist never sees. Some of these are deeply interesting in an archæological aspect, and others have religious and historical associations which should attract the pious and the cultured within their gates. There is that town with the sweet-sounding name, Clonmel, the vale of honey, nestled so cosily among the windings of the crystal Suir, with Slieve-na-mon (mount of fine women) towards the north, and the grand old Galtees on the south. From every one of its six bridges, and, indeed, from every opening in its quaint streets, one can see green hills, pleasant meadows, and fair trees whose branches kiss the bright wavelets of the silvery river. Men and women famed in the annals of literature first saw light in its neat streets or flowery suburbs. Its triple walls were battered by Cromwell* and

* Tradition asserts that Cromwell was enchanted with the abundant fertility of the golden vale of Tipperary, and that his capture of Clonmel, its capital, was accidental. Having besieged the town for several weeks without success, he withdrew his men. As they were leaving, several bullets were fired after them, one of which struck Oliver's hat. He stooped to pick it up, intending to keep it as a memento, and on examining it found that it was made of silver. Reflecting that ammunition must be scarce when shot was out from silver, he turned back and, renewing the assault, took the town.

the hireling troops of Orange William. It dates beyond the epoch of St. Patrick, who built in it two churches. Its abbey, partially destroyed during the wars, has seen the rise of every dynasty in Europe save the Papacy, and has a history rich with the vivid colouring of romance. Desecrated and used as a stable by a foreign soldiery, it has recently been restored by the Franciscan Fathers, though a chapel of ease, connected with it by an underground passage, still remains in Protestant hands. Patriots have been incarcerated in its jail, and convicted of high treason in its court-house, and the last priest, Father Nicholas Sheehy, murdered legally in Munster, was hanged, drawn, and quartered within its precincts. Its churchyard, occupying an immense square in the heart of the town, though as still as if it were in the midst of a desert, is more ancient and picturesque than Stoke Pogis. And yet, how rarely is the traveller seen beneath its few still-standing battlements.

We could name other beautiful, historic towns in every one of the three kingdoms which are unaccountably passed over, but space will not permit. Almost as much off the tourist's track as Clonmel is the ancient town of Shrewsbury. Situated on two gently-rising eminences, on a peninsula formed by the Severn, the isthmus being 300 yards across, it was called by the ancient Britons *Pengwerne*, the head of the meadow, and by the neighbouring Welsh, *Amrythig*, a hill surrounded by water. The Normans, who could not say *Shropshire*, spoke of *Salop* (accent on second syllable) and *Salopshire*. It is said to have taken its name from the multitude of low trees seen in every direction—*Shrubsbury*. The Normans styled the town *Sciropsberie* and *Salopsberie*. From all these we have *Shrewsbury* and *Salop*.

The town proper has over 23,700 inhabitants, but its relative importance is far less than when it formed the stronghold of the princes of Powis in the 7th century, or the seat of the Great Parliament in the 14th. Indeed the first Parliament or National Convention in which the Commons had any share, by legal authority, was held in Shrewsbury (1283), whose situation on the Welsh border made it a sort of second capital.

The town is laid down softly among the fragrant meads of Shropshire, and nearly spanned by the limpid waters of the Severn. The fair colouring of many beautiful trees, erect and drooping, some pale green, some dark, some, when last we gazed upon the splendid prospect, mottled with autumnal gold, gives the

landscape a peculiar charm. The remains of the town walls make a delightful promenade. The faded red castle rears its bald front on the isthmus. The lofty spires and towers of the many churches and institutions, and the terraced gardens that slope towards the blue-green river, give the town a unique appearance.

Many of the dwellings are the ancient black and white half-timbered structures that carry one beyond the days of Shakespeare. From the English Bridge the whole place is most imposing. Here certainly one may see in educational and charitable foundations, in abundance out of all proportion to the size and apparent resources of the town, evidences of the Catholic spirit of the people who never wholly gave up the Faith. Many of the benevolent and educational institutions of England may be traced to Catholic times. When non-Catholic sovereigns founded charities or schools, they usually endowed them out of Catholic sequestrations. The most important institution of this kind in Shrewsbury is the Royal Free Grammar School, founded by Edward VI., who endowed it with the revenues of the suppressed Colleges of St. Mary and St. Claud. Elizabeth increased its annuities from similar sources. Her courtier, Sir Philip Sydney, was a pupil of this school. It was improved and enlarged in the reign of Charles I., whose armorial bearings are mingled in its adornings with those of his Tudor predecessors. Over the gateway are statues of a schoolboy and a graduate, in the garb of the 17th century. Above the arch is a Greek inscription from Isocrates, which may be rendered: "If you love learning, you will be learned."

II.

The Anglican churches of Shrewsbury are named after Catholic saints or mysteries, and present a most Catholic appearance. St. Mary's, a "royal free chapel" exempt from episcopal jurisdiction from time immemorial, is an excellent place in which to study Catholic architecture, as it dates back to the 10th century, and affords examples of all the mediæval styles. It is even said the building in King Edgar's reign only replaced an older one destroyed by the Danes. As it now stands, it shows fine specimens of the Anglo-Norman style, the early lancet style, and the pointed and obtuse arch of the 15th century. Its inner appearance is as little like a Protestant church as its outer, and its congregation is described as excessively high church, a description held to suit all

the Anglican congregations of the place. Before a glorious stained glass window stands an altar dazzling with burnished gold. There were candles and flowers, and we do solemnly declare and protest that, from the porch, it looked like an altar arranged for benediction. Yea, the illusion was so perfect, that, not remembering what kind of church our friends had brought us to, we had involuntarily bent the knee before we had quite recovered from our surprise. Two grave, sweet-looking ladies, whom some of our party took for Catholics, and who protested they were Catholics, were examining the beauties of this exquisite temple. "What think you of all this?" said one. "Are we not advancing?" queried the other. We plainly told our friends that we could not easily understand why people who had gone so far would not go farther. They used the ordinary logic of high church people to convince us they were right, and added: "Have we not all that you have? Only we are English Catholics and you are Romans." A shrewd English friend remarked: "My countrypeople here and in many other places are really Catholics, but they are too proud to acknowledge the Pope. They believe all that Catholics believe." Yes, save on one point. The most august priest on earth is to them a foreign potentate. Here was a genuine Catholic edifice, originally erected and consecrated by Catholics. Catholic saints look down on the worshippers from painted windows, marvels of art, some of which would not suffer by comparison with the glorious stained glass of Westminster Abbey. The great St. Bernard, that passionate lover of Jesus and Mary, lives over again every heroic incident of his beautiful life in the radiant windows. The surroundings are typically Catholic. Mural tablets record the virtues of holy souls, and carved stone figures of soldiers of the cross cover the space where their ashes repose. Towards the porch, on the left as one faces the altar, is the huge stone coffin in which the martyred form of St. Winifrid once reposed. We knelt beside it and besought the holy virgin-martyr of these parts to bring back to the household of the saints these well-meaning people who still venerate the maiden of Flintshire—after their fashion.

Every evening, winter and summer,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

on the fine-toned, harmonious chimes of St. Mary's.

The pious gentlewomen who protested so strongly that they

were Catholics, reminded the writer irresistibly of some beautiful words of Cardinal Wiseman which, repeated on the spot, from memory, at once pained and puzzled these devout seekers after higher things. Speaking of the Church of England as to its rites and liturgy, his Eminence says with touching elegance :—

"I cannot but look upon her as I should upon one whom God's hand hath touched, in whom the light of reason is darkened, though the feelings of the heart have not been seared ; who presses to her bosom and cherishes there the empty locket that once contained the image of all she loved on earth, and continues to rock the cradle of her departed child."

"To rock the cradle of her departed child," echoed both the ladies, regarding each other with looks of dismay. "What, then," said the other, in tones broken by emotion, "do you say *we* have no Blessed Sacrament?" "Not even a spiritual presence?" interrupted the younger. Thus adjured, we mentioned, as concisely as possible, the Catholic doctrine on the subject, and bade farewell to our newly-made friends, of whom we hope to hear ere long as real Catholics. We left them profoundly interested, and in tears, and they asked our prayers with unusual earnestness. And we knelt in this church, where saints had knelt, and prayed where saints had prayed, that our good God would break, with His Almighty arm, the barrier which Satan has raised between the truth and so many good people, and bring them into the One Fold of which Jesus is the Shepherd.

The high pews of Bishop Burnet's time,* which deformed this church in common with many others, have been removed from the nave and transepts, and the floor covered with encaustic tiles of handsome pattern and design. But the chancel floor is still encumbered with heavy, ugly seats, which are occupied on Sunday mornings by the masters and pupils of the Shrewsbury Grammar School.

* When Bishop Burnet preached at St. James' Chapel as almoner to the Princess Anne, in 1700, he complained to her that the Court ladies did not look at him while he preached (what Queen Mary called "his thundering long sermons") and that the Church would be in danger if she did not order all the pews to be raised so high that they could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit :

"The princess, by the man's importunity prest,
Tho' she laughed at his reasons allowed his request,
And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are boxed up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

This hideous fashion was copied by many churches in the three kingdoms.

The large eastern window of this church antedates the Reformation, so called, by over two centuries. It was originally made for the Church of the Grey Friars, but was given to St. Chad's* at the dissolution of religious houses. This rare and magnificent specimen of stained glass, representing the genealogy of Christ, from the root of Jesse, has its final resting place in St. Mary's.

III.

The striking of clocks and the ringing of bells form a species of music to which all Salopians should be well inured, by moonlight as well as by sunlight. Every church tower and every public building has its bells and clock. There is a wonderfully melodious peal of twelve bells at St. Chad's; the tenor is nearly 5,000 pounds weight, and 16½ feet in circumference. The red Corn Exchange is surmounted by a lofty tower which has an immense illuminated clock with four dials, each ten feet in diameter. Even the Tudor gothic railway station, which has its buttresses and battlements and oriel window and pinnacles and embrasured parapet, is crowned by an illuminated clock.

The first night of our visit to this delightful old town our considerate hostess politely hoped that these incessant vibrations would not seriously incommode us. But, indeed, they did not; we expected them, and should have been lonely without them. It was in connexion with a clock that we had first heard of Shrewsbury. In describing the battle of Henry IV. with the Percy's, early in the fifteenth century, Shakespeare represents the amusing braggart, Falstaff, saying: "We rose both† at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." Few towns of that date had a famous clock, but Shrewsbury seems to have been one of the few. Shakespeare also mentions "a bloody field by Shrewsbury" and "that royal field of Shrewsbury," both being identical with what is now known as Battlefield.‡ It may be seen from the heights of the city.

* The greater part of St. Chad's fell July 9, 1788. Heresy was first proclaimed in this church.

† Hotspur, "this gunpowder Percy," and Falstaff who carried the dead body of the fallen hero. A Salopian friend says the clock to which Falstaff refers is probably St. Mary's or the Abbey. These with St. Alkmund's, St. Chad's, and others, have fine clocks that chime the quarters.

‡ Near the Welsh Bridge stands a very ancient tree, called Glendower's Oak. Tradition asserts that the famous Owen Glendower, whose memory is still worshipped in Wales, ascended the branches of this tree to watch the Battle of Shrewsbury. Haughmond Hill in the neighbourhood is the "bosky hill" of Shakespeare. "Bosky" in the old Salopian dialect means woody.

In its Protestant aspect, however, Shrewsbury is not a city, but a very ancient town in the diocese of Lichfield. But it became a city, in the European sense, on the restoration of the hierarchy. Its first Bishop, Right Rev. James Brown, was consecrated in London, in 1851, by Cardinal Wiseman, and lived at Belmont, Shrewsbury. The present Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Knight, resides outside Birkenhead. The diocese of Shrewsbury is larger than many a principality. It comprises Cheshire and Shropshire, counties bordering on Wales; and the six shires of the picturesque region known as North Wales. At Holywell may be seen the celebrated Well of St. Winifred, the patroness of the Diocese of Shrewsbury.*

About the old-fashioned streets of Shrewsbury and among its charming surroundings, we may easily

—"satisfy our eyes
With some memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

The hills that form a background for the town are land-marks between England and Wales.

Not only our eyes but our tastes may be gratified. Royalty itself has often been regaled on the small, wafer-like delicacies, made of flour, butter, and sugar, and known as "Shrewsbury cakes." The poet, Shenstone, enjoyed their delicious flavour:—

"For here each season do these cakes abide,
Whose honoured name the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known."

And still further off. It was in Ireland we first tasted them. Here is an advertisement published in Shrewsbury to-day:—

"Visitors should not leave the town without a box of Pailin's Shrewsbury Cakes. Pailin's Original Shrewsbury Cakes, established 1760."

"O Pailin, prince of cake-compounders, the mouth liquifies at thy very name. She has given him a roll, a bun, and a Shrewsbury cake."—See *Ingoltsby Legends*.

* The Catholic population of Shrewsbury does not increase rapidly. The same may be said of other inland towns. In Derby we were told it was little more than it was forty years ago, when a Convent of Mercy was founded there. The cause of this is emigration of Catholics to America and Australia. Henry VIII. wanted to give Shrewsbury a bishop, but the Salopians said they would rather be the first of towns than the last of cities.

The saffron cake which encloses fruit within its crust is little known beyond the Severn. But no bill of fare for a Coronation banquet, in olden times, was ever considered complete without the savoury condiment known as Shrewsbury brawn.

Judging from the nomenclature of the place, its ruins, its restored churches, and its traditions, Shrewsbury must have been a typical monastic town. The whole region abounded with monks, schools, and cloisters, and was alive and resonant with the voice of prayer and psalmody. Up to our own time was held annually, on the second Monday after Trinity Sunday, the Shrewsbury Show, a miserable burlesque on the glorious processions and festivities with which Corpus Christi was celebrated in merrie England in Catholic times. Almost every bell turret marks the site of some ancient monastery. Under the misty skies, on the damp walks shaded by arcades of lime trees, the monks of old often took their joyous, child-like recreations. Some ruins of the Grey Friary still exist, but the greater part of the Franciscan Abbey has been turned into family dwelling-houses. In the gardens of St. Mary's Watergate once stood the Dominican Priory, the home of the Blackfriars or Preachers.

The Welsh Bridge was formerly St. George's. A modern church under the same patronage occupies the venerable site of "The Free Chapel of St. George," which was old before Henry Plantagenet invaded Ireland. The outer portion of a red stone edifice, now used as a tan house, is all that remains of the fine Convent of the Friars' Eremites of St. Augustine, who settled in the Town of Shrubs in the 13th century. Many knights and other men of rank, slain in the Battle of Shrewsbury, are buried here. On College Hill is the site of the great College of St. Chad, which enclosed a quadrangular court; the whole was given, in 1549, by Edward VI., to one Hugh Edward. Near by are the remains of old St. Chad's Church, which dates back to the days of the Merain Kings in the 8th century. The tower of new St. Chad's is capped by an octagonal belfry, surmounted by a dome which rests on eight Corinthian pillars. This steeple is somewhat irreverently, though accurately, likened by the Salopians to "a pepper castor." A fine carved statue of St. Chad, in his episcopal robes, a Bible in his right hand and a crozier in his left, is in the vestry. In and near the handsome avenue, bordered with trees, called the Abbey Foregate, are many interesting memorials of the Ages of Faith.

St. Giles' Hospital, originally for lepers, founded in the 12th century, and still a charitable institution, partially maintains four hospitallers, giving each a small house and garden adjoining St. Giles' churchyard, with one-and-sixpence a-week for coal, and a small allowance annually for clothing. St. Giles' Church, parts of which are covered with the hospital for whose service it was built, has nave, chancel, and north aisle, and is entered by a Norman arch. Some remarkably fine windows have lately been painted for this church by the celebrated London artist, O'Connor. The Drapers' Almshouse, founded 1491, and rebuilt in the old English style, has six gables in front, and an embattled gateway, which reminds one of Hampton Court on a very small scale. It is adorned with the armorial bearings of the Company of Drapers, and the motto: "Unto God only be honour and glory." The remains of "The Weeping Cross" give name to a fine road.

The Abbey Church was built by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1083. Of the 608 monasteries in England at the suppression it stood 34th in opulence. Its estates and buildings were surrendered into lay hands, Jan. 24, 1587. St. Altimand's Church was founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred. Battlefield* Church was erected by Henry IV. in thanksgiving for his victory at Shrewsbury. Within the limits of our article it would be impossible to describe all the ancient churches in and around Shrewsbury, with their heraldic shields, recumbent figures of cross-legged knights, Gothic mouldings, crocketed pinnacles, monumental tablets, foliated niches, diagonal shafts, sculptured spandrels, and mullioned windows. In all these churches are seen relics, ancient and modern. Among the latter is the font of grey marble in which the cicerone will tell you "Bishop Heber received the rite of baptism."

(Concluded next month.)

* The interior of the Battle Church is striking. The banners of the knights who fought are suspended from the roof. Outside is an enormous mound under which the slain soldiers are said to repose, friend and foe in a common grave. The altar within the church has been restored, but no sacrifice is now offered for the departed.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROSE KAVANAGH.

A CROSS Knockmany sighs the gale,
It murmurs low adown the vale,
With cadence like a funeral wail—
For Rose is dead !

Kind nature mourns her early doom—
Snatched like a flower, while yet in bloom,
To perish in the darksome tomb—
Poor Rose is dead !

The Avondhu's dark waters flow
Where oft she wandered to and fro,—
But now she sleeps in cold Dunroe—
Our Rose is dead !

She loved them all—hill, river, plain,
She sang their praise in sweetest strain—
Ah ! who shall sing so sweet again,
Since Rose is dead ?

No selfish motive swayed her mind ;
She loved her faith, she loved her kind,
Her life to noble work assigned—
But Rose is dead !

The spring is come with quickening showers,
To deck the earth anew with flowers,
And music rings from woodland bowers—
Though Rose is dead !

But Rose enjoys an endless spring,
Where with her now the seraphs sing,
And to the Throne sweet incense bring—
She is not dead.

In green Tyrone, for many a day,
They'll think of her, and fervent pray :
God rest thee, Rose, in heaven this day !
Thou art not dead.

THOMAS DONOHUE.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

IN one of those fine morsels of literature which *The Weekly Register* occasionally serves up, a certain reviewer said of some verse-writer that he had unduly weighted himself by attempting the 'dangerous feat of arguing in verse. "Dryden, who could probably have made a decent poem out of *Bradshaw's Guide*, certainly wrote *The Hind and Panther*; Pope, *The Essay on Man*; Wordsworth, *The Excursion*. And are not all three poems among the admired unread? If Shelley ever falls from his high pinnacle, it will be because he sanded his poetry with metaphysics."

* * *

The French journals printed lately some unpublished lines by John Reboul, the baker-poet of Nîmes, famous for his delightful little elegy, "L'Ange et l'Enfant," which will be found in French and English among many other "Flowers for a Child's Grave" in the eighth volume of this Magazine, at page 545, not 445, as it is given in the index of the volume. Let us serve up in the same fashion this newly discovered fragment:—

Avant de dérouler sa voix enchanteresse
Le rossignol, caché sous la feuillée épaisse,
S'informe-t-il s'il est dans le lointain des champs,
Quelque oreille attentive à recueillir ses chants ?
Non. Il jette au désert, à la nuit, au silence
Tout ce qu'il a reçu de suave cadence.
Si la nuit, le désert, le silence sont sourds,
Celui qui l'a créé l'écouterait toujours.

The nightingale, hid where the thick leaves throng—
Before outpouring his enchanting song,
Does he peer round in search of some one near,
The liquid music of his voice to hear ?
No. On the silence of night's lonely hour
He flings whate'er of sweetness is his dower.
Night, silence, solitude—if deaf be these,
The song his Maker's listening ear will please.

* * *

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has won wide renown all at once, chiefly by his stories of Anglo-Indian life, has made an Irishman, Mulvaney, one of his "Soldiers Three." The two other friends are Learoyd, a Yorkshire man, and Ortheris, a cockney. In one of their talks Mulvaney interrupts the former to the following effect:—

"I misdoubt you were built for the Primitive Methodians, Jock. They're a new corps, anyways. I hold by the ould Church, for she's

the mother of them all—aye, and the father too. I like her bekase she's most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Nova Zembra, or Cape Cayenne; but wherever I die, me bein' what I am, and a priest handy, I go under the same orders an' the same words as though the Pope himself came down from the dome av St. Peter's to see me off. There's neither High nor Low, nor Broad nor Deep, nor Betwixt nor Between with her, and that's what I like. But mark you, she's no manner av Church for a wake man, bekase she takes the body and the soul av him—onless he has his proper work to do. I remimber when my father died, that was three months comin' to his grave. Begad, he'd ha' sold the shebeen above our heads for ten minutes' quittance of Purgathory. An' he did all he could. That's why I say it takes a strong man to deal with the ould Church; an' for that very reason you'll find so many women go there. An' that same's a conundrum."

* * *

Would there not be exercised a certain amount of virtue in making a point of not placing postage stamps on our letters upside down? Apart from the disrespect shown to the Queen by making Her Majesty stand on her head, there is a certain slovenliness and a want of mortification in neglecting this little detail. Such hurry does not save five minutes in the month. But the sort of mortification that I am alluding to now—the self-denial that is required to do small things correctly—is exercised in nothing so much as in our habitual way of writing. Is there not a certain degree of contempt of others shown in our not trying to write even our most informal note almost as carefully and as legibly as I am now writing these lines for my kind friend, the compositor to whose fate may fall the task of transmuting them into long primer?

* * *

In a newspaper scrap of a speech, which gives me no clue to the speaker, except that he evidently was a Tory leader, probably the Marquis of Salisbury, and certainly not Mr. Arthur Balfour (for he could not praise himself) this sentence occurs:—"The population of Ireland are singularly clever: they have, probably, more genius than the English and Scotch peoples put together; but they have not the Scotch thrift, nor, I fear, the English love of labour." Let you and me, dear young reader, try to refute this patronising disparagement of the Irish character, especially in ourselves, and especially as regards our way of employing to-day and to-morrow. But I forgot: Salvian or somebody else says there is no to-morrow for a Christian—and *we* are, thank God, Christians at any rate.

* * *

"After a very enjoyable evening." This phrase has just come under my eye in a proof-sheet; and, as the writer is no longer in this world of newspapers and proof-sheets, and so her susceptibilities will not be wounded by any editorial tampering, I have ventured to change "enjoyable" into "pleasant." Was it necessary to give the printer the trouble involved in making that change in his type? "Enjoyable" means "that can be enjoyed." Is that a sufficiently explicit epithet for a delightful evening? How long has this word been used with this meaning, and has it been used by any writer of authority with a due sense of responsibility? Dr. James A. H. Murray's great "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" has not come so far, having only reached "clitter-clatter"; else I should hunt up there the history and pedigree of "an enjoyable evening."

* * *

The best working comrade for an intelligent pair of scissors is a self-sacrificing box of pins. Papers get lost or refuse to turn up at the proper moment unless they are pinned to cognate scraps and laid in the place where they are likely to be looked for when wanted. Pins serve this purpose far better than that sticky gum or that malodorous starch. They are more easily got and much more easily used. Besides, what man has joined man often wants to sunder again. Now what has been pinned it is easy to unpin; but who shall ungum what has once been gummed? Some people, however, never care to cut out anything or to preserve anything; and for them this pigeonhole paragraph on one of the uses of pins has been written in vain. But gum, too, has its advantages at times; and there are cases in which it is more serviceable than any amount of pins.

* *

Half a dozen children, girls and boys, once lived very happily in an unpretentious but comfortable house, which was separated by only a couple of fields—their own fields—from the sea-shore. Could it be called the sea-shore? In reality it was the shore of a large Irish bay, where the sea had room enough to behave like a real sea, yet not too wildly or too Atlantically.

The mother of these children used, once or twice a year, to travel to Dublin—which to the children seemed as far away as Chicago seems now. Every time she came back it seemed as if they had lost their mother and found her again.

To increase the warmth of her welcome the wise mother took care not to return empty-handed but to bring a gift for each of her young people. On one of these occasions there was a cloud over the sunshine. The excellent governess, who was the mother's viceregent, and who was always treated with the fullest confidence and respect, felt it

her duty to report unfavourably on one of the boys. May God reward her for discharging a painful duty, not giving in weakly at the end and hushing it all up in the joy of the mother's home-coming! And may God reward the good mother for not making light of the offence or seizing on some expedient for receiving the culprit back at once into favour! No, the other gifts were distributed—one of them was "Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories about Animals, Insects, and Plants"—but the gift intended for the young evil-doer, whose transgression was not very wicked, was not merely withheld for a time but never bestowed upon him. The credit of his subsequent career was, perhaps, partly attributable to the firmness and wisdom of his early discipline, of which this is a sample.

But "these things are said for a parable." The incident may illustrate God's way of dealing with us His poor children. He leaves Himself to a great extent at our mercy. How many graces may He have designed for me and never conferred upon me for reasons similar to those which kept back for ever the companion-volume to "Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories about Animals, Insects, and Plants!" Bartoli, in his *Life of St. Ignatius*, quotes this saying of his: "God would readily bestow very many graces upon us if our perverse will did not place an obstacle to His liberality." What a pity! It might be well for us, each of us in his own heart, to go deeper than would be becoming in this place into this sad subject of God's ungiven gifts, and to ask the Sacred Heart to save us from the consequences of past folly.

* * *

This bit of word-painting was clipped a year ago out of a newspaper column to which the initials "R. M." attracted many readers:—"The town of Tipperary is not picturesquely situated, except on one side, where a long iron-hued hill extends like a rampart, with the blue cones and broad, grey shoulders of the Galtee Mountains rising in alternate sullen gloom and solemn splendour above its even ridge. Between these two ranges of hills lies the Glen of Aherlow, a valley of great beauty, the pride and delight of Tipperary men, rich in purple shadows and capricious sunbursts, lovely at this moment with the white bloom on the sloe, and the silken fur on the wands of the young sallows, with moss-banks yellowed over with extravagant wealth of primroses and the sky full of a lace-work of the scarcely budded branches of the tapering roadside ash trees."

* * *

One of the last anecdotes of the sort that I heard from a friend who knew everything and who remembered everything, was the following inscription on a marble salt-cellar given by a certain Lady

Parke to some notable person whose name I forget—for, unlike my friend whose marvellous memory dispensed with all note-taking, I can remember few things exactly unless I write them down, as I wrote this, which those only will appreciate who need no translation:—

Hoc tibi marmoreum dat PARCA benigna salinar ;
Ipsos jam dederat parca benigna sales.

* * *

"How is it done, Sairey?" I think this is the question which Betsy Prig puts to Sarah Gamp on a certain occasion; and the same question occurs to us in reference to Durrant's Press Cuttings, an agency established in 1880, and of which the chief London offices are at No. 67 Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. For a small fee they undertake to keep a close watch on all journals and newspapers, and to cut out and send you every reference to any particular subject in which you chance to be interested. If you are the editor of a Magazine or the author of a book, they will send you thus all the reviews and notices that may appear even in some very out-of-the-way corner—125 of such extracts for a guinea! Why, the half-penny postage, as they dribble this supply of criticism in upon you, costs them a good deal. But a thousand such extracts for five guineas! And contracts at reduced rates entered into for 3, 6, or 12 months. "Sairey Gamp, how is it done?"

* * *

No answer has been given to a question proposed in these pages: For how many years after a man's death may he continue to be spoken of as the late Mr. So-and-so? We speak of the late Cardinal Newman; but Cardinal Manning's predecessor died in 1865, and he could hardly be referred to now as the late Cardinal Wiseman. Between one year and twenty years what is the utmost range for the use of this epithet, "late?" The question occurs to us again, because some readers were startled at the opening of our March Number—"Notice to Quit," by Julia O'Ryan. This is an unpublished posthumous tale by one of the most attractive contributors to our early volumes; but her death did not seem recent enough to let us indicate this by prefixing to her name the epithet under discussion. We hope soon to give some account of Miss O'Ryan and her literary work. The serial tale running its course at present in our pages was carefully prepared for this special republication by Miss Attie O'Brien immediately before her death, with many changes, even that of her heroine's name.

IN AN ULSTER TOWN.

VERY many disappointed eyes, I think, must have looked sadly at the leaden sky on the morning of Low Sunday within the wide area which comprises the united parishes of Desertreight and Derryloran. On that day a ceremony was to take place at the eight o'clock Mass in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cookstown, which few of the country people had ever witnessed before, and which, however common it may be elsewhere, was quite an event in our neighbourhood—the profession of the first Sister of Mercy in Cookstown.

Cookstown, one of the most flourishing of provincial towns, is situated in the eastern part of the county of Tyrone, not very far from the banks of Lough Neagh. It is called, the directories inform us, after its founder, Adam Cook, and that good man would likely be surprised at the size his foundling has grown to. It consists principally of one street beyond a mile in length, which reminds travellers, as they say, by its width and length of the Paris Boulevards, and dreamers of “that broad white street of Tusculum” and “stately market-place,” of which Macaulay sings. In the summer time the view from either end of the town is very fine. Long lines of trees, elm, sycamore, and beech, grow along each side of the street, excepting the business part, which is not beautified in that way. The same directories tell of its population, industries, etc., but they say little of the new convent that has sprung up so rapidly by the side of the handsome church, or of the fine schools in process of erection, where the Sisters of Mercy will continue the good work they have begun in their present far too small establishment. Some three years ago four Sisters from the Mother House in Lurgan came to Cookstown; and already in the crowded day-school, and still more in the night-school for mill girls and others—the pride of the good parish priest’s heart—one can observe their blessed influence.

Many were the anxious speculations regarding the weather on the previous evening, and many appointments were made concerning where neighbours were to meet in the country districts. A walk or even a drive of six or eight miles is no joke through muddy country by-roads, in bad weather, and at an early hour.

One can fancy how the steady *drip-drip* of the falling rain that bespeaks a regular wet day must have sounded in the "wee sma'" hours to wakeful ears—how hopeless the outlook in the early morning on leaden skies and sodden roads.

Not a soul was visible on the Queen's highway as we drove along. Not a wreath of curling smoke from the chimneys of farm-houses, whose inmates consider a long rest on the Sunday mornings their legal right. As we approached the town, the bell was ringing for the Mass at which the novice was to be professed, and we espied one solitary pedestrian who changed his walk to a brisk trot. He had not the appearance of an athlete in good training, being inclined to a rotundity of figure that precludes violent exercise; but he was evidently determined to be in time. And so he was. A few moments saw him and us at the church gates. No time for an admiring look at distant Slieve Gallion (not to be confounded with the very much more distant Slievegullion from which the author of "Dear Land" took his name), even had people been inclined to look out for the picturesque. Everyone's thoughts, however, seemed to be of waterproofs and umbrellas, and how to obtain the greatest shelter from these useful articles. The townspeople were thronging up the steep ascent that leads to the church, thence pressing as closely up to the altar-rails as they might.

Wet as the morning was, every seat was occupied. Women and girls thronged the nave, stoutly determined to see as much of the ceremony as they could. As the nuns came in from the convent, walking two and two, and carrying lighted candles, the white-veiled Sister leading the way with the crucifix held on high, there was a deep murmur over the church like that

— "which thrills,
When o'er the altar mounts the host,
Some chapel 'mid the Irish hills."

In a moment the nuns had knelt down in their stalls, and the Primate began Mass.

Very sweet and clear was the voice of Sister Mary Aquinas as she knelt before the altar steps and took her final vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, received her ring and black veil, and renounced the world for ever. Triumphantly the music from the organ gallery rose and died away in lingering sweetness; and the

people thronged yet nearer to the sanctuary for just one glimpse of the prostrate Sister. A general disposition was indeed observable through all the church, particularly amongst the womenkind, to get on tip-toe.

Walter Besant, or was it J. Rice?—for “My Little Girl” is one of their collaboration novels—speaking of the good work done by the Sisters of Charity in some of the East Indian islands during times of epidemic, says he would ask no greater happiness in dying than to have one of those gentle nuns beside him, “with their sweet if unlovely countenances, serene, untroubled eyes, and passionless tenderness of heart.” I quote from memory; but I take it the meaning was that even those nuns, not endowed with mere physical beauty, were lovely by reason of their saintly look. It struck me, not for the first time, on this Low Sunday, that there is something in the movements of these holy Sisters, and in their speech and looks, suggestive of repose and serenity, a beauty about them far beyond earthly beauty, like the loveliness of a still autumn evening, or the placid charm of an undisturbed summer sea. Everyone knows Dalton Williams’s “Sister of Charity.” It is very exquisite, but not in the least an exaggeration.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

AN OLD IRISH ORCHARD.

HOME-GROWN apples, I am told, are gradually vanishing out of our island, and with them the dear old fragrant and bird-haunted orchard. Reading Mr. John Burrough’s charming rhapsody about the apple, one is forcibly struck by the fact that the apple he raves about so delightfully—which is so gorgeously coloured, so round and large, so ripe and sweet and aromatic, so easily procurable by poor or rich, so ready with its juicy refreshment at every moment along the thirsty way of life—is an American apple, the same that is rapidly extinguishing the homely orchard which used to skirt the Irish farmer’s tillage and flank his pastures.

The Irish orchard stood, and in some places still stands, on a strip of land between field and field, or on a hill sloping to running water, or stretches away at one side from the gable of the house, or lies in a hollow opposite the front door at the end of the modest avenue, or *boreen*, that leads to the homestead. On whichever side it is placed, it is a sweetener of the air and beautifier of the aspect of a centre of Irish farming life of the better sort, with its cluster of irregular grey or white-washed walls, its half-thatched and half-slated roof, its green-hedged garden of cabbage-roses, lavender, marigolds, gilliflowers, bachelors' buttons, sweetwilliams, and burly bushes of those lovely virgin-white roses with a blush at their hearts, which shed more perfume than all the more vivid beauties of a rose-show.

This garden has a few brilliant hollyhocks tossing their pink and crimson cups aloft beside the parlour windows. Yonder a deep-dyed peony is blushing itself purple under the screen of a sitherwood bush; the breeze brings the scent of aromatic herbs; and hark to the humming of the bees wheeling to their harvest, not in the yellow-horned honeysuckle swinging on the top of the hedge, for that they say yields no honey, but more often in modest and faintly coloured blossoms which scarcely catch a wandering eye. In the north of Ireland, at least, a farmhouse which has a garden like this is sure to have an orchard, and sweet are the paths of that old orchard, however homely and little cultured it may be.

In spring it is a dream of rose and white, and its delightful wilderness of bloom is made further enchanting by thrush and blackbird, whose song grows mellow year by year on their autumn thievings. Later in the season the little brown tracks through the lush grass are almost obliterated by the red and yellow leaves lying in the blue, moist shade under the over-laden low-growing branches. Except for an occasional ancient heavy-foliaged pear tree, bearing the brown, tough-skinned pear, which will only grow ripe in a loft about Christmas time, and the large-leaved tree of the "lady finger," a long, smooth-cheeked delicately yellow green apple—with a few exceptions like these the Irish apple trees are low-growing, wide-spreading creatures, with gnarled knotted branches which spread their tracery with curious effect against a saffron evening sky, and set their small dull red fruit like jewels here and there amid the fretwork.

In a clearing of the orchard there is a swing for the children,

who have, besides, many a secret chamber and cosy hiding-place up in the recesses of some of the old far-spreading, thick-stemmed apple trees; up there many a boy will sit at evening with his spelling-book, in the season when the fruit-globes are still green as the leaves on the embowering boughs, and the long light in the sky seems to hold the world alive and awake, loth to relinquish to sleep any of the all-too-short beauty-hours of the Irish summer, whose light feet pass almost without our hearing them, and whose rose-face is gone almost as soon as it is seen. Here the boy will stay, aloof yet near to his kind, hearing the lowing of the cattle from the neighbouring field, and the straining of the milk into the pails, the click of the soythes in the meadow at the orchard's foot, the echoes of voices, and maybe the light roll and splash of the incoming sea-wave on the mile-off strand. The *Angelus* bell rings dreamily across the pastures from the nearest village belfry; the labourers leave off work in the field; the boy hears them go laughing down the shady *boreen*; and his mother comes to the house-door and calls his name, north, east, south, west, not knowing on what side her summons may reach him. His sister places his mug of new milk and plate of bread and butter outside the house on the window-sill beside the climbing rose-bush, and the house-dog keeps watch over this simple supper as if to say that this is no repast awaiting beggars, nor yet crumbs spread for the birds, but is his truant master's evening meal. Not until the large yellow moon comes and looks in at him through a parting in the boughs does the young vagrant drop from his aromatic leaf-walled chamber and go in search of his bread and milk, which he eats on the doorstep, while the corn-crake sends up its harsh cries of delight, distinct in the enchanted quietude of the short-lived Midsummer darkness.

Very few of these dear old orchards are left us: their pungent sweetness is dying on our air; their fantastic, wayward outlines of bough and trunk and tangled woof of branches, and their rich streak of autumn colouring, are growing lost to our landscape. They are suffered to rot and die, or are uprooted from the land to give place to more profitable growths, because the fast-sailing ocean steamers are bringing us the large, resplendent, and delicious American apple in such abundance, that our smaller, wilder, sweeter Irish peach-apple, russet, and strawberry-apple have been crushed out of the market, and are of no more account than are the fragrant blush-hearted white roses in the old garden compared with the queens of the flaunting rose-show.

R. M.

THE "MONTH OF MARY" ALTAR.

BEAUTIFUL Mother, we deck thy shrine;
 All that is brightest and best of ours,
 Found in our gardens, we reckon thine—
 God thought of thee when He made the flowers!

Beautiful Mother, upon thy shrine,
 Picked and gathered in loving haste,
 See! we arrange them in pleasing line—
 They who love thee will not want for taste!

Beautiful Mother, around thy shrine
 Innocent children, lights, flowers should be—
 Winning a smile from the Child Divine,
 Pleased with us most when we pleasure thee.

Beautiful Mother, before thy shrine
 How can I venture to kneel and speak?
 What that is bright do I bring of mine?
 Only the tear on a sinner's cheek.

K. D.

ST. PHILIP'S LAST MASS. *

THROUGH all his life God's music reached his ear:
 Yet now, since waiting may not be for long,
 His failing voice doth raise itself in song
 As though it did not all suffice to hear
 The sweetness growing nearer and more near,
 But that, where seraphs in their singing throng.
 There should one earthly voice be heard among
 The Glorias all Heaven holdeth dear.

'Tis now as it hath been: impatience sweet
 To hear the full-voiced ecstasy of bliss,
 To catch the sacred rhythm and the beat
 Of heavenly anthems in the hush of this
 World's discord, ere the angels him do greet,
 And he doth feel the rapture of God's kiss.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

* His feast is May 26th.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. Many bishops and priests in Ireland and in other English-speaking parts of the Church will be glad to learn that at last the essays of the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., on the Relations of the Church to Society are to be published in a volume. In the twelve years that have elapsed since his death their republication in this form has often been requested by many persons in authority. When the book appears, it will be brought under the notice of our readers; but, meanwhile, priests and others who wish to be supplied with early copies of the work are invited to send their names to the address that is given at the top of the first of our advertising pages.

2. The Benzigers of New York are bringing out a new edition of "Percy Wynne, or Making a Boy of him," by the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. This may, indeed, be said to be its first appearance in proper book-form, with the author's real name. It is full of exciting incidents in school-boy life; the story is very well told, and the moral lessons judiciously subordinated to the development of the plot. Some points now and then in the mutual relations of the boys and their masters may strike us as somewhat improbable; but this means chiefly what we are not used to, and we must remember that this tale regards American boys. We intend to let our readers hear more of Percy Wynne, and how Tom Playfair, his comrade, made a boy of him.

3. The latest additions to the long series of booklets made up of sayings of the saints are "The Heart of St. Jane Frances de Chantal," and "Counsels of St. Angela," with which we may join "The Novena to St. Catherine de Ricci," all published by the American Firm of Benziger Brothers, who have also sent us the new volume of the Centenary Edition of the Ascetic Writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, containing an immense number of his letters, very carefully edited and handsomely printed. Another spiritual book of great value and of more general utility is "Meditations on the Gospel for every day in the year," translated from the French Jesuit, Father Médaille, under the direction (this is the phrase used on the title-page) of the Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. No one can read Father Eyre's short preface without being prepared to find this book far more satisfying than most meditation books. The points for meditation are proposed tersely and soberly, and we suspect that in these respects the translation even improves upon the original. This is a really good book of meditations, and we earnestly recommend it to religious communities

and the pious faithful. It is brought out with their usual elegance by Burns and Oates, of London.

4. There are seven or eight editions of "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" published each month in the English language in different English-speaking divisions of the earth's surface, all quite different from one another, except in the special intention for prayer proposed each month to their pious readers. The largest by far of these is the American *Messenger*, edited by Father Raphael Dewey, S.J., at Philadelphia. It is quite an imposing literary and illustrated Magazine. The others are generally penny Magazines, the earliest being the English *Messenger*, edited at St. Helens, Lancashire, by the Rev. Augustus Dignap, S.J. This is by far the neatest; and the next in this respect is the newest, "*The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," edited at Montreal by the Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J. In connection with the English *Messenger* there has been begun a pretty little series of holy Lives—Venerable Claude Colombière, Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, Saint Aloysius. The first of them, the only one we have seen, contains a large number of really good illustrations on which much taste and skill have been bestowed. The Irish *Messenger*, edited at Dublin by the Rev. James A. Cullen, S.J., and the Australian *Messenger*, edited at Melbourne by the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J., show a great deal of heartiness and practical working power, and can boast (as far as boasting can be indulged in by a religious periodical) of a very wide circulation which their secular rivals might envy. "*The Irish Franciscan Tertiary*" each month addresses a world of its own, its headquarters being the Franciscan Convent, Drogheda. The most successful of all our religious periodicals seems to be the *Ave Maria* published at Notre Dame in Indiana. The thirty-first volume is a large and very handsome book with several artistic pictures of the Madonna, the chief Madonnas of Christian art, and containing an immense number of pious and interesting essays, sketches, tales, and poems.

5. Let us give a paragraph to some of the secular rivals just now alluded to. The twopenny *Nature Notes* (London: Sotheman and Co., 136 Strand), the monthly organ of the Selborne Society, is admirably conducted and must be of enthralling interest for those who know and care much about birds and beasts and flowers. We suspect that our Irish ladies and gentlemen are behindhand in botany and cognate studies—let us hope that it is because their interest is absorbed in higher things. *The Magazine and Book Review* (280 Strand, London, W.C.) gives a vast amount of literary information for a penny. The correctness of its literary judgments may be gauged by the fact that

in giving recently a list of the best articles in the February Magazines it characterised Mr. Denny Lane's paper on "Art as a Profession" in *The Irish Monthly* as "thoughtful and useful." *The Illustrated Catholic Missions* continues to be conducted with great spirit; the articles and pictures are very interesting. Some pious Christians have ventured to find *The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* dull; let them try *The Illustrated Catholic Missions* (19 Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London).

6. We may bracket together two Magazines which have come to us from Jesuit Colleges as far apart as Denver in Colorado and Sydney in New South Wales. The Australian periodical, *Our Alma Mater*—the organ of St. Ignatius College, Riverview—appears with what is perhaps the proper degree of frequency for a College Magazine—once a year. To aspire to anything approaching the monthliness of the magazines of the outside world seems to intelligent outsiders (represented by the present writer) to be an unwise ambition likely to involve an outlay of time, money, and energy which must for the persons concerned interfere notably with the ends and objects of school-life. But an annual like *Our Alma Mater* may be made (and this one is) deeply interesting, useful, and instructive. In spite of our jealousy of amateur rival monthlies, we cannot but give a hearty word of praise to the January and February Numbers of *The Highlander*—so called because it is "edited and published by the students of the College of the Sacred Heart," the Highlands, Denver, Colorado. One of its columns of spicy brevities is headed "Highland Flings." How well they print in every obscure little corner of the United States! Denver is not an obscure little corner, but still the excellence of its typography surprises us. *The Highlander* serves up abundance of spirited prose and verse. It is consoling to be reminded of the wholesome work going on in all these centres of education over the world.

7. Another parcel of books from the busy press of Burns and Oates of London, all gaily bound, and all, alas! undated, so that they may come to us five years hence as brand-new books. Some of them agree also in suppressing the names of the poor authors; not only "Scenes and Incidents at Sea," which had no author but only a compiler and an intelligent pair of scissors, but also "Tales of Duty and Affection," which outside title becomes inside "Blind Rosa and other Tales." As they are all cast in foreign scenes, and as "H.C." is signed to the first of them, perhaps they are translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience, like "The Demon of Gold," which takes a volume of 230 pages to itself—and, by-the-by, unlike its comrades, it

bears a date—1889. Author's and publishers' name guarantees these tales as safe at least.

8. "Mary, Star of the Sea, a Story of Catholic Devotion" (Burns and Oates) was published in 1847 and republished in 1875; and it comes to us now, as we have said, without any date on the title-page. We wish that the authorship after so long a time had been revealed. It expressly subordinates the story element to the devotional element; but its ability and literary merit are far above the common.

9. We are disappointed in "Men and Women as they appeared in the Far-off Time," by S. H. Burke (Burns and Oates), which also bears no date except that of the preface (1884). Many interesting facts are put together, but in a very poor style, and phrases are constantly occurring which cannot be defended. In describing the horrible death of Henry VIII.: "the action, and the brief speech which followed, manifested the mastery of a ruthless spirit and evinced the domination of a final impenitence." "A diversity of opinion exists as to the merits of Wolsey, and is likely to continue so." The sentence which follows this is worse than even that "so." "I contend that Wolsey was in no manner swayed by the vulgar vanity of appearing proud, in that light in which the ignorant or the superficial behold the surroundings of a great man." Was any one ever vain of appearing proud? Has the rest of the sentence any particular meaning here?

10. The same Publishers have issued a third edition of Mr. Healy Thompson's excellent translation of "The Hidden Life of Jesus," by Boudon, the saintly Archdeacon of Evreux. The original is far above all criticism; and the English version is worthy of the piety and literary skill of the translator.

11. I think it is to Mr. Healy Thompson also that we owe the English Life of the Holy Man of Tours, M. Dupont. It does not come under our notice at present, but we are reminded of it by its close connection with a pious little brochure which we have already mentioned to our readers, Dean Kinane's compilation of the devotions, privileges, indulgences and rules of the Archconfraternity canonically established at Tours, in France, in honour of the Holy Face of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. The Dean of Cashel, so widely known by his *Dove of the Tabernacle* and other devout writings, has lately been authorised to establish this Confraternity in his parish church, almost under the shadow of the Rock of Cashel, and from this centre the pious devotion is rapidly spreading, reminding many pious souls more vividly of the realities of our Redeemer's sufferings in His passion and death.

12. A new publishing firm, Gilbert Ellis and Co. (Clement's Inn, London) has brought out cheaply and attractively Miss Annette Mac Carthy's authorised translation of the learned work of Vanhaecke on the relic of the Precious Blood at Bruges in Flanders. The translator has executed her task carefully. She ought to have given some of the proper names in the Latin or English form, not in French. Gregory of Valentia is more familiar to us than Grégoire de Valence, and Euthymius rather than Euthyme.

13. In a previous paragraph about some of our contemporaries we ought to have found room for a cordial word of praise for "The Catholic Fireside." It is an excellent pennyworth. Pictures cost a good deal to produce, and most people like them. There are plenty here, and some not at all bad, for instance those illustrating "Jim Horan's Rosary." We are glad to notice another of those stories of which Miss Frances Maitland has made a speciality, about Irish Catholics isolated in Scottish rural parishes. Her conversations seem to be exceedingly natural; and her skilful little plots are worked out with a quiet, quaint, half-humorous pathos that is very taking. In the same April Number a writer, with whom our readers are familiar, Miss Magdalen Rock, in "A Debt Paid," condenses a tragedy into a column and a-half—a drama in miniature. A very sensational tragedy on a larger scale by M. E. Francis ran through February and March under the ominous name of "Nemesis."

14. We are inclined, at a first glance, to think that "A Letter to the People of England on the Revival of the Catholic Faith in their midst," by Charles T. Gatty, F.S.A. (to be had from the Catholic Truth Society, 18 West Square, London) is a fourpenny controversial tract with a future before it. The author's name has attractive literary associations which are not belied by the style of these bright, brief chapters. The opusculum has just reached at the last moment, but our welcome must be thus blurted out at once.

14. Sir John Croker Barrow's "Mary of Nazareth," which appeared at intervals in three separate portions, has been brought out by Messrs. Burns and Oates in a neat half-crown volume just in time for the Month of May and Mary. It may be used as a solid and pleasant book of devotion, better than many *Mois de Marie*, although it is very good poetry also.

TO ROSE IN HEAVEN.

YOU need not fear again
The east wind and the snows.
Nor dree your weird of pain,
Sickness and dying, Rose.
In God's land summer is,
And health and youth and bliss.

You need not go away,
When going was like death,
For leave to live your day,
For leave to draw your breath.
In God's Land, where you are,
Sweet is the summer air.

You need not have for friend,
Housemate and wayfarer,
Pain that had never an end,
And sickness hard to bear ;
Or lie the long night through
While life ebbed out from you.

Oh ! *there* is no home-sickness,
Because it is our home ;
Nor labour nor distress,
Nor watching wearisome.
You need not fear the snows,
North wind or east wind, Rose !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

April 15th, 1891

JUNE, 1891.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER V.

A PRE-BALLOT ELECTION.

ONE of the houses that Mr. Huntingdon had noticed as particularly tumbledown and dirty belonged to a man who, to say the least of him, was almost as objectionable as his house. Paddy Daly was held in no great estimation by his neighbours. He regulated his family concern by brute force. He had had a wretched, half-blind wife, whom he was accustomed to beat savagely when he got drunk, which was as often as he possibly could; till at last the poor, patient creature was laid in her grave, with her new-born baby on her breast.

Daly was a man whom it was quite useless to assist or advise. Captain Crosbie made several unsuccessful attempts to bring him back to industrious ways; but he preferred ranging the mountains with an old gun, shooting whatever game he could find, regardless of the law, and regardless of the prophets who anticipated his capture by the authorities. He would sell his spoil to a dealer in the neighbouring town; and having regaled himself on a dinner of chops, washed down by a half pint of whiskey, would proudly boast that he could make seven or ten shillings a day.

Meanwhile his farm, which he had got by his wife (his father having given money to portion off a second sister), was rapidly deteriorating. He dragged on, selling a meadow one year, his grazing land another; he sometimes took a sudden fit of industry, and set a crop of oats well and tidily, but as his fences were out of repair, the

neighbours' cattle and asses would have the greater portion eaten before it came to maturity. There was a goodly crop of weeds and grasses of hearselike solemnity growing on top of his house; indeed, one end of it was only kept over the heads of the inhabitants by being propped up from inside by a young fir tree cut in the Fintona woods.

"'Tisn't goin' off the property," said Paddy, "an' 'twill hould up the raffther till I have the time to mend it. The devil's luck to it, why should it fall on the top of me above all the tenants?"

He had eight children, varying in age from fifteen to two years, too ragged and too idle to go to school, getting enough to eat when Paddy was in luck, getting a bit here and there among the neighbours when he was not; hunting birds, snaring rabbits in the woods, and otherwise disporting themselves after vagabond methods.

No one is wholly bad, and the redeeming point in Paddy Daly's character was a certain kind of fidelity. When a mere boy he was up to all the secrets of the Terry Alts; later on he was engaged in every political movement, from the outbreak in '48 to the Fenian conspiracy, not so much, indeed, from love of country as from hatred for authority of any kind. He was suspected by his parish priest of being a Head Centre, but, when he questioned and advised him, Paddy was more than usually stolid. When the conspiracy collapsed, Paddy returned to his normal state of impecuniosity; but though it was well known he had information to give, no amount of bribes could tempt him to become an informer.

Mary Desmond, who helped to clothe his children and had tried to protect his wife, had some influence over him. He had an unbounded admiration for the Desmond family. He and his forefathers had lived under them for ages, and he quite resented their being obliged to leave Fintona, being supremely indifferent to the fact that it was the best thing they could do. It took more than one sharp reprimand from Mrs. Desmond to put an end to his pathetic condolences with the boy on the loss of the hounds and horses that had always kept his father in embarrassed circumstances.

Paddy could no more keep away from the vicinity of sport than he could resist a proffered glass of whiskey, and generally the temptations were combined. Soon after Captain Crosbie had left the farm, he lounged up with his hands in his pockets, and, leaning on the pier of the little gate, looked on while Mary and Peter were gardening.

"A fine day, Miss Mary," said he. "Isn't it very hot for you to be working?"

"I suppose that's the reason you're idle yourself," remarked Peter; "'tis always too hot or too cowl'd for you."

"Who asked you to put in your oar?" said Paddy, "you can-

tankerous ould devil. Did you ever see the likes of him, Miss Mary? He can't let anyone pass."

"Faith, 'tis to pass I'd like they would," answered Peter; "there's many a one I know wears out their welcome."

"I'll pass when it matches me," retorted Paddy. "Keep your breath to cool your porridge; I don't want to be spaking at all to an ould cut-throat."

"But, Paddy, is it not a shame for you to idle this fine day?" said Mary. "Why are you not at work?"

"Shure, so I was, miss. I began early enough this mornin', and, as luck would have it, I broke my reapin' hook in two halves; I sent one of the little boys to thry an' borry one, but all the neighbours were workin', an' I had to throw it there till I gets one."

"Begor, he's the finest farmer in the country," said Peter; "he'll be ready to put a new crop in the ground before he has the ould one out of it."

"Where's your loss?" answered Paddy. "Iyerra," as he heard the distant report of guns, "listen to that, right an' left; ah, 'tis fine times they have up in the woods. God be with the ould masther, an' if he was alive 'tishn't listenin' to 'em I'd be, but the first and the foremost. Paddy here, an' Paddy there; now 'tis to summon me for poachin' they would."

"Oh, Paddy, no one would suspect you of poachin'," said Mary, laughing.

"Wisha, 'deed then they oughtn't," answered Paddy. "I'd be long sorry to do the like, miss; but, shure, the best o' people has their enemies."

"An' so has the worst," put in Peter.

"That's the truest word you said yet," said Paddy; "many's the one I heard talkin' bad of you."

"'Deed, then, they're welcome," replied Peter. "They may talk till they're black in the face. My hand to you, 'twont cost me a night's rest."

"I don't see any great harm in bringin' down a couple of birds," said Paddy; "doean't they eat the poor man's corn as well as the rich man's? But, God help us, there's no law for the poor. Did you see Mr. Huntingdon yet, miss?"

"Yes, he was here to-day," Mary answered.

"What sort is he, miss?"

"He is very handsome, Paddy, at all events."

"Begor, ye'd make a fine couple, miss," said Paddy. "An' shure if you had him, you'd have your own agin."

"So we should, a fine couple, Paddy, but don't you think it would

be wise for you keep match-making for a wet day, and make better use of this dry one? Be up and doing, can't you? You have enough to do, if you did it."

"Thru for you, miss. Begor, I have so much that I haven't the heart to do anything. If the Lord put it into the Captain's heart to wipe out ould scores, an' let me begin agin; the little boys are growin' up now, an' would be great help to me."

"Iyeh, they will to be sure," said Peter drily; "as the ould cock crows, the young cock learns. Didn't the Captain wipe off ould scores before?"

"He did once. He could do it agin if he liked," said Paddy.

"So he could," answered Peter. "'Tis a mane thing for him not to do it always for a hard-working crathur like you. How much rent did you pay him since he done it last?"

"What's that to you?" said Paddy. "Shure you won't be asked to pay it. 'Tis asy enough talkin' of paying rent with a housefull of childher able to do nothin' but ate their share, an' every misfortune down on top of a man. The Captain is a hard man, as black as the devil, so he is. 'Tis the likes of him dh rives crathurs to disthruccion. 'Twould be a good deed to shoot the half of 'em."

"What a shame for you, Paddy," said Mary. "You're very wicked and ungrateful."

"Yerra, I can't help it, Miss Mary."

"I wondher where does he bury his dead?" said Peter. "Shure one churchyard can't hould 'em at all; but begannies 'tis as well be hanged for stalin' a sheep as a lamb; an' as it is allotted for him to be strung up, he may as well have plenty of divarshin for himself, an' blow the brains out of half the parish. He can't be hung but the wanst, and more's the pity."

"Isn't there goin' to be an election, miss?" said Paddy, treating Peter's remarks with silent scorn.

"Yes," replied Mary. "They expect a dissolution of Parliament soon."

"God be with the ould times," said Paddy, "when there was some life in 'em. A man goes into town now, an' puts his vote in a hole in an ould box, an' comes home agin without wetting his whistle. He might vote for the blackest Orangeman in Ulster, an' there wouldn't be a hoot nor a groan for him, because no one would be the wiser. The fun is gone out of the world. I remember the time when there wouldn't be an election without one or more bein' kilt. Ah! them was the times."

"Thru for you there," said Peter. "Do you remember the election of '41? That was the time there was riot and ruckabins."

"Twas well I didn't get my own head in my hand that day. Such murther was never in the world. I thinks of it as if 'twas only yestherday."

"An' do you remember how the ould masther polled his tenants, what no landlord in the county was able to do?" asked Paddy.

"I do, well," said Peter, forgetting to be snappish in his interest; "they stuck to him that day as close as a blisther. Do you think of how Micky Bawn, at the head of the Cahir tenants, broke into a house at five o'clock in the mornin' to get the whiskey?"

"Ah, see don't I, maybe I wasn't far away at the time. Oh! lord, how the women shouted milia-murther when they began to smash the windies."

"Tell me about it," said Mary.

"Yerra, I couldn't tell you the half, nor the quarther of it, miss," said Paddy. "I was a small chap at the time, but faith, if I was itself, wherever there was a bit of divilment, I'd be in the thick of it, an' well I remember how we pelted Colonel Wathers that day. He was no bad man, they said, and all his tenants was snug and warm; no wondher in shure, for he'd give the poor ones a trifle of money, an' tell them as they wasn't thrivin' at home 'twas betther for 'em seek their fortune across the seas. He had a dale of support, for a power of the gintlemen was in favour of him; and my hand to you, there was coaxin', an' threatenin', an' bribery to no end. An' in coorse the clergy worn't idle, but spoke up to the people, an' bid 'em vote for Councillor Carroll, a Catholic, an' one that would stand up for ould Ireland. An' a good member he was, the Lord be merciful to him. The election was to be afther the summer assizes; an' shure enough, so it was. Everyone had to go into the county towns that time to give their vote, an' b'lieve me Ennis was full. The ould courthouse was standin', where O'Connell's monument is now, an' my hand to you, 'twas no asy job to get up to it through the mob crowdin' up the streets. Colonel Wathers was to come in at the head of his own men, an' so many gentleman wint out to meet him that, begor, some would put a finger in your eye if you said we would be able to bate him; in shure, we didn't think it ourselves, but faith we said they wouldn't win the day without a struggle. It rained all the night, an' all the day, but it cleared up finely about twelve o'clock, an' it wasn't very long till the news came that the Colonel was comin'. Everyone buckled himself up for the tussle; the people gathered till you could hardly draw your legs through the streets; an' for fear there wasn't enough in the way, one Yorky bouchal got a common car, an' be the way of no harm pulled it up near the flags, an' left it there. There we was, our eyes jumpin' out of our heads, watchin', an' at long last

we seen 'm comin'. First come the gentlemen, the pick of the country, ridin' their blood hunthers, an' mighty slow they went, I promise you; next come the Colonel in his grand carriage; an' afther him the tenants, two by two, ridin' their ould farm horses; on they come, an' the people didn't say one word till they seen their own equals following the Colonel like carriage dogs, an' then,—yerra, they let a shout that would rise the head of an ass, an' groaned an' hooted till you wouldn't know whether you was on your head or your heels. The channels were runnin' from the rain, an' in the middle of the yowlin' a woman—faith, 'tis them always begins a row—a woman took a wisp of hay, dipped it in the gutther, and hit one of the men that was passin' across the jaw. Glory be to God, before you could clap your hands every man, woman, an' child in the street was fightin'. The carriage was broken to pieces. The Colonel was dragged out. Someone pelted a bottle at him, an' the blood was runnin' down on the front of his shirt. The crowd above about the courthouse burst down the street, yellin' like born devils. They say the ould Dean, who fought in the French Revolution when he was larnin' to be a priest, tried to keep 'em quiet, but when he found himself knocked against the wall, he called out "Up, boys, an' at 'em." Faith, whether he gave 'em leave or not, at 'em they wor, my hand to you. The gentlemen gathered round the Colonel and made good use of their whips, but begor they had hounds to dale with that 'twasn't asy to bate away. The Lord knows how 'twould end, only a shopkeeper opened his door, an' the gentlemen pushed the 'olonel inside it. An' 'pon me faith he had the pluck in him; 'twas in spite of him he was made run in. But it was the tenants that cought it hot an' heavy—they was pulled down off of the horses an' beaten and kicked, an' the poor animals got mad a'most. The greatest sport at all was to see one ould miscreant, an' he in the pucker of his life; the ould mare got between the shafts of the car, an' there he was like a rat in a trap, an' twenty sticks crackin' over his skull. What saved his life was, there was so many hittin' at him that no one could touch him, but faith he'd never see another election only the sojers came up."

"Maybe that was the ould man," said Peter, "that never drew bridle till he galloped into Carrigaholt, an' ran into his bed; he never riz out of it agin, they say."

"Maybe it wor, thin; mend him, the ould schemer," answered Paddy, "an' every one like him that's led be the nose. . . . Dear knows but them was the pleasant times, an' that wor a great day. Of all the gentlemen that was with the 'olonel, only two of 'em ever got as far as the courthouse; two darin' ones they wor. They made their horses kick an' plunge until they got into the very heart of the mob.

We thought they'd be torn to pieces, but they was two that had the good will of the people; one of 'em was a rale gntleman. Oh, God be with the ould times!"

"Thank God, those times are past," said Mary. "It was dreadf ul. Everyone ought have a fair chance."

"Yerra, whist, Miss Mary. Who'd give chances to one that wouldn't give fair play to the counthry? He'd get in if he desarved it. That same election lasted a week a'moest; an' there wasn't a minit of the time but ruckshins was goin' on night an' day, an' maybe there wasn't noise enough; cars and carriages runnin' for the voters that wor thryin' not to come; the sojers marchin' and paradin' alongside of 'em whin they come, the women thryin' to get at 'em to drag 'em back, the shouts for Carroll, the flags flyin'. It stirs my heart to think of it; an' then the atin' an' drinkin', lashins an' lavins of it; an' the thrifle of money stirrin'. Shure it costs nothin' now like to what it did. That was the last great election we had. Afterwards they used be votin' in the different places as they does now. An' since the vote be ballot came, there isn't a stir at all in the world, or a chance of a penny."

"'Tis hard lines," said Peter, "one might as well be a honest man as a rogue those times."

"I'd like the sport as well as the money," Paddy answered.

"To be sure you would," said Peter, sarcastically, "why wouldn't you? Your mother rode the cat through the ashes; there's a sportin' dhrop in you; sport, indeed, decent Christian sport, killin' and murtherin' one another."

"Yerra, how devout you're turnin' out," Paddy replied, "maybe I'll get to heaven in the long run as soon as yourself."

"I wish you wor there this minute," said Peter, "we wouldn't grudge you to God."

"I'll get a good pipe of tobaccy by your wake, I expect," retorted Paddy, "an' begor if you're as crass below as above, I pity the divil."

"That same is no surprise," replied Peter. "Shure he's an ould comrade of yours."

"I wouldn't be losing my talk with you," said Paddy. "Miss Mary, is Misther Huntingdon as rich as they say?"

"I believe he is wealthy," answered Mary. "His father is dead, and he was the only child."

"His father was sickly when he was over last," said Paddy.

"How bad he was," Peter remarked scornfully. "Too much he got to ate. Many's the laugh he knocked out of me when he used be goin' out to drive, with coats, an' cloaks, an' rugs on the top of him

the finest day in the year. 'Pon me faith, if you wor firing duck-shot at him for a week, a grain of it wouldn't touch his skin."

"Ah, Pether knew him well," said Paddy.

"'Deed, then, I ought," replied Peter, "an' I'd know his skin on a bush. A good right I have. He used to keep me runnin' like a redshank, attendin' him. If his handkerchief only fell off his knee, he'd ring the bell near him for some one to pick it up. He was the laziest man God ever put breath in."

"That's the way of the world," said Paddy; "some people is like pampered poodles, an' others without as much as they'd toss for a half-pint; an' faith if Misther Huntingdon has the money itself, there's small fear we'll see the colour of much of it; the Captain will make him keep a tight hould of it. You'd as soon break your neck as your fast in Fintona since he came there."

"'Tis a pity he doesn't be spoonfeedin' you," Peter said. "Begor there are some people goin' an' they'd never like to be weaned."

"Maybe he won't get in so asy as he thinks," said Paddy, ignoring the last speech. "How handy they think to do it, comin' over to curry favor afther takin' all the money out of the counthry, an' risin' rents an' everythin'. Yerra, 'tis to wash 'em in a boghole I'd like. Let 'em show the kind they are, an' do somethin' for us first."

"Give you a lase for ever for tuppence a year," answered Peter, "an' the run of the woods; that's what would match your shtyle of beauty."

"Oh, thin, faith I'm as well to be seen as you any day, you ould skinfint. When beauty was goin', it gave us both the go-by. But little chance I have of a lase or anythin' else in the way of a chance."

"Iyeh, chance, how are you?" said Peter, "you're the man to make be the chances. If it was rainin' stirabout, some one would have to give you a skillet to catch it. 'Tis often you got a good chance. The man that would help you might as well thry to draw wather in a riddle."

"Much you know, you ould spitfire. There's no fear I'll ax a turn from you at any rate."

"'Deed, then, you may as well not," said Peter, tranquilly. "I'd as soon think of getherin' rosies to fill a gravel pit."

"I'll tell you what I will give you, Paddy," said Mary, who thought it well to end the argument, "some cabbage plants that will be of use to you in the winter, if you take care of them."

"The Lord spare you, Miss Mary, shure 'tis well for me to get 'em, an' I'm sure very thankful to you."

"Will you take them now? Peter and I will go for them."

"Don't trouble yourself, miss," answered Paddy. "I'll send

hether one of the little boys in the evenin'. I'm goin' back to the forge meself."

"Well you ought go, Paddy, and not waste this beautiful day. You would have had your hook mended while you have been here disputing with Peter."

"Oh, I'm very bad," said Peter, "bekase I spakes my mind."

"Wisha, if your breath was as bad as your mind," retorted Paddy, "'twould blight the praties. You ought mind for fear you'd ever swally a bit of your tongue, for there's no doubt but 'twould poison you." And Paddy moved off.

"'Tis decenther be poisoned than hanged any day," replied Peter, raising his voice.

"Let him alone, Peter," said Mary. "What's the use of fighting that way? It only makes him worse."

"Whithen, you haven't a stim of sinse," he replied. "What in the wide world timplted you to go give him the fine plants? Shure 'tis to ate 'em he will."

"He won't," said Mary. "The boys will put them down."

"Very well; shure time will tell. 'Twould't surprise me in the least if he sent down byne-by to the misthress for a bit of fat bacon to boil with 'em."

"Oh, here is the doctor," Mary exclaimed as a trap stopped at the gate, "and Mrs. Wiseman and Amy."

"Well, if he is, he's welcome," said Peter. "You'd walk a shtart before you'd come acrass the likes of him, at any rate."

They left their work, and proceeded to the hall-door, where in a few moments the trap arrived.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR DOCTOR AND HIS SISTER.

"Well, Mary, my dear, how are you?" called out Doctor Hayden, in a cheery, confident voice. "I needn't ask. No need for any of my nostrums. No money to be made by you. Eh, Peter, how goes the world with you? Here, jump down, Amy. Take your time, Mrs. Wiseman. I don't want to have a job on you; it wouldn't pay."

They entered the house, where Mrs. Desmond was waiting to receive them, while Peter sat on the window-sill keeping watch over the doctor's horse, who was too much accustomed to stand outside cabin doors, in hail and rain, to be otherwise than very patient.

Doctor Hayden was a hale, good-looking man, between fifty and sixty, with a very pleasant face and frank, cheerful manners. Peter

spoke truly ; men like the doctor are not to be met every day. He was developed all round, so to speak. He had a fine intelligence that won him professional distinction ; a good heart, whose generous impulses were guided by common sense ; and he was truly and profoundly religious. One of the doctor's characteristics was a remarkable absence of self-love, or self-interest, that, like a bind-wood, runs in and out of many a fine nature and checks its spiritual growth. He never speculated or planned to advance himself ; nor did he think much more of one man than of another. He was equally attentive to the poor and to the rich, and never paused a moment to consider whether he was praised or blamed ; his actions never sprang from an unworthy motive, they were the outcome of innate nobility and principle ; he never said, as is the wont of those would-be servants of God and Mammon, "What is best for me to do ?" but "What is best to be done ?" He was a man of large views and world-wide sympathies, having a hearty contempt for careless or self-absorbed ruminating animals, who took no interest in anything outside their mill-horse round of individual action. He was of a warm temperament, and he was occasionally vehement in his denunciation of lukewarmness of any kind, which he looked on as specially objectionable. He had the courage of his opinions—a moral strength not possessed by everyone—and never repressed or moderated them to suit the ear of his listeners. He was not inclined to dispute, but he would permit no remarks depreciatory of his faith or his country to pass unchallenged. Thus, being himself simple, straightforward, and incorruptible, giving no heed to what the world thought of him, he succeeded in making the world think very highly of him, for the world, having contradictory tendencies sometimes, rather relishes those who are indifferent to its oracular utterances. He had never married. It would be hard to say was the omission accidental or intentional ; it certainly was not that he had any cynical dislike for the opposite sex ; he had many young friends for whom he had a real regard, and who returned it with sincere affection ; indeed, they would assert laughingly that it would not be half so pleasant if the doctor did marry, as matrimony is well known to be a mighty absorbent. The reason the doctor gave for his unwedded condition was—"red tickets"—they were the avenging fiends that led him over mountain and moorland, and gave him no time to linger in the land of glamour and indulge in idyllic visions.

Nevertheless, he was a very contented mortal, and no sense of loss impaired his cheerfulness or induced morbid conditions of mind.

Nature delights in contrasts, and in no way did she show this predilection with more force than in the distinctly different characters with which she endowed Doctor Hayden and his sister.

Mrs. Wiseman, or Mrs. Worldly Wiseman, as the doctor satirically called her, was one of those easy-going, self-satisfied women, inclined to enjoyment of creature comforts, and worldly to the very tips of her fingers. A passive worldliness coloured all her thoughts, and prompted every word and action. She was influenced by no principle, but was led by her instincts, or her interests, which always moved her to gravely regard her own well-being as the most important consideration in the world. She was what Aristotle calls "a man-pleaser." She was never indifferent to the effect she produced upon others, her ambition was to be considered a person of importance, a person who was up to the ways of the world, and who could be trusted as an authority on all matters of etiquette. She was very fond of saying pleasant things to those to whom she wished to make herself agreeable; an enemy might say she flattered, but anyone that relished it might say it was goodnature and candour.

Externally she was quite a religious woman. She went to church regularly, and generally a little early, not to guard against possible distraction, but that she could see others coming in and bring away brilliant ideas in the matter of dress. It was not the thing to look about during Mass—no one but vulgar people did that. Her first word on coming out was an appeal to Amy to know what on earth sort of material was trimming Mrs. Townsend's dress, or where did the Griffiths get their new bonnets? She thought religion in moderation a very good thing, indeed actually necessary for some people, who would not behave themselves without it; but nuns and saints she looked on as half-witted creatures who really must have given their families a great deal of trouble. She believed people could do much more good in the world.

Mrs. Wiseman was not of an apostolic spirit, but in her own line she adopted the wise method of being "all to all, in order to please all." Her motto was "When you are in Rome, behave as the Romans do." If she dined with persons of an opposite creed, she thought it was bad taste to make the sign of the cross, it was so pharasaical to obtrude your religion on other people, coming in unpleasant collision with their prejudices. If she dined in Catholic and ecclesiastical company, no one could make a more elaborate display of her handsome, white, jewelled hand, or bend her head more devoutly.

The great and unpardonable sin in her eyes was giving scandal, not because it might be the cause of sin to a weak brother, or that it makes a soul hateful in the eyes of God, but simply because it lessens the culprit in the eyes of men. What matter if a man got drunk if he drank in his own house, where he would be seen only by his wife or servants? If a poor fellow forgot he was a Christian, and yielded

to temptation, one could understand it, but to forget he was a gentleman and make a public display of his little weakness was unpardonable. It was the same with any other vicious inclination, and her universal remedy for all male delinquencies was matrimony, if the delinquent happened to have a comfortable income. A nice wife was just the thing for him. The wretch who lacked money was an altogether different and a hopeless specimen of blackguardism, who should be cut dead by anyone having the least sense of propriety.

Mrs. Wiseman was not a specially malignant woman, but she had a keen appetite for gossip, and any evil story she heard of her fellow-creatures she did not scruple to tell confidentially to the next person she met without any charitable doubts as to its truth. Indeed, it was wonderful with what entire simplicity she swallowed everything she heard; she was much more inclined to question articles of faith. She was a good conversationalist, and managed incidentally to tell anything that redounded to the family credit; and introduced little anecdotes of her grand acquaintances to show you on what familiar terms they were. She was fond of describing pieces of dress shown her in the privacy of boudoirs, and descanted largely on the interior economy of fine houses. Her mental calibre was limited; her literary pabulum consisted of fashion books, the local papers, and those columns in mightier organs that treated of the "Court," fashionable arrivals and departures, births, deaths, and marriages. Amy sometimes read aloud for the Doctor in the evenings, and the effect produced on Mrs. Wiseman was profound slumber. She was a good-looking woman, fat, fair, and considerably past forty. Her husband was dead for some years; she no longer mourned in sable garb, but she thought there were more unbecoming articles of head gear than a jaunty widow's cap. She had not determined to marry again, neither had she relinquished all ideas of it: it was just an open question. She could not make a foolish match, because the deceased Mr. Wiseman had made an unpleasantly strict will and testament; and it is unfortunately not possible to make one every day, wherein the gain would supplement the loss.

As she had expensive tastes in dress, and was fond of amusing herself, she found it desirable economy to make the Doctor's house her home for a good part of the year. Though she was everything in the concrete that he disliked in the abstract, they got on wonderfully well. His was a generous, unexacting nature, and she was very even-tempered. Half his fine satire was lost on her; and she took all his attacks with great good-humour, but never could be brought to recognise the clay feet of her idols.

Amy Hayden, the doctor's pride and joy, was the only child of a

brother who had followed his wife to the grave. She was about three and twenty years old, and looked rather delicate. She had dark hair clustering above a pale, spiritual face, deep, sweet eyes, and a slight willowy figure. She gave one the ideas of thought and repose. Like her uncle, she had a fine intelligence, well-cultivated; there was perfect harmony between him and her; they took the same views of the same things, and never gave each other that disagreeable jar which arises when one mind is attuned to a different key, or is on a different level from the other, but she was less impulsive and much more thoughtful.

Amy was rather a silent person, yet she never impressed one as being stupid.

There is a great difference in the phases of silence; it may signify either emptiness or fulness, barrenness or gracious fruitfulness. There is a great difference between the silence of the midnight skies throbbing with stars, and that which falls upon an evening party where the people are dull and cannot think of anything to say. There is a great difference between the silence stealing upon two people whose hearts love has touched and opened like a flower, and that which falls with appalling weight when two unsympathetic persons are trying to entertain each other and are racking their brains for subjects of conversation. Some silences are oppressive, and others are as refreshing as a "great rock in a weary land."

If Amy was not a great talker, she was what is much rarer—an admirable listener. Every one left her impressed with the conviction that she was very clever and very agreeable; yet it was not that she had given expression to her own thoughts, but rather that she had drawn forth the thoughts of others, and by her exquisite tact and subtle sympathy awakened the best that was in them, and gave them the pleasurable sensation of being at their best. The generality of those who abound in animal vitality prefer being the hurler in the field than the wise on-looker on the ditch; they like the conscious posing and declamation of the stage better than the seclusion and inactivity of a private box; and it generally happens that a clever conversationalist is thinking more of what he is going to say next than of what the other sharers in the conversation are saying, and bears away a much more distinct remembrance of how he defended his proposition than of the method by which it was attacked by his opponents.

Amy's talent for listening was natural, not acquired. People interested her. She looked on each individual as worthy of interest, because he was that strange, mysterious creature; a complex being, half divine, half human, with the conceptions of a god and the instincts of a brute. She could perceive the bitter and the sweet that

mingled and intermingled in the worst and the best natures, and it made her wonderfully gentle in her judgments.

The doctor's house had been her home since she returned from school; she was his adopted child, and whatever means he had she was to inherit.

The Desmonds and the doctor's family were very intimate. He had been a true friend to them in every way, advising and aiding Mrs. Desmond when she required it; and they loved him and Amy accordingly.

(To be continued.)

SPRING'S GIFTS.

BILLOWY clouds that are drifting slow
 Across the deep, blue dome of the sky;
 Winds from the south that come and go
 With many a sob and sigh;

Buttercups yellow, and cowslips sweet,
 Drooping violets, and harebells blue,
 Gold-hearted daisies beneath our feet,
 Daisies loyal and true;

A brighter hue on the distant hills;
 The tender leaves of the budding larch;
 The sportive mirth of the daffodils
 That dance in breezy March;

The voice of lambs on the morning breeze;
 The clear cold light in the western sky;
 The pink and white on the apple trees
 Where blackbirds carol high;

The emerald meadows, the springing corn;
 The light and shades on the river's brim;
 The welcome paid to the rosy morn
 In the lark's matin hymn;

The verdant green upon brake and bush;
 The crocus lines that are all aglow,
 Golden, and some with a purple flush,
 And some as white as snow.

Gracious and sweet are the gifts she brings;
 Sweet is the labour, and sweet the rest;
 Sweet is the strain that the ploughman sings
 When the sun seeks the west.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

SKETCHES IN IRISH BIOGRAPHY.

No. 20.—THE REV. NICHOLAS CALLAN, D.D.

The following account of an Irish saint and savant is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. C. W. Russell, who inserted it in the Maynooth College Calendar for 1863-1864—a publication which he had himself just begun at the beginning of his long term of office as President of the College. As this could not be considered as giving it to the public, even to the ecclesiastical public, I asked Dr. Russell's leave, shortly before his death, to make use of the sketch in this magazine. A copy of this bygone Calendar, however, was not within my reach, and I owe it now to the great kindness of Dr. Russell's successor, the Very Rev. Dr. Robert Browne. We may omit a few remarks at the beginning which are not appropriate here, and which ended by referring to the priests who had been pupils of Dr. Callan. "Their recollections of him are probably among the most vivid of all their college memories. His saintly example was in itself a moral lesson, which could not fail to extend far beyond the period of their collegiate course, and exercise an abiding, though perhaps unfelt, influence on the conduct of their after lives."

* * *

Nicholas Joseph Callan was a native of the diocese of Armagh, having been born at Dromiskin, in the county of Louth, December 22nd, 1799. He received his elementary education in Dundalk, at the school of the Rev. William Neilson, author of the well-known Greek Grammar and Greek Exercises; and, on Dr. Neilson's removal from Dundalk to the Belfast Academical Institution, his young pupil was transferred to the Diocesan Seminary of Navan, where he completed his preparatory studies.

On the 25th August, 1816, he entered Maynooth College, having received a nomination, as a subject of the primatial see of Armagh, from the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, at that time archbishop of Armagh. He matriculated in the Class of Rhetoric.

After a course of more than ordinary distinction, he was elected at the close of the academical year 1821-2, a student of the Dunboyne Establishment, the Prefect of which, at that time, was the Rev. Nicholas Slevin—afterwards well known by the extraordinary

learning and research which he exhibited in the protracted examination, on almost every question of doctrinal or historical controversy, which he underwent before the Royal Commission of 1826.

The particulars of a student's life can possess but little general interest; but it may be noted among the incidents of Dr. Callan's Dunboyne course, that it was one of the opinions which he advanced, in supporting, in the year 1823, the *Theses* publicly defended each year by the Dunboyne students in the presence of the assembled Trustees, that led to the memorable disputation *De Sacrificio Abrahæ*, in which the present archbishop of Tuam, then professor of Dogmatic Theology, was the chief actor, and of which some echoes still linger among the college recollections of the older generations of the Irish clergy.

Having completed his twenty-third year, Dr. Callan, on the 24th May, 1823, received priest's orders in the college chapel, from the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray. A circumstance never alluded to by himself, and known only to the members of his own family, may now be mentioned without any breach of delicacy. In entering thus early into orders, he forfeited a large pecuniary bequest, to which, strangely enough, had been annexed the condition that he should not receive priesthood until he should have reached his twenty-sixth year. As it had been already determined that he should prosecute his studies for some years at Rome, without any near prospect of his entering upon the duties of missionary life, there was no special reason for his anticipating in his ordination the time fixed as the condition of this bequest. But to his delicately sensitive perceptions it appeared unworthy of the holiness of the sacred office to permit such a consideration to have the least share in determining the time of his entering upon it; and as, in the routine of the collegiate cycle, the regular time for his being promoted to priesthood had come, adopting this with the uninquiring simplicity of the saints, as the manifestation of God's will in his regard, he refused to permit the step to be postponed, and cheerfully accepted the offered alternative by forfeiting the bequest.

In August, 1824, Dr. Callan accompanied the late venerable Bishop of Dromore, Right Rev. Dr. Blake, in his mission to Rome, for the purpose of re-establishing the Irish college in that city, which had remained closed from the date of the general suppression of ecclesiastical establishments under the French. Dr. Callan was

the first, and for a considerable time the only, student of the re-opened Irish college; and having, as such, attended lectures at the Sapienza, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Theology in 1825.

Early in the following year, the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Maynooth, Rev. Cornelius Denvir, afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor), having been appointed parish priest of Downpatrick, in his native diocese, Dr. Callan was invited by the President, Rev. Dr. Crotty, to offer himself as candidate for the vacant professorship; and, having returned from Rome in the June of that year, he was appointed, after a public examination, in which no other candidate appeared, to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, September 15, 1826.

From this time forward the history of Dr. Callan is little more than a record of the routine of his professional duties, and of his contributions to the sciences which formed the subject of his teaching. A few years after his appointment he published, for the use of pupils, a treatise on Electricity and Galvanism. He also revised the college text-book of Geometry and Trigonometry—a compilation by the Abbé Darré, a former professor of the class; and his own prelections, which were circulated in manuscript among his pupils, embraced the special difficulties of every portion of their extensive course of studies.

As a professor, he was a model of exactness in the discharge of every duty; and his old pupils will still recollect, although possibly with somewhat of a good-humoured grudge, that, even when his health had given way and he had become a settled valetudinarian, it was idle, under a professor of so sternly punctual habits, to hope, from his casual absence, even for a single day's exemption from class. This religious fidelity he maintained to the very last class-day of the academic term within which he died.

But it is by his extra-professional labours that Dr. Callan is known to the scientific world. A complete history of his researches in Natural Philosophy would be out of place in a brief notice like the present. They will, for the most part, be found recorded in his own modest and simple words, in the scientific journals of the day, especially in the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine*, Sturgeon's *Annals of Electricity*, and in the *Reports of the British Association for the Promotion of Science*. They are also recorded, or referred to, in many other publications; as in Noad's *Lectures on Electricity*, De la Rive's *Treatise on Electricity*,

Poggendorf's *Annalen der Chymik*, the *Comptes Rendus*, and other foreign journals. It is only possible here to indicate briefly the general results, and more particularly his discoveries in the departments of Electro-Magnetism and of Galvanic Electricity.

I. Of these the first which attracted public attention was the method which he devised for the construction of the Magnetic Helix or Coil. The relations of Magnetism with Electricity had early attracted the notice of scientific men; but it was not till about the year 1820 that the discoveries of Oersted, and their developments in the hands of Arago, Seebeck, and others, laid the foundation of the science of Electro-Magnetism as a distinct branch of Natural Philosophy. The fundamental facts once ascertained, the earliest object of inquiry naturally was the method of constructing electro-magnets, and of developing in the highest degree the magnetism induced by the electric current. Professor Moll, of Utrecht, Professor Henry, of Princetown College, America, M. Quetelet, and others, soon succeeded in constructing electro-magnets of great power: Mr. Faraday was the first who developed into a system the laws of electrical induction; but it is to Dr. Callan that the science is indebted for the important discovery of the different conditions and functions of the primary and the secondary coils, and of the application of these principles to the method of constructing a coil capable of producing an electric current of great intensity by means of a very small battery. This discovery is detailed in a paper published in the *London Philosophical Magazine* for December, 1836. A coil constructed by Dr. Callan on this plan was exhibited at a meeting of the Electrical Society, in the summer of 1837; and Dr. Callan's subsequent discovery of the fact that a shock may be obtained at the moment of making, as well as at that of breaking, contact between the magnet and the battery, enabled him, by the simple and ingenious device of his well-known "Contact-breaker," to complete the so-called Callan's Coil, which has long been known as the most effective and inexpensive of all machines for producing a constant supply of electricity for the purposes of light, heat, and decomposition.

II. Even more important, in a practical point of view, than the production of the electric current was the development of Electro-Magnetism as a dynamic principle; and the ingenious machines for motion, constructed by the blacksmith, Davenport, in America, and by Jacobi and others in Europe, gave a new impulse to the

inquiry. Dr. Callan, directing his attention with this view to the primary, as before to the secondary coil, succeeded, after a series of experiments on the proper material, thickness, and position of the primary helix, in 1836-7, in constructing, to use the words of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xxi., p. 641), "an electro-magnet of extraordinary power, of horse-shoe form, thirteen feet long, two and a-half inches in diameter, and weighing fifteen stone." The primary coil consisted of copper wire, one-sixth inch in diameter, and divided into seven parts, each seventy feet long. "When the opposite ends of these wires were connected with the opposite piles of the battery, the horse-shoe bar was converted into a magnet of extraordinary power," its lifting power being estimated, from experiment, at no less than nineteen tons. During these and the following years Dr. Callan pursued a long course of experiments, with a view to utilising this enormous force as a dynamic principle; and he constructed several machines, as well for direct as for convertible motion. In his hands, however, as in those of most others who have laboured in the same direction, the subject proved rather a pleasing, though tantalizing, field for the exercise of ingenious research, than a promising practical source of mechanical force;—unless, perhaps, for such uses as those to which M. Froment has applied it, and for which comparatively little force is required.

III. Simultaneously with these investigations, and indeed with a view to their more satisfactory prosecution, Dr. Callan also devoted himself to the improvement of what must always remain the great source of electrical and electro-magnetical power—the Galvanic Battery. Without entering into the details of his experiments, it will be enough to describe, in the words of Mr. Noad, the battery which he eventually constructed as "a prodigious battery, probably the largest ever made, in which cast-iron was the negative element. It consisted of 577 voltaic circles, containing 96 square feet of zinc, and about 200 square feet of cast-iron; and was equal in power to a Wollaston Battery of 1,400 square feet of zinc, or more than 13,000 four-inch plates, and to a Grove's Battery containing 140 feet of platina; and, as the largest Wollaston Battery ever constructed—that made by order of Napoleon for the Polytechnic school—contained but 600 square feet of zinc, while the largest Grove's Battery of which any account has been published, contained but 20 feet of platina, Dr.

Callan's cast-iron Battery was *more than twice as powerful as the largest Wollaston, and more than seven times as powerful as the largest Grove's Battery that had ever been constructed.*"*

Several further modifications of the Galvanic Battery were afterwards adopted by Dr. Callan, to some of which Mr. Noad refers in terms of much praise.†

Among these may be particularised an ingenious but inexpensive combination of the principle of the Bunsen with that of the Grove Battery, in which platinized lead is substituted for the platina of Grove and for the carbon of Bunsen, and a mixture of nitro-sulphuric acid and nitrate of potash for the far more costly nitric and sulphuric acids of Grove.

IV. These investigations led to the discovery of a new alloy of lead and zinc, much better fitted to resist the action of acids and other decomposing agents than the ordinary alloy which is used in coating the so-called "galvanized" iron. Dr. Callan patented this process; but, as yet, it has not been turned to any practical account.

V. One of the uses to which the platinized-lead battery was applied was the production of a constant lime-light by the Galvanic Battery. The illuminating effects of this battery by the ignition of charcoal points were extremely brilliant. But Dr. Callan further applied it, with great success, to the decomposition of water, with a view to the *direct* ignition of the mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases; the flame of which, thrown on the lime cylinder, produced a most brilliant and steady light. The apparatus by which the danger of explosion was guarded against was exceedingly ingenious. It was an extremely interesting modification of Hemming's Jet, with additional safeguards.

Engrossing, however, as researches of this class are commonly found to be, they did not withdraw Dr. Callan from the more solemn studies of his sacred profession. From a very early period of his life as a professor, he had systematically devoted a portion of his leisure to the translation from the Italian of popular ascetical treatises, intended to supply what had long been felt as a want in the religious literature of these countries. The extraordinary interest with which his translations of the devotional works of St. Alphonsus Liguori, till then entirely unknown among our people

* *Lectures on Electricity*, p. 283.

† *Lectures*, p. 285.

were welcomed by Catholics of every class, encouraged him to pursue with still greater energy what was to him truly a labour of love; and the degree of his application, for the pure love of God and of His poor, to the irksome labour of translation, can only be understood by those who were the companions of his daily life. It will hardly be believed that, in the midst of the engrossing duties of his class, he habitually devoted, for many years, from seven to nine hours to this laborious and uninteresting occupation. The result is a series, nearly complete, of all the more popular ascetic treatises of St. Liguori, in a form accessible to the very poorest of the people.* For all this weary work of translation Dr. Callan, although repeatedly urged by the generosity of his disinterested and enterprising publisher, never accepted the smallest pecuniary remuneration. The only stipulation which he made was, that the sums to which he might be entitled as a translator should be devoted to the purpose of *lowering, for the benefit of the poor*, the price of the works which he translated; and that a certain number of copies of each book should be given to himself for *gratuitous distribution among the poor*, especially in his native diocese.

Under all these excessive labours his health at last gave way. Alarming symptoms of that insidious cerebral disease beneath which he finally sank began to appear; and he was compelled, first to moderate, and finally to suspend altogether, his private researches

* The following are some of the more considerable of the spiritual works of St. Alphonsus, translated by Dr. Callan. Many of his smaller publications are not included in the enumeration :—

- (1) Preparation for Death. Dublin: James Duffy. 1844.
- (2) Instructions on the Commandments and Sacraments. 1842.
- (3) Glories of the Blessed Virgin Mary; a Paraphrase on the *Salve Regina*. Part I. 1843.
- (4) Glories of Mary. Parts I., II. 1846.
- (5) Clock of the Passion. 1850.
- (6) Stations of the Most Holy Way of the Cross. 1846.
- (7) The Love of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1842.
- (8) Moral Dissertations on Purgatory, Antichrist, the Last Judgment, the General Resurrection. 1847.
- (9) Treatise on Prayer. 1844.
- (10) Reflections and Affections on the Passion of Jesus Christ. 1846.
- (11) Sermons for all the Sundays in the year. 1846.
- (12) True Spouse of Christ. 1846.
- (13) *Seleva*, a collection of Meditations for Ecclesiastics. 1847.
- (14) Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. 1845.
- (15) History of the Council of Trent. 1846.

and even his professional duties. During a portion of the years 1849-50, and again in 1850-51, he obtained leave of absence from college; and, after a brief trial of more than one of the mineral watering-places of France and Savoy, he spent a portion of the latter year in Rome. After this interval of repose he returned with health partially renovated; but he never recovered sufficiently to undertake any severe or protracted application to study.

VI. In 1853-4 he resumed his researches, and conducted an interesting series of experiments on the illuminating effects of the Galvanic Battery, which were detailed by his own pen in the *London Philosophical Magazine* for February, 1854. In the April of the following year he published an account of a new single-fluid battery, chiefly designed for illuminating purposes; and adapted, by its steady and inexpensive character, to be hereafter employed in the economical working of the electric light—should this brilliant phenomenon ever indeed be developed into a practical reality;—especially in light-houses and in the illumination of large halls and public places.

VII. From this time forward his attention was chiefly devoted to the development of the efficiency of the secondary or inductive coil; and particularly to the means of increasing its capacity by the use of the condenser, and of maintaining its continuous action by the contact-breaker. On these subjects he published a paper in the *London Philosophical Magazine* for April, 1858. It is only to his intimate friends, and to the daily companions of his labours and relaxations, that the infinite fertility of his resources and the singular versatility of his inventive genius are fully known. There is hardly a possible variety, or combination of varieties; in the form of the helix, in the arrangement of its spirals, in the material, the shape, or the dimensions of the core, which, in the midst of failing health and in the brief and fitful intervals which alone his public duties permitted, he did not make the subject of successive experiments. Unfortunately, the state of his health rendered writing peculiarly difficult; nor has he left any record of his successes, or, what is often of more importance, of his failures. The *London Philosophical Magazine* for January, 1863, contains, from his own pen, an outline of the results; which, from its highly suggestive character, cannot fail to stimulate, in the highest degree, while, by its brevity, it may, perhaps, tantalize the curiosity of the philo-

sophical student. But, unhappily, this remarkable paper proved the last of the interesting series to which it belongs: nor did its gifted author survive to satisfy the speculations to which these experiments gave rise; the only record of his latest experiments being a paper from another pen, which appeared in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* for 1863.

Dr. Callan continued, up to the very day on which his fatal illness overtook him, the researches which he loved so well. Frank and liberal at all times in communicating the results of his experiments, he had maintained a friendly intercourse with most of the men of science, both at home and on the Continent, eminent in the departments which he specially cultivated. For several of his distinguished scientific friends—the bishop of Down and Connor, the Earl of Rosse, M. De la Rive, and others—he constructed coils of the various forms which he had successively devised. At the time when death surprised him, he was engaged in preparing a coil of truly gigantic proportions for Mr. Gassiot, vice-president of the Royal Society, which still remains unfinished,—to his friends, a deeply affecting memorial, as the last, and to himself, perhaps, the most interesting, work of his hands.

As for the personal character of Dr. Callan, those among whom his daily life was passed could not but form the highest estimate of his extraordinary piety, his boundless charity, his generous and affectionate nature, his unaffected simplicity, his childlike, though unsuspected, playfulness; not to speak of his higher qualities—his profound spirituality—his zeal for the salvation of souls—his uncompromising love of truth—his fearless forgetfulness of human respect, where the interests of virtue or public duty were at stake.

His fatal illness overtook him while in the act of discharging one of the duties of his sacred ministry, which his infirmities might well have precluded, but which his generous zeal voluntarily assumed. While engaged in hearing confessions in the College Infirmary, on the evening of Saturday, January 2nd, he was struck with apoplexy. From the first attack he rallied speedily, though imperfectly; but a second quickly succeeded; and, although he was a second time relieved, and for some days appeared to promise, at least, a temporary restoration, a still more fatal stroke ensued on the 12th of the same month, under which, with those sentiments of deep piety and resignation which had been foreshadowed in his saintly life, he died on the evening of Thursday, January 14, 1864.

It seems well to append to this slight memoir some letters found among Dr. Russell's papers, which show the high opinion of Dr. Callan entertained by such distinguished men as the Earl of Rosse, Dr. Romney Robinson, Sir Robert Kane, and the Provost of Trinity College, Dr. Richard MacDonnell. With these letters Dr. Russell preserved an earlier letter received from Dr. Robinson at the time of Dr. Callan's death, by Dr. Cornelius Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Callan's predecessor in the Maynooth professorship of Natural Philosophy.

The Castle, Parsonstown,
January 10th, 1866.

DEAR RUSSELL,

I have much pleasure in acting on your suggestion, and only regret that as I have not made Electricity and Magnetism an especial study, I am unable to do full justice to Dr. Callan's merits. There can be no doubt that Dr. Callan invented the coil which, with some modifications by Masson and Ruhmkorff, is so important an instrument in scientific research. He also invented the cast-iron battery, which is simple, very cheap, and powerful. It is, I think, superior to every other battery where great quantities of electricity are required. The largest batteries I ever saw were those of the Light and Colour Company, and they were Callan's. As to his other contributions to science there are many—for instance, Doctor Robinson—who are far more competent than I can be to enter into particulars; but perhaps I might be allowed to say that I have never met a scientific man with more zeal and singleness of purpose, or who was more ready with a true philosophic spirit to encounter difficulties. His teaching and example must have been of the highest value to the college.

Believe me to be,

Truly yours,

ROSSE.

Observatory, Armagh,
January 1st, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,

I shall be most happy if my name can in any way aid in a work commemorative of my valued friend in the way that would have been most acceptable to his kind heart. I loved and prized him not less for his good and warm heart, than for his scientific attainments. The latter have not received by any means their full due; but I at least am free from fault in that respect, for I have often brought them forward. Two of his discoveries in particular hold a very high place. He was undoubtedly the first inventor of the induction apparatus, which is now playing so important a part in experimental science; and his substitution of iron for platinum in the Nitric battery is of very great advantage to the electrician. So, with all other good wishes of the New Year to you, I hope success in this application may be granted.

Yours truly,

T R. ROBINSON.

The Very Reverend Dr. RUSSELL

Provost's House, T.C.D.,

January 4th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,

I have much pleasure in annexing my name to the enclosed paper, so that it may be optional with you either to copy my signature to the proposed memorial or to forward the memorial that I may sign it myself.

Most heartily do I wish it success. Independent of Dr. Callan's claims as a scientific man, he was a particularly attractive man by his modesty and affability. I have often regretted that during his short visits to Dublin he did not more frequently call upon me, so as to give me the opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD MACDONNELL.

Reverend Dr. RUSSELL, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

Stephen's Green, Dublin,

January 1st, 1866.

DEAR DR. RUSSELL,

I have much pleasure in signing the enclosed, which I am very glad that you have taken in hands. I have no doubt but that the request will be at once complied with, and I think it would be a very just tribute to the scientific devotion of Dr. Callan.

Believe me to be

Truly yours,

ROBERT KANE.

Very Reverend Dr. RUSSELL.

Observatory,

January 22nd, 1864.

DEAR SIR,

I was much grieved to hear to-day from Mr. Edmondson that it has pleased God to call away my valued friend, Dr. Callan, dear to me not merely for his high inventive power and knowledge, but for his sterling worth and kindly heart. Mr. E. tells me you wish for my measures of the battery which bears his name as compared to that of Grove. Among my notes I find a result which I think unexceptionable. The same porous cell was used, the same zinc; and of the cast-iron plate and the platinum one, 81 square inches were in each case immersed in the acid.

I need not tell you that by Ohm's theory the power of a cell $F = \frac{E}{R}$, when E is the intensity of the electric action, and R the internal resistance of the cell. I got with the same charge—

$$\text{Callan } F = \frac{47.56}{2.43} = 19.56$$

$$\text{Grove } F = \frac{47.90}{2.52} = 19.06$$

The numbers of the fractions are an arbitrary standard of my own. The value of F is the number of grains of water which such a current can decompose in five minutes. The intensity of Grove is a trifle more and so is the resistance, but the

force of the Callan a trifle greater. They may practically be considered as the same.

He, after this battery, contrived a single fluid iron battery, which surprised me a good deal. The acid was rather strong, with a soda salt in it, so that it acted strongly on the iron as well as the zinc. The intensity E was of course low, but from the strength of the acid, the absence of porous cells, and the power of bringing the zinc and iron very near each other, the R was reduced so much that the

$\frac{E}{R}$ was very great. Another valued friend, now also departed (Mr. Bergin), begged me to make measures of its constants, and was induced by them to make a very neat one. The metals were arranged in two troughs, 24 each, which by rubber tubes could be filled or emptied in a instant; and they kept up the electric light in a most satisfactory manner. It had one drawback, however; the hydrogen given off from the cast-iron was so foetid that it was as necessary to have the battery in another room as even the nitric batteries.

Professor William Thompson, of Glasgow, used the Callan nitric on a gigantic scale as to the size of individual cells in some magnetic experiments. I do not remember the exact size but could easily find it.

Yours sincerely,

T. R. ROBINSON.

The Right Reverend Dr. DENVIE.

VENIT NOX.

BE near us when the evening falls
 Around our silent way,
 When none are there to guide us o'er
 The trackless hills; be Thou before
 Our faltering steps, our light, our stay,
 Along that lonely way.

Be near us in that awful night
 And watch with us till day;
 Our hearts are faint; we need Thy aid;
 Our wav'ring wills are soon unmade;
 In Thee we hope; to Thee we pray;
 O watch with us till day!

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

A FRIEND LONG DEAD.

THE light of my eyes is gone :
 My crown of life is departed :
 My work is done, and I sit alone
 In my chamber broken-hearted.

Twenty long years and more
 Since he lay before me dying !
 Twenty long years of silent tears,
 Of darkness and of sighing.

Sadly he looked in my face—
 Looked in my face and spoke not—
 Then with steady eye and long-drawn sigh
 He fell asleep and woke not.

We tolled no funeral bell—
 In our loving arms we bore him :
 With a sob and a prayer and one parting tear,
 We laid the cold stone o'er him.

Forever in mine ear
 That well-known voice is ringing :
 But he lies asleep in his coffin deep,
 While the merry birds are singing.

With a smile upon my lip,
 And a heart unchilled by sorrow,
 I have shared in the strife of the battle of life,
 And longed for a brighter morrow.

The long, long, day is done :
 The shadows close around me :
 But the race is run, and a rising sun
 Shall melt the bonds that bound me.

Away, unmanly tears !
 Pray for the dead and grieve not !
 For the Christian's faith is strong in death,
 And the words of Truth deceive not.

Our life is a broken sleep,
 Fading and transitory,
 But our hope and stay is the coming day
 Of God's eternal glory.

In His good time the dead,
 Freed from their earthly prison,
 Shall burst the shroud and shout aloud
 The anthem of the Risen.

AN ANCIENT MONASTIC TOWN—SHREWSBURY.

IV.

ROYALTY has often favoured the Salopians by sojourning in their ancient town. Henry II. visited it in 1158, and granted several privileges to its monks. Richard II. adjourned his Parliament from Westminster to Shrewsbury, 1397, and held his court there with barbaric splendour. Near the Lion Hotel, on Wyle Cap, a street leading to the river, is the house which sheltered Henry Tudor when he came to Shrewsbury previous to the battle of Bosworth. Within a short distance of this ancient house is the English Bridge, which commands a magnificent prospect. It is a fine, substantial structure, not devoid of architectural beauty, though not nearly so picturesque as its predecessor which, like ancient London Bridge and a fine bridge which spans the Arno at Florence,* had houses on each side, and was simply a street carried over the river. Instead of sculptured saints, the English Bridge has Sabrina, goddess of the river, and Neptune, father of fountains. The Salopians appear to have been always fond of statuary. A Grecian portal in their Shoemakers' Arbor shows the patrons of the gentle craft, Crispin and Crispianus. They escaped the iconoclastic fury of the Parliamentarians, one would like to think, on account of their mute appeal, inscribed on a panel :—

“ We are but images of stoune,
Do us no harm—we can do nought.”

Charles I. came hither with his sons, Charles and James, September 20, 1642, on the invitation of the loyal Corporation, who gave him free access to the town and offered “to entertain him in the best manner these troublesome times afford.” The young James and his cousin, Prince Rupert, spent some time in Jones' Mansion,† still to be seen. From the time of William I. to the reign of James II., Shrewsbury received thirty-two royal charters; the earliest now to be seen dates to the reign of Richard I., November 11, 1189. In St. Mary's Church, in 1232, was held an assemblage of legates, convened by the Pope's command, to

* *Ponte Vecchio*, the Old Bridge, which is covered with the shops of Jewellers and Goldsmiths, established there by Cosimo I.

† Erected by Thomas Jones, first Mayor of Shrewsbury, who died in 1642.

investigate some charges as to infractions of treaties preferred against Llewelyn, the Welsh prince.

During the civil wars of Charles I. the Castle* was garrisoned, and a postern added. The race-course upon which the king reviewed his army is still called "The Soldier's Piece." The martyr-king kept his sad court at the Council House, the procurator of which turned over to his Majesty all the coin in the treasury as a loan. So, at least, one of the officers of that establishment told the writer. The royal borrower was never able to repay the loan, nor did his good lieges of Shrewsbury expect it to be refunded. Probably, they had delicately conveyed as a loan what they were ashamed to offer the fallen monarch as a gift. As he became the head of the Church by law established, Charles I. during his stay showed great zeal for the Protestant religion, but, though of very high church principles, he did not dream of calling himself a Catholic. He went in state to the chief church, beautiful St. Mary's, and there "took a protestation and the sacrament upon it to defend the Protestant religion established by Queen Elizabeth and his royal father," James I., son of Mary Stuart, a martyr for the Catholic faith.

The handsome, melancholy countenance of poor Charles, his picturesque Vandyke costume, and his graceful, gentle bearing, could not fail to impress the loyal Salopians. His swarthy heir, Charles, Prince of Wales, and his beautiful boy, James, stood on either side of the doomed monarch as he addressed them, surrounded by stout cavaliers. James saw Shrewsbury once more, under happier auspices, and it is likely his brother saw it again, too, though no entry is made in the town records of any visit by Charles II.

Some miles off is Boscobel, where the boy king was concealed in an oak, and White Ladies' Priory, where he took refuge, September 4, 1651, when he escaped from the fatal field of Worcester. After the Restoration Charles II. visited Boscobel, and brought thence an acorn from the oak that had saved him. This he planted

* The Parliamentary army entered Shrewsbury February 22, 1645, and captured it by the connivance of treacherous sentinels. The Castle surrendered, and the garrison escaped, with the exception of thirteen Irishmen, who were hanged without mercy the same day, in reward for their bravery in trying to "hold the fort" for their hapless king.

Shrewsbury Castle has stood many sieges, one as early as 1138, against King Stephen.

in the private garden of his queen, now covered by Marlborough House. It is possible that when Charles II. revisited the scene of his peril he passed through Shrewsbury, where he had sojourned as a boy with his unfortunate father, though he did not stop to be entertained at a banquet. A banquet, at which Shrewsbury brawn figured, usually celebrated the official visit of a royal personage.

V.

The friendly oak which figures in the romantic story of the early career of Charles II. took strong hold of the English popular mind. To this day many of the drinking houses of provincial England are graced by the sign of the Royal Oak, and the national tree has been commemorated in songs intensely popular: "Hearts of Oak," "The Old Oak Tree," "The Brave Old Oak." The farmer will point out, in the neighbourhood of Boscobel, the path by which the five loyal brethren, the Pendrils, conducted the fallen prince to a secure haven in Staffordshire:—

" Old Pendril, the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

Quite recently, two gentlemen named Pendril, descendants of "Old Pendril," were pointed out to the writer in Birmingham. Both were musical, and sang in a Catholic choir. Their friends spoke of their descent from the loyal miller as a great distinction.

The destruction of King Charles' sapling by the fierce Duchess of Marlborough (1707) when she was preparing to build her palace on the site of the private pleasure of Charles II. and his queen, aroused the indignation of the people, many of whom remembered "the merrie monarch," whose vices were gilded with such frank, gracious manners. Violent epigrams were sent her, the mildest of which was endorsed: "Upon the rooting up of the royal oak in St. James' Park, raised from an acorn set by the hands of Charles II., who brought the same from the oak of Boscobel, his old hiding place."

For wearing oak-leaves in their hats, or for singing "the blithesome song of the 29th of May," English peasants were put in stocks and the pillory, and lashed to the whipping post in the reigns of the nephew and nieces of Charles II., William of Orange, Mary and Anne, who had driven out their father, James II.

In 1687, forty-five years after his first visit, the last and most unfortunate of the Stuart kings, James II., came to Shrewsbury once more. He visited the ballium or outer court of the Castle, made several changes as to the ammunition to be stored within it, and, no doubt, recalled the days when he stood as a soldier-boy, with his father and brother, on this spot, so full of painful reminiscences to him. Though a strict Catholic,* he entered St. Mary's Church and prayed there, as well he might, for it had been built and consecrated by Catholics. Outside the porch his majesty is reported to have exercised his hereditary power of touching for king's evil. From old prints it may be seen that Shrewsbury had a much more picturesque aspect when James the Unlucky looked his last upon it than it now has. The walls of the houses were white, and the roofs red, which contrasted finely with the numerous church towers and the sunlit slopes of the verdant meadow lands outside the ramparts. The bright red roof of early days is still common in rural England, but not, so far as we remember, with the glaring contrast of dead white walls.

The Council House, a stately mansion erected in 1502, was the residence of the Court of the Marches of Wales. Here King James kept his court, but the Salopians were, no doubt, disappointed that his majesty was not accompanied by "the radiant d'Esté," his beautiful Italian queen. The hall and the great chamber have been preserved in their former state. Portraits of George III. and his queen, both greatly overdressed, have been added since the time of the graceful Stuarts. Other distinguished personages look from the venerable walls. The supplanters of the Stuarts did not show much love for the Salopians. William of Nassau and the earlier Hanoverian princes hated and despised everything English, and were never so happy as when outside the boundaries of their island-empire. But traditions of the Stuart princes linger about the old town; and one can imagine them visiting in spirit the stately apartments of the semi-regal Council House, and passing in and out of its exceedingly picturesque entrance. Shrewsbury has also its miniature Whitehall, standing

* James Stuart became a Catholic on the death of his first wife, Anne Hyde, who was converted to the Catholic faith a short time before she died. And, no matter what his enemies say of other reasons, it was for fidelity to the Catholic religion, and for no other cause, that this prince and his son and grandsons were excluded from the throne of England.

"so trim and finely that it graceth the soil it is in,"—a fine Elizabethan mansion, built in 1578, and still kept in excellent condition. But Charles I. and his sons preferred the more ancient Council House.

Not far off is, or rather was, for it has been demolished, the High Cross from which proclamations were read. From reminiscences connected with this historic spot we learn that it was not always on festive occasions, or to obtain aid in levying war, that royal personages came to Shrewsbury. King David, the last of the British princes, was executed here for taking up arms in defence of his country. Here, too, the Earl of Worcester and other distinguished nobles, after the battle of Shrewsbury, forfeited their heads to atone for their rebellion.

Over the old Market House is a splendid statue of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV., with his great seal, three roses on one stalk, and the arms of Edward's great granddaughter, "Good Queen Bess," in high relief. The well-preserved gable of this mansion contains one of the many public clocks of Shrewsbury. It is half-timbered, with the second story projecting over the side walk. Another old house, erected in the fifteenth century, has arches and doorways of solid wood in the basement; the projecting upper story is supported by brackets and uprights carved with trefoil and other devices. This is supposed to have been the town house of the Abbot of Lillishall. Ireland's mansion, four storeys high, built in 1570, is half timbered; its high beams are adorned with *fleurs de lis*; and it has several characteristics of the perpendicular period.

At Vaughan's Place is an ancient gable of red stone, part of the embattled town residence built by Sir Hamo Vaughan in the 14th century. The chestnut roof of the hall is in good preservation. It is decorated with shields, quatrefoils, cornices, and small pointed arches, and is appropriately used as a museum. It contains many objects of interest and remains of antiquity, curious fossils and coins discovered in the buried city of Uriconium. A drive of five miles in the direction of the Wrekin, a mountain 1300 feet high, from which one can see thirteen counties, will bring the traveller to the once flourishing Uriconium. Two or three acres of its area have been disinterred, and the plough has turned up Roman coins and scraps of ornamental architecture. The hostelry at which the Earl of Shrewsbury and his retainers

were wont to regale themselves, was formerly known as "The Talbot," and is now "The Talbot Chambers," a series of offices. Old inhabitants remember with interest the lively time that followed the incoming of the Earl and his men. Much ancient and curious timber work is seen in the vicinity of Rowley's mansion, the first brick house erected in Shrewsbury, 1618. Its great drawingroom from which most of the oak wainscoting and basso relievos have been removed, is a striking illustration of a "banquet hall deserted."

To the majestic Wrekin, in the heart of Shropshire, the Salopian, whether at home or abroad, often turns fondly. Since Farquhar * wrote his comedy, "The Recruiting Officer" (1704), the scene of which is laid in Shrewsbury, and dedicated it to "All friends around the Wrekin," these words have expressed a social sentiment, and been a standing toast in Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury, which may be called "the city of churches," has but one Catholic church, the Cathedral, erected by that famous church builder, Bertram, the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury, from designs furnished by E. Welby Pugin. Like most of the ancient churches, it has nave, chancel, side aisles, chapels, bold jointed arches, high roof of timbered work, splendid stained windows, and a handsome reredos. The Bishop's house, which opens on Belmont (now occupied by Canon Allen), is connected with the church by a cloister. The situation is superb. The lofty gabled front and open bell turret present a grand appearance from the river. From the church steps to the old town wall is but a few yards, and the prospect from the Cathedral door is magnificent. The walls end in a range of houses called the Crescent. One square tower, three stories high, remains, the only one of twenty that formerly strengthened the ramparts. It is of jagged stone, has a gloomy, desolate look, and is lighted by small, square windows. The Castle appears in the distance, but no vestige remains of the fosses, port-cullis, and outworks. On all sides arise the towering spires of churches, of which there are nearly 40. Indeed, secular memorials, as Lord Hill's Obelisk, Lord Clive's statue, the Farnese Hercules, the emblazoned escutcheons of local magnates, seem strangely out of place in this monastic region.

* George Farquhar, an Irish comic writer, 1678-1708, who sojourned for a while in Shrewsbury, and was greatly pleased with the Salopians.

One of the most interesting ruins in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury is Haughmond (*haut mont*) Abbey founded by William Fitz Alan. It is reached from the town, northward, by the Castle Foregate, a handsome suburb, and is in an elevated position, skirted by a wooded upland, about four miles from St. Mary's Church. Its site is exceedingly lovely, commanding a view of the great plain of Shropshire, with the noble Wrekin, the swelling hills of Wales, and the meandering Severn, to diversify the sweet pastoral landscape. Here is the deed which conveyed the Abbey lands to the Church :—

“ Know all men, present and future, that I, William, son of Alan, on the day of St. James the Apostle (July 25, 1155), for the health of my soul and of (the souls of) all my ancestors and heirs, have given and conceded, and by this, my present charter, have confirmed to God and to the Church of St. John the Apostle and the Evangelist, of Hughmon, and to the Canons who are there serving God, the right of patronage of the Church of Wroxcestre in Salopescire, with all its endowments, and with all its appurtenances and liberties, in free, pure, and perpetual almoigne, &c. These being witnesses: Roger de Powis, John le Strange, Hugh de Lacy of Colemore.”

The walls of the cloister, the refectory, and other parts, are still standing. The church was cruciform. On its site are two sepulchral slabs bearing Latin inscriptions, which may be translated :—

1. Ye who pass this way, pray for the soul of John Fitz Alan, who lieth here. God on his soul have mercy. Amen. (March 18, 1272).

2. Isabel de Mortimer, his wife, lieth here by him. God on their souls have mercy. Amen.

In case the kingdom was put under an interdict, the Abbot of this monastery was empowered to celebrate the divine mysteries in a loud voice, having shut his gates against all excommunicants.

At the dissolution its income was equivalent to about £3,000 of modern currency. Henry VIII. granted it to one Edward Littleton. Some signet rings of the Abbots, the great seal of the monastery, and a complete list of its Abbots, may be seen in Shrewsbury.

VII.

The Salopians * sometimes describe themselves as poor and proud, but strangers who sojourn within their walls do not see much either of pride or poverty. They find them gentle, courteous, and hospitable. The arms of Shrewsbury are three stags' heads on a shield. Upon inquiry, the writer learned that this curious heraldic device was supposed to refer to the fighting propensities of the ancient Salopians, and our informant repeated a story in reference to the Shrewsbury dogs analogous to the slander on the famous Kilkenny cats.

In 1848 Bishop Ullathorne and the Earl of Shrewsbury applied to Carlow for a few Sisters of Mercy to establish their Institute at Cheadle, near Alton Towers, the residence of the Talbots. One year later five Sisters answered the call, and established themselves in a small convent near the beautiful Church of St. Giles. Many kindnesses were lavished on them by Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, and their daughter, Mary, Princess of Doria. In 1856 Bertram, 17th Earl of Shrewsbury, died without a son, and his estates passed to a Protestant branch of the Talbots. In 1868 the Sisters of Mercy who had spent some years in Bilston, in the Black Country, were transferred to Shrewsbury, where a convent was opened for the first time since the Reformation. The Sisters have taken root and flourished. Bishop Browne treated them with paternal kindness and was to them a generous father. His long and saintly life closed in 1881. He was attended in his last illness by the Sisters of Mercy, who had prospered so well under his gentle care. They are now 26 in number, and are busily engaged in teaching, instructing converts and others, visiting the sick, and other functions of their Institute. Some of their pupils meet with great success as governesses in France and elsewhere. Their schools are most interesting. God has mercifully blessed their house with great success, but they have grown and flourished under the fostering shadow of the Cross. † Their convent, close to

* A letter from an Irish Catholic friend who has lived among the Salopians 23 years says :—As to my own feelings for this dear place, I have loved it since we came here. The people are most kind and polite. Even those who did not like us as Catholics were even most courteous in their dealings with us. Our friends who differ from us in belief are warmly attached to us. The old prejudices are fading from the minds of the greater number.

† A no Popery lecturer said there must have been horrible occurrences in the

the Cathedral, is a spacious venerable house, facing an ancient square.

The very atmosphere of Shrewsbury seems permeated with the old religion. The ground we tread on is Catholic. The Blessed Virgin and the saints look down on us from scores of niches. Every Catholic mystery and dogma is illustrated on the painted windows of the churches; the rich, golden light that pours in floods, like flames, from the yellow, diapered glass, gilds Catholic emblems. The names of the churches are as Catholic as those of Rome—Holy Trinity, St. Mary's, St. Michael's, St. Julian's, All Saints. How is it, we asked ourself, that the people who fill these temples are not Catholics? Or, as we inquired of an English friend, how could their ancestors, amid such surroundings, give up the Faith delivered to them by saints? "Ah!" he replied, sadly, "they never gave it up—it was torn from them." True, else why the Penal laws to which the English succumbed, but which the Irish resisted unto death? Had the Salopians willingly turned Protestants, there was no need of racks, dungeons, imprisonment, confiscation, gallows, which many suffered for justice sake. But it does seem extraordinary that a people so Catholic, in a land of such glorious religious traditions, should for any cause whatever give up their Faith.

Let us pray that Mary's dowry may be restored to her, that the true religion may flourish once more throughout the land, that God may enlighten the intellects of these people to know the truth and their hearts to follow it—the truth that will make them free—free from human respect, pride, and every other obstacle to the action of the Holy Spirit. These are our best wishes for the ancient town that interested us so deeply. And in this sense, above every other, we say with ALL FRIENDS ROUND THE WREKIN, *Floreat Salopia!*

M. A. C.

convent as no certificate for burial had ever been registered for the community. This alarming suggestion was answered by a Protestant who had known the Sisters since their arrival. "They have not applied for a certificate simply because no member of the Sisterhood has yet died."

The climate is more genial than in other parts of England. The hill protects the town from many of the storms that visit other localities.

LAND OF MY YOUTH!

I.

LAND of my youth! O soft, sea-cinctured, emerald island!
 Dear to me is thy face, sweet as a mother's smile!
 Now as the amorous morning kisseth each roseate highland,
 Lo! I come with my verse, blessing thee, beautiful isle!
 Land of the bright, brown streams, green home of the whispering river!
 Fair are the feet that stray down by thy murmuring rills.
 Tameless be thy sons as thy chainless cataracts ever,
 Free as the storm that sweeps over thy sheltering hills!
 Land of the rare, red dawn! O land of the glorious sunset!
 Over thee blows the gale, fetterless, fearless and wild.
 Resistless as the sea be still thy warriors' onset!
 Brave be thy sons in the fight, gentle in peace as a child!

II.

Land of the blue lakes! sweet is the warble and wash of thy waters,
 Sweet is thy skylark's song, sweet is the song of thy thrush.
 Ah! but sweeter the laughter leaping from lips of thy daughters,
 Sweeter upon their cheeks purity's beautiful blush.
 Blithe be the song of thy bards, as the musical flow of thy fountains!
 Generous is thy heart, thy doors are open to all.
 Still may Freedom rear her citadels high on thy mountains,
 Altars and happy hearths keeping from tyranny's thrall!
 Land of my fathers' graves, O soft, sweet, emerald island!
 Dear to me is thy face, sweet as a mother's smile!
 Ever may morning thus kindle thine every highland,
 Never the dark descend upon thee, beautiful isle!

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

WINGED WORDS.

After all the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings.—*John Morley.*

Goodness of heart is more important than to show good reason for having it.—*R. D. Blackmore.*

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.—*J. A. Macon.*

Humility is most serviceable as an undergarment, but should never be worn as an overcoat.—*The Same.*

A difference of taste in jokes is a great cause of domestic discomfort.—*George Eliot.*

Nurture your mind with great thoughts.—*B. Disraeli.*

Expediency is man's wisdom ; doing right is God's.—*George Meredith.*

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.—*The Same.*

The compensation for injustice is that in that dark ordeal we gather the worthiest around us.—*The Same.*

Culture is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Procrastination is the thief of time.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A man of pleasure is a man of pain.—*The Same.*

Wishing of all employments is the worst.—*The Same.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they'd desire.—*The Same.*

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.—*The Same.*

Magnanimity owes no account of its motives to prudence.—*The Same.*

ST. TERESA'S BOOKMARK.

FATHER Marcellus Bouix, S.J., who has done most in our day for the honour of the Virgin Saint of Avila—so well sung by the English poet, Crashaw—translates as follows a sentence, or set of sentences, which he says “S. Térèse portait dans son Bréviaire et qui lui servait de signet” :—

Que rien ne te trouble,
Que rien ne t'épouvante ;
Tout passe.
Dien ne change point.
La patience obtient tout,
Rien ne te manque :
Dieu seul suffit.

The original is given thus, and Lady Herbert of Lea in her *Impressions of Spain* mentions having seen this Breviary in the Carmelite Convent of Toledo, with these words written by the Saint's own hand :—

Nada te turbe,
 Nada te espante,
 Todo se passa,
 Dios no se muda.
 La pazienza
 Todo lo alcanza :
 Nada te falta,
 Solo Dios basta.

This is not verse, not even assonant verse; still less the French version. Perhaps Longfellow was the first to put it rhythmically, though not in rhyme. In two cases he multiplies the number of lines unnecessarily, as where he says

" Patient endurance
 Attaineth to all things."

Shortfellow has condensed him a little in the following, which seems to be more easily remembered and more easily repeated than the bald prose in which we have seen it "illuminated" by pious hands:—

Let nothing disturb thee,
 Let nothing affright thee.
 All things are passing ;
 God only is changeless.
 Patience gains all things.
 Who hath God wanteth nothing—
 Alone God sufficeth.

If the reader has not already these maxims off by heart, let him or her learn them at once; they may come to feel what Father Joseph Farrell (is it necessary to call him the author of *Lectures by a Certain Professor*?) once expressed in a letter to an afflicted friend. "I always find almost all the wisdom I need in St. Teresa's Bookmark. It is a volume in itself. My great comfort in distressing circumstances is that 'all things are passing.'"

Miss Eleanor Donnelly thus paraphrases these words of wisdom:—

" *Let nothing disturb thee* "—the peace of thy spirit
 Is something too sacred for care to destroy ;
 " *Let nothing affright thee,* " save sin—if we fear it,
 Nought else can deprive us of grace or of joy.
 " *All things are passing ;* "—Time's stream never falters ;
 Wealth, honors and pleasures, it sweeps with its tide ;
 " *God never changes ;* " He fails not nor alters,
 Though life's fairest dreams into ruin subside.

" Patient endurance to all things attaineth ; "

" Who God possesseth, for nothing shall want ; "

" Alone God sufficeth "—the soul where He reigneth
Earth's joys cannot tempt, nor earth's miseries daunt.

A little more diffuse is this other paraphrase, whose authorship, according to my wont, I should reveal, if I knew it. It seems to express the feelings of a Carmelite Nun :—

When crosses may afflict thee, oh ! let thy watchword be
Thy holy Mother's lesson : " Let nothing trouble thee."

If darkness round thee gathers, and fills thy heart with fear,
" Let nothing e'er affright thee " she whispers in thy ear.

In every joy or sorrow which meets thee day by day,
She bids thee to remember that " all things pass away."

If, lonely or forsaken, by friends thou art forgot,
Thy Spouse (she doth remind thee) is One that changeth not.

When hope within thee wavers, and distant seems the goal,
How " patience winneth all things " she tells thy weary soul ;

That nothing in this wide world is needful unto one
Whose happy soul possesses God's eternal Son.

To drink the living waters at any cost or price,
To quench thy thirst, she whispers, " God only doth suffice."

O sweet seraphic Mother ! may these dear words of thine
Help to unite me closer unto my Spouse divine.

We ought to have given earlier a second literal version, which Lady Herbert, I think, adopts, and which attempts to add a little rhyming to the rhythm of Longfellow's translation :—

Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee ;
All passeth away,
God only shall stay.

Patience wins all.
Who hath God needeth nothing,
For God is his all.

It is a blessed thing to have the memory stored with wise and holy words and thoughts which will come before the mind in vacant moments and be a safeguard against loneliness and sadness, and frivolousness and worldliness and vileness. Add, dear reader, to your stock of watchwords and holy thoughts this bookmark of St. Teresa.

THE LAST OF A HATED RACE.

AS far as my limited powers and opportunities of observation enable me to judge, ear-rings of all kinds have gone out of fashion ; and certainly sonneteering is now-a-days peculiarly obnoxious. Several worthy peepes, who deem it a sacred duty to read every line of prose and verse in the monthly issue of this Magazine, were almost driven distracted by the never-failing supply of sonnets that was maintained for some years, and especially by the series of sonnets upon the sonnet, which for some other readers had the keenest possible interest. I sheathed my sword, not “for lack of argument,” but in mercy to the weakness of these faithful subscribers whose allegiance was so sorely tried. But now, after a long lucid interval, let us relapse for the nonce into a fit of this ingenious nonsense ; for the title of this paper is only a disguise for another batch of sonnets on the sonnet—another batch which it pretends will be the last. As our readers have had time to forget what a sonnet is, this paragraph from *The Ave Maria* may make their notions more definite :—

“What is a sonnet ?” a correspondent asks. A sonnet is, as to its outward form, fourteen lines, the first eight having only two rhymes, and the last six lines three rhymes. The rhythm should be the pentameter iambic, that is, ten syllables, the stress of the voice being thrown on every second syllable. The eight lines ought to be the premise ; the sixth, the conclusion. The first part of the sonnet is called the octave, the second the sextet, else quatrains and tercets. In some of the sonnets of Petrarch, who borrowed the sonnet from the Sicilians, the sonnet ends with a rhyming couplet ; but, as a rule, the Italian sonnet—on which the best English sonnets are modelled—rhymes the first line of the sextet with the fourth, the second with the fifth, and the third with the sixth. A thought must be adapted to the sonnet form, or the sonnet is valueless. It should be “a little picture painted well,”—a perfect gem.

Among the many volumes that contain Father Faber’s works there are two about the same size, containing his poetical writings ; one is labelled “Poems,” and the other “Hymns.” They seem to me to afford another illustration of our Lord’s admonition : “Seek

first the Kingdom of God, and all these shall be added unto you." Faber's poems are very beautiful, though I think his muse is prone to be diffuse; but my point is, that if Father Faber had been to the end a mere poet of this world, even his earthly fame would have been a very much lower and a very much colder thing than it is. * Better than all his poems is "Mother of Mercy! day by day," which a certain Maynooth student repeated over and over in the Dark Walk in a long-past September, and which has echoed and will echo in many another heart, helping to put it in tune with the Heart Immaculate. And which of his poems is sung year after year in thousands of convents and churches and schools like the hymn that bids us keep singing in our hearts "Immaculate! Immaculate!"

The reason why I refer now to Father Faber's poems is that he has made "Sonnet Writing" the subject of one of them—

Young men should not write sonnets, if they dream
Some day to reach the bright bare seats of fame :
To such, sweet thoughts and mighty feelings seem
As though, like foreign things, they rarely came.
Eager as men, when happily they have heard
Of some new songster, some gay-feathered bird,
That hath o'er blue seas strayed in hope to find
In our thin foliage here a summer home,
Fain would they catch the bright things in their mind,
And cage them into sonnets as they come.
No, they should serve their wants most sparingly,
'Till the ripe time of song, when the young thoughts fail ;
Then their sad sonnets, like old bards, might be
Merry as youth, and yet grey-haired and hale.

Strange, this idea about caging ideas occurs in a poem with the same title, "Sonnet Writing," by another oratorian, Father Ignatius Ryder. It is quite different, however, in form and substance, as the reader will see if he be able to refer to page 610 of our tenth volume, where it is given in full as one of the daintiest samples of Father Ryder's graceful muse. We claim for our Magazine the distinction of having had among its contributors the successor of Cardinal Newman, for Father Ryder is now the Father Superior of the Birmingham Oratory.

* Father Sheehan in our own pages has noted the curious fact that, though St. Augustine spent the most vigorous years of his manhood in the Manichean heresy, nothing is preserved to us but his orthodox writings.

Mr. Elliot Stock has been publicly charged with being the author of an elegant little book of verse called "A Publisher's Playground," in which he administers this "Caution to Sonneteers :"—

A youthful poet found a form of verse,
As finds a child its faculty of throat,
And well he loved and tried his new-found note
Majestic, musical, and subtly terse.
And, like the child, the Bard reached higher strains,
As exercise and pattern gave him power,
'Till, in the usance of his bounteous dower,
He freed himself from imperfection's pains.

There comes a waking time to child and man,
When what seemed best doth show itself to be
The very canker of complaisance—
The infant's puppet fondled free from bran.
As droops the butterfly beneath the touch,
So fades the sonnet handled overmuch.

The following has been furnished to us "from the unknown MSS. of an unknown author"—whom it might not be very rash to identify with our kind contributor, Mr. D. Moncrieff O'Connor. May it be named "The Oneness of the Sonnet?" :—

Into the bare, scant chamber of my mind
Once came a single thought,—full rare a guest,—
Mantled with deep mantilla from eye's quest ;
Whom to detain I artfully combined
A measured melody, two rhymes entwined ;
Her play with which let 'scape her beauty's best,
Then hoped I she'd lay open all the rest,—
Ah ! tired of toys, she cast them to the wind.

There was a pause ; these I, by subtle spell,
In trinity of new rhymes deftly wrought
To longer lapsing rhythm, must eclipse !
The fantasy, I ween, was conjured well,
For, in delight at having them, my Thought
Unveiling, sprang, a sonnet, to my lips.

Is this indeed "The Last of a Hated Race," or only the last till the next time ? Probably it is the last, absolutely, till this collection re-appears as a book, a separate entity. A great part of that collection is modelled on one or other of the two most famous sonnets on the sonnet, Lope de Vega's and William Wordsworth's.

Two models here have sat for all the rest,
 Or nearly all. De Vega's quaint design
 Shows you the sonnet building line on line
 Till in its perfect form it stands confessed.
 Wordsworth with cunning words its worth expressed
 And its true modest dignity defined,
 While he the names of all the six entwined
 Who till his day had woven sonnets best.

These twain hath aped full many a sonneteer :
 First, in these pages Lope's copyists throng,]
 Then Wordsworth and his faithful echoes come.
 Such is the order mainly followed here.
 Of other self-describing forms of song
 Our last few leaves have kindly sheltered some.

Such, for instance, as Frank Dempster Sherman's quatrain,
 describing the aims and nature of the Quatrain, technically so-
 called ; namely, some striking thought condensed into four lines :—

Hark at the lips of this pink whorl of shell,
 And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar ;
 So in the Quatrain's measure, written well,
 A thousand lines shall all be sung in four.

And thus Mr. W. E. Henley makes the Triolet show how
 easy it is to make one, if you have really learned the art :—

Easy is the Triolet
 If you really learn to make it !
 Once a neat refrain you get,
 Easy is the Triolet.
 As you see !—I pay my debt
 With another rhyme. Dence take it,
 Easy is the Triolet,
 If you really learn to make it.

But, after our long abstinence from sonnets, we find that we are
 behaving like that poor bibulous fellow, who on a country road
 saw that he was approaching a public-house, and, fearful of him-
 self, ran past it as quickly as he could, to escape temptation ; but,
 when he was safe beyond it, he said to himself that such heroic
 virtue deserved a slight reward—and so back he went for half a
 glass. But, alas ! he was not content with a half one.

IN MEMORIAM ROSAE.

THE springtide came, and found her young and fair,
 With roses on her face, and in her eyes
 The passion-light of song they used to wear
 When, like a bird, she carolled to the skies.

Yet springtide had no pity ; for the lyre
 Fell from her hands in youthhood's blissful bloom
 And all the melting ardour, and the fire
 That nerved her pen sank shrouded in the tomb

She is not wholly dead ; for death but gives
 New life to songs whose singers are no more ;
 The bard may die, but oh ! his music lives
 To charm earth's future ages to the core.

She was her nation's minstrel, and its brave
 Were honoured with sweet laurels at her hand ;
 The grateful Irish dewes weep o'er her grave ;
 She lies within the bosom of her land.

No more her loving voice will echo where
 The clouds around one Ulster valley sweep.
 The spring has culled the Rose all rich and rare
 We held so dear. God guard her in her sleep !

EUGENE DAVIS.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

I HOPE that the printer and I did not give trouble to any of our fellow-creatures by giving a wrong address for Durrant's Press Cutting Agency at page 268 of our May Number. In one of the last of our Pigeonhole Paragraphs well-deserved praise was bestowed on the vigilance of the thousands of pairs of lynx eyes and intelligent scissors that must be employed in the service of Mr. William Durrant ; but we gave a wrong number for his head offices, which in reality are at 17 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

A correspondent of great intelligence—as his opening phrase indicates—writes to us apropos of another of those paragraphs afore-said:—"Reading in one of your always interesting Pigeonhole Paragraphs the name of Rudyard Kipling, it struck me you might like to see some verses by J. K. Stephen, a son of the lately retired Judge, in which the said Rudyard and his competitor in fiction, Mr. Rider Haggard, are celebrated. I think the last couplet delightful. The poet speaks of a future"

When the world shall be delivered
From the clash of Magazines—
When the inkpots shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens—
When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute beside a muzzled bore;
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more."

Any one who has the good taste to read these paragraphs will hardly need to be reminded of the familiar lines:—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

* * *

When we wanted on a certain occasion to express our high appreciation of a certain Irish writer, we spoke of "the vividness, simplicity, delicacy, and self-restraint of a style which, without a trace of affectation or mannerism, is as distinctly personal and as exquisite in its kind as Nathaniel Hawthorne's or Eugénie de Guérin's." Since Oliver Goldsmith there seems to us to have been no more perfect writer than the American Hawthorne. Some of his "Twice-told Tales" have given us in the auld lang syne as much pleasure as any samples of literary workmanship that we have come across.

* * *

Holding Nathaniel Hawthorne in such high regard, we were naturally glad to seize on a tribute that he paid incidentally to the Blessed Virgin, towards whom, thank God, we do not feel any of that jealousy which seems to be felt by some worthy people who profess deep devotedness to her Divine Son. We accordingly put into circulation this sentence from *The Blithedale Romance*: "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity; intercepting somewhat of His awful splendour, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

* * *

We are reminded of Nathaniel Hawthorne's kind word for the Madonna by the good news that has just come across the Atlantic, that Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter has become a Catholic—as Adela Longfellow, niece to the author of “*Evangeline*,” did some years ago. Rose Hawthorne herself wields a particularly graceful pen. She and her husband, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, a very distinguished American man of letters, were received into the Church on March 19 (St. Joseph's Day), by one of the Paulist Fathers, the Rev. Alfred Young, and confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan. Mr. Lathrop, in a letter to Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the editor of *The Boston Pilot*, and biographer of John Boyle O'Reilly, gives this brief account of his motives.

* * *

“No one ever suggested my becoming a Catholic or tried to persuade me, although a number of my friends were Catholics. The attempt to inform myself about the Church began with the same impartiality, the same candour and receptiveness, that I should use towards any other subject upon which I honestly desired to form a just conclusion. Notwithstanding that education had surrounded me with prejudice, my mind was convinced as to the truth, the validity and supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church, by the clear and comprehensive reasoning on which it is based. And, while the reasoning of other religious organizations continually shifts and wavers, leaving their adherents—as we now see almost every day—to fall into rationalism and agnostic denial, the reasoning of the Church, I found, led directly into sublime and inspiring faith. This union of solid reasoning and luminous faith I cannot discover elsewhere.

“In carefully examining the matter, I observed that expositions of doctrine were presented by the Catholic Church in a positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect; and her replies to attacks made by adversaries impressed me as remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice and abuse, and imbued with a profound spirituality, strongly contrasting, as I hardly need remind you, with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims.

“The Church revealed itself to me as broadly liberal and gentle towards all mankind; thus worthily justifying, in my estimation, those titles of Catholic and of Mother Church by which she has always been known. Moreover, the present active and incessant spirituality of the Church does not stop short with this life, or end in that pagan acceptance of death, as an impassible barrier, which one meets with in Protestant denominations. It links together religious souls of all periods, whether now on earth or in the world beyond, by a communion which is constant and transcends time. Those with whom our

mundane lives have been joined in bonds of personal affection, or by the higher interests of the spirit—those whose visible presence death has taken from us for a time—do not cease, in the Catholic Church to be still one with us in heart and soul. Neither, in this communion, are the saints forgotten merely because their human careers were ended long before our day. The Church retains all, living or dead, in a great company which connects earth with heaven at every moment. This is what one might naturally expect, if Christianity and the spiritual are the same.”

* * *

This paragraph comes to us from *The Guardian* through *The Illustrated London News*. The expression *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, which greets the visitor to Rome from the face of St. Peter's, and which played so great a part in Newman's conversion, is a quotation from St. Augustine, but, curiously enough, there is no keyword to it in the very full verbal notes to St. Augustine's Works. It is to be found in “*Contra Epistolam Parmeniani*,” lib. 3.

* * *

In *Kottabos*—a periodical collection chiefly of translations from and into Latin and Greek, issuing at irregular intervals from Trinity College, Dublin—there appeared in 1874 a sonnet version of some very charming lines by Catullus. It is transferred to our Magazine as another little relic of the accomplished scholar whose pen often enriched these pages—Judge O'Hagan :—

Of all peninsulas and isles to me
 Sirmio the dearest, which the spreading deeps
 And bright recesses hold of lake or sea,
 How at thy sight my heart in gladness leaps !
 Scarce trusting that I see thee thus once more,
 Safe from Bithynian fields and Thyria's shore.
 Oh, what more blessed than release from care,
 When the freed spirit lays its burthen by,
 When, spent with foreign toil, we homeward fare,
 And in the longed-for couch contented lie :
 Be this the single guerdon of my pain,
 And thou, sweet Sirmio, greet thy lord again !
 Rejoice, ye glancing waters of the lake,
 And all ye smiles that dwell with home, awake !

If one of our modern Latinists set himself to turn this irregular sonnet into Latin, the result would hardly run as naturally and simply as these lines of Catullus :—

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
 Ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis,
 Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus :
 Quam te libenter, quamque laetus inviso !

Vix mi ipse credens Thyriam, atque Bithynos
 Liquisse campos, et videre te in tuto.
 O, quid solutis est beatius curis !
 Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
 Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
 Salve, O venusta Sirmio, atque hero gaude.
 Gaudete vosque, Lydiae lacus undae.
 Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

* * *

There never, probably, was an English official in Ireland animated by better intentions than Thomas Drummond Under Secretary in Ireland some fifty years ago. He was responsible for the famous saying, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." He wished to be buried in the country, not of his birth, but of his adoption—Ireland whom he loved. The Rev. Charles Strong, a minor poet of that generation, now completely forgotten, has enshrined in a sonnet the phrase that gave mortal offence to the Tipperary landlords :—

Drummond, on State affairs with eye so keen,
 Perhaps some thought Religion might be cold
 In that full breast, whereas she made thee bold
 And thy love quicken'd for the Island green.
 'Twas not thy wont on arm of flesh to lean,
 Faith in the Crucified was thy stronghold,
 And that thou gathered wert into His fold
 Let thy death witness and thy death serene.

No need hast thou of pillar proudly placed,
 Nor words that friendship's partial pen indites,
 Whose memory on a nation's love is based.
 On some broad living rock 'mid Erin's heights
 Thine own in giant characters be traced :
 " Know ye have duties, Sirs, as well as rights."

* * *

Many of our readers are very familiar with the hymn sung to a German air, which begins *To Jesus' Heart all burning with fondest love of men*. The Rev. Albany Christie, S.J., author of those lines, which are partly adapted from the German, has just died in London on the 2nd of May. He was also born in London, December 18, 1817. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1835. After taking a brilliant degree he was elected a Fellow of Oriel. In 1847 he became a Catholic and soon after entered the English novitiate of the Society of Jesus. His work for the last twenty years was in Farm-street, London. He was a man of untiring zeal, of a most lovable nature, inexhaustible in kindness and patience. One of his literary achieve-

ments was to turn the *Exercitia Spiritualia* of St. Ignatius into excellent verse. He also wrote a religious drama, *The Martyrdom of St. Cecily*.

* * *

What is a nonce-word? I see it for the first time in Dr. Murray's great "English Dictionary on Historical Principles," now publishing in parts, in which the second large volume will hardly finish the letter C. A nonce-word is used for what we may call in italics (for want of Greek type) *hapax legomenon*, a word occurring only once. I suspect that the epithet which St. Paul employs in the middle of the second chapter of his second epistle to St. Timothy is a nonce-word—*inconfusibilis*, "that cannot be confounded." Our Rhemish version puts it more plainly—"Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth." Let each of us in his own vocation strive to be an *operarius inconfusibilis*, not only priests and preachers, but carpenters, masons, schoolmasters, lawyers, doctors, and all the rest—we are not always *inconfusibilis*; some of us have very great need to be ashamed, whether we actually are so or not. And most of all as regards the work in which all of us are engaged—the saving and sanctifying of our own souls. It would be well to fix in our minds this text of St. Paul, which was often urged by Father Peter Olivaint, S.J., one of the martyrs of the Paris Commune in 1871.

* * *

Some do not like such tender exaggerations as that saying of St. Philip Neri: "Deus, cum ita amabilis sis et ita velis a nobis amari, cur dedisti nobis unum tantum cor et hoc tam parvum?" "O God, since Thou art so worthy of being loved, and since Thou wishest so much to be loved by us, why hast Thou given to us one heart only and that so small?"

* * *

Why cannot a substantive that is preceded by *our* be in the vocative case or nominative of address? The question (which will be made plainer by examples) occurs to me in noticing what seems to be a mistranslation of the opening words of the psalm. "*Deus noster refugium et virtus*" is translated "O God, our refuge and our strength," as if the words were "*nostrum refugium*." Perhaps this is because somehow in English we may say "I implore Thee, O my God," but not "We implore Thee, O our God." Is it because, by using the word *our*, we already turn away from ourselves to others and cannot at the same time address a third person in a direct vocative case? We say "May our good God pardon us," but not "Pardon us, our good God!"

A NEW CONVENT IN DUBLIN.

ONE might apply to the capital of Catholic Ireland a phrase from Eustace's "Classical Tour in Italy," and say that in no other city has charity assumed so many forms or tried so many arts to discover and assuage the complicated varieties of human misery. We have four hospitals served by religious sisterhoods, one of them being devoted exclusively to the suffering little ones of Christ. We have special refuges for "the houseless by night." Sisters of Mercy have charge of the hospital of the South Dublin Union, and Sisters of Charity of the North Dublin Union. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd and others welcome and guard the poor penitent, that "where sin hath abounded grace may still more abound." The youthful orphan and the aged widow have their respective homes opened to them; and even those who are qualified neither by special sin nor misery—the virtuous women who have lived in the world without family ties and find themselves in need of a home, find one under St. Joseph's patronage at Portland Row.

Some who have read thus far imagine that we have now reached the subject of this paper, for St. Joseph's, Portland Row, is a new convent. It is a new convent in two senses. It was not a convent until lately. Founded more than fifty years ago by Dr. Michael Blake, Bishop of Dromore, of whom our readers have heard much in past volumes of this magazine, this Institution was maintained in efficiency ever since, chiefly by the persevering exertions of Mr. James Murphy, who, after more than half a century of labour and anxiety, is still devoted to its interests. It had long been his desire to secure the permanence of this holy work by placing it in the hands of a religious sisterhood. His efforts had failed; but when the matron, Miss Ellen Kerr, of amiable and saintly memory, was dying a few years ago, she promised, half laughingly, not to be long in the other world before she would send the nuns to St. Joseph's. She kept her word. The Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, confided St. Joseph's Asylum for virtuous single females to the care of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, who, under their German name of "Maidens of Mary" had been introduced to

our readers in the second number of this magazine, as far back as August, 1873. Since their arrival in Dublin a fine conventual building has sprung up beside the holy and most devotional chapel so long sanctified by the ministry of Father Henry Young, whose story was told also in these pages by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, at the remote period just now alluded to.

But this is not the new convent that has suggested the present article. Nor is it Mary Aikenhead's newest work, the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross; nor the Little Sisters of the Poor with St. Patrick's Home for aged men and women at Kilmainham.

None of all these. This new Dublin convent is so new that many of the Catholics of Dublin have not yet heard of it. The Little Sisters of the Assumption have found their first Irish home in the Very Rev. Canon Kennedy's parish, in James's-street, opposite the Church of St. James. They are "*garde-malades des pauvres à domicile*"—nursing the sick poor in their own homes.

Their foundress was a Frenchwoman, Antoinette Fage, who died at Paris on the 18th September, 1883. She seems to have been born there also, in somewhat humble circumstances, about forty years before: for the French notice in our hands keeps clear of such prosaic facts. Like most of the saints, she showed her special attraction for piety and works of zeal from her tenderest years. The special work to which she was to devote herself was suggested by one of the Fathers of the Assumption, and was begun about the year 1860. Though the hospitals of Paris had not yet been secularised and the poor patients had still the help of priests and Sisters of Charity, many of the sick poor could not avail themselves of these succours, and, at any rate, there will always be enough of misery to relieve, no matter how many generous souls hasten to its relief. The *Sœurs du Bon Secours* had already, some forty years before, received the wonderful vocation, of which we gave some account in the eighth volume of this Magazine, page 492. "They do not wait till the sufferers come to be tended in the well-ordered wards of the calm and holy convent-hospital, but go in quest of them to their own homes, which to the devoted nuns are so strange and homeless, not merely for a passing visit, but making their home for the time in the chamber of sickness, no matter how repulsive, no matter how contagious, no matter how deadly." The Little Sisters of the Assumption also leave the

convents to spend days and weeks by the bedside of the sick ; but they confine their ministrations to those who cannot show their gratitude by contributing in any way to the support of the convent. Of course, coming in contact with the poor in their own homes, they strive to do all the spiritual and temporal good they can, with the aid of those to whose lot a larger share of the world's goods has fallen. The details of such a ministry will, no doubt, discreetly vary with the surroundings and the feelings of the people ; but the very peculiar vocation of these Little Sisters of the Assumption would seem to have forestalled some of the suggestions put forward by " R. M." in the following passage, which we cut from a newspaper a year or two ago :—

" Side by side with the Temperance question we are considering at present the best means to pick another hard knot, that of the uncleanness of the homes of the poor. It is easy to believe that an unclean and comfortless home sends many a man to the public-house to spend his evenings. Slovenly habits learned in dire poverty cling even to those to whom plenty of soap and water are not unattainable luxuries. In the present state of things, ladies and even Nuns pay their visits to the lanes, and come away hopeless of doing anything towards helping the dwellers in squalid rooms to taste a little of the sweets of orderly living and cleanliness. Yet, if personal service to the poor be a blessed thing, many of our healthy, active, good-hearted ladies ought to be able to cut the knot of the difficulty in a very simple and satisfactory manner. A little good example is worth a world of teaching, and a Ladies' Scrubbing Brigade might do much to win the sympathies of poor room-keepers, and to accustom them to that cleanliness of which they have so little experience as yet. Of course, the work would need to be delicately initiated, and would necessarily be slow of development. An enthusiasm for service, great tact, and generous human sympathy are qualities which would be essentially necessary to the lady scrubber. The work would, of course, be done for those who could not do it for themselves ; the lazy or careless would be benefited only by example. I venture to think that the lady scrubber would herself derive as much benefit from her action as anybody else. Wholesome exercise and occupation for the idle are in themselves a boon. A few large canvas aprons and a good supply of soap and scrubbing cloths and brushes would be the only capital necessary for the institution of our Brigade. To individual

friends of the poor there is nothing very original in the idea, which Lady Georgiana Fullerton (for one) knew how to put in practice."

More safely, more fruitfully, and more permanently than any pious lady of the world could carry out such ideas, they are put into practice by these Little Sisters of the Assumption, these *garde-malades des pauvres à domicile*, these home-nurses of the poor, who have just come to Dublin.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "How to get on" is the rather taking title of a book published by Benziger, of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, and written by the Rev. Bernard Feeney, a professor in Mount Angel Seminary, Oregon. The Archbishop of Oregon, Dr. Gross, recommends it in a short but very interesting preface, of which here are two sentences. "It is universally admitted that energy and strength of purpose are eminently characteristic of the American people. It is highly important, therefore, to direct these admirable qualities into proper paths and lead them to a noble end." And again the Redemptorist Archbishop says: "The Americans are a newspaper-reading people." And so the book itself deals directly with the problems of American social life. But most of it is applicable to young men everywhere; and we earnestly hope that it will find very many readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The very title of the twenty-two chapters show the practical and sensible character of the book: a high ideal, some ways and means of success, healthy tone of mind, cheerfulness, love of home, recreation, curb the passions, intemperance, gambling, gold-worship, pride and ambition, sloth, some other vices, independence of character, kindness, mental culture, life spiritualized, why we believe, loyalty to the Church, final suggestions. We have named all the chapters, except a very important one at the beginning, "Be Determined to Succeed." These topics, discussed by an Irish-American priest in a clear, manly, unaffected style, make up a very useful and interesting book, which, we trust, will exercise a beneficial influence on many a character and many a career. It is, perhaps, a symptom of its Yankee common-sense go-aheadism that from begin-

ning to end it does not indulge in half a line of verse; but Sir Samuel Ferguson's words would have come in aptly:—

O brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
 To make life worth living yet.
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In faith, truth, reverence, free and strong;
 But, O my poor young men, remember
 To God your Maker and your Saviour you belong.

I did not intend this quotation to be so much of a parody; but let it stand.

2. One of the daintiest little volumes that have issued from the Irish press is "The Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart," compiled by Mr. Vincent O'Brien (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). It is a collection of beautiful and pious thoughts, in prose and verse, referring more or less directly to the Heart of Jesus, His love for us and our love for Him, gathered from far and near, from old and new, from saint and sinner, and arranged with great taste and skill. One or two are assigned to each day of the year in the order of the months, the right-hand page being left blank for the insertion of birthday dates and names. But are Birthday Books ever filled up? Who is there that is interested in so many as 365 birthdays? And the births that we care for will not happen on so many different days. The blanks in this holy Birthday Book will, perhaps, in some instances be filled up by other kindred thoughts original and selected, "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed," and all, as in this exquisite little book, consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

3. A piece of hagiology of much greater originality and freshness than is usual in saints' lives nowadays is "The Life of the Blessed Angelina of Marsciano, Virgin, Promotress of the Third Regular Order of St. Francis of Assisi, compiled from ancient documents by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery" (London: Burns and Oates). It is undated, according to the new fashion of this firm. The printing and binding are excellent, and the margins much too ample for our taste. Mrs. Montgomery adds interest to her pious narrative by allusions to contemporary history and to the customs of those times, the dresses that the ladies wore, etc. Has she been judicious in choosing among the names which she says her saint was known by? Is not Blessed Angela of Foligno more familiar to pious ears?

4. There are some publications which we may name here, as they have been sent to us, though any special examination of them would

be out of place in these pages. Schroeder of Paderborn has issued an excellent edition of Elbel, one of the classic writers on moral theology; Pustet of Ratisbon has printed in seventy large octavo pages a fine collection of prayers for the use of priests, especially before and after Mass; and Benziger of New York has published a pretty and pious little book of devotions to the Holy Face.

5. A well-printed pamphlet of fifteen pages contains a lecture by the Very Rev. Courtenay Moore, M.A., Rector of Mitchelstown, on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Brigown, with a sketch of the life of St. Findohua. The lecture was delivered on St. Patrick's Day this year, in the town hall of Mitchelstown, with the Catholic priest of the parish, Dean O'Regan in the chair, and to him the printed lecture is dedicated. The lecturer is worthy of these edifying circumstances. It is full of learning and of the true antiquarian spirit. We remember urging on the late Father Geoghegan of Kilcock to put on paper the results of his researches into the history of his parish. If other local authorities did so, and if they published their collected materials in some local newspaper, they would have a chance of being preserved and in good time utilized by the future historians. As it is, traditions are lost, ruins crumble away till they cease even to be ruins, and more links with the holy past are broken. The Royal Society of the Antiquaries of Ireland, of which Mr. Courtenay Moore is a distinguished member, are doing a good work for our dear old land; and this lecture is a sample of the excellent spirit which animates their labours.

6. The small *Life of St. Aloysius*, translated from Father Cepari, has long been out of print. We are delighted to announce that a new and very cheap edition has been published by M. H. Gill and Son of Dublin. This is particularly right, as in this Month of June the Tercentenary of this amiable Patron of Youth is to be solemnly celebrated by command of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. This new issue of his life will extend the blessed influence of a saint whose example, whose prayers, whose memory, whose very name, have helped to keep pure, or to purify, many a young heart in these last three hundred years.

JULY, 1891.

DEAR OLD MAYNOOTH.

PART III.

DR. PATRICK A. MURRAY.

I WILL take the reader for a moment into confidence: when commencing these papers I never intended to make them a consecutive series. It never came into my mind to begin at the beginning and follow on regularly down to the end. I was too much of a dreamer for that. Your solid, methodical man is the man for such a thing; and, sooth to say, plenty of material awaits your solid, methodical man for writing the history of *Dear Old Maynooth*; and right glad should I be to see it done. What an array of names, from the Bishop of Waterford (spoken of in our last), its first President, to him who so courteously presides over it at present; what a number of holy bishops left its gates; what a number of learned men professed within its halls; what a number of saintly men lived and died within its cloisters! A history of the College would be a history in brief of the contemporary Irish Church.

My mind has often wandered back to those venerable men whom I knew in my time in Maynooth, and I wished to simply sketch on paper the forms that a grateful recollection still cherished. I departed from that plan in the second of these papers: I now return to it.

Of the men in my time most remarkable for *bonhomie*, poor Dr. Murray was the man. I will try to trace him as we used to see him at class in the pulpit. In three places Dr. Murray showed to advantage—in the pulpit as professor, in the study as a writer, and

I believe to the angels in his devotions ; for he was an exceedingly holy man.

He was a simple man withal. There is not a student that ever read under him that will not recollect the thousand and one times his face beamed over with smiles, as, kindly old man, he recited some simple anecdote. That face was not cast in high classic mould ; it was one of the every-day faces of ordinary life, quite devoid of those strong expressions that prepossess or repel one on first acquaintance. It was only when some joke, either of a pious or of an artless nature, wreathed it in smiles that you seemed to see, through every lineament of the face, the child-like simplicity of the white-haired man's inner being. Such a venerable man, and yet so utterly boyish, was the contrast that fixed itself on your mind. And he told the quaint cloister jokes, or related some early remembrance with such enviable, whole-souled enjoyment, that I think our gladness rippled over more for the evident good nature of the man than for the wit and humour of his stories.

But there was no mistaking the dome that overhung and crowned that smiling face. Forward and back it leaned ; lofty it stood ; you looked and held your peace. His hair seemed to curl on his head ; but we never had the chance of fully assuring ourselves of the fact, for he constantly kept it out short,* thereby robbing the head of softness as well as of venerableness. When,

* It is curious to notice how this little circumstance is chronicled by a much less sympathetic observer long before our contributor's college-days or even his school-days had begun. Thomas Carlyle paid a visit to Ireland in the summer of 1849. One morning he breakfasted with " a brisk, innocent, young barrister, John O'Hagan "—namely, the good and greatly-gifted man who died last November.

" Fellows of Trinity, breakfast and the rest of it accordingly took effect. Talbot-street I think they called the place—lodgings, respectable young barrister's. Hancock, the Political-Economy Professor, whom I had seen the day before ; he and one Ingram, author of the Repeal song, ' True man like you, man ' (clever indignant kind of little fellow, the latter), were the two Fellows ; to whom as a mute brother one Hutton was added, with invitation to me from the parental circle, ' beautiful place somewhere out near Howth,' very well as it afterwards proved. Dr. Murray, Theology Professor of Maynooth, a big, burly mass of Catholic Irishism ; he and Duffy, with a certain vinaigrous, pale, shrill, logician figure, who came in after breakfast, made up the party. Talk again, England *versus* Ireland. . . Dr. Murray, head cropt like stubble, red-skinned face, harsh grey Irish eyes ; full of fiery Irish zeal too, and rage, which however he had the art to keep down under buttery vocables : man of considerable strength, man not to be loved by any manner of means."

The idea of the Cynic of Chelsea calling Dr. Murray unamiable !—*Ed. I. M.*

on my return from midsummer holidays, I looked at him and saw the smiling face and the frowning crown, I used to be strongly reminded of some bold, bluff cliff on the western seaboard, unsympathetically overhanging a sunny sea. Whenever his memory was at fault for want of a name or an authority, he would tap the back of his head, and with a smile would say, "rooms to let, gentlemen, rooms to let," as if the apartments in the back of his head were all empty. Then passing the palm of his hand along the close-cropped ridge, "when a man (he would say) comes to be sixty, he begins to be wool-gathering: hope you'll all live to be sixty, gentlemen; hope you'll all live to be sixty!" And all the while the beaming face irresistibly won your sympathy, and you could not help but love him.

Of such a kind were his simple tales as: "When I was a child, I was a precocious little lad. One day my mother placed before me the alphabet and a slice of bread and jam. 'Pat,' she said to me, 'when you have mastered *this*, you can have *that*. In less than half an hour, gentlemen, Pat was devouring that bread and jam."

Again: "When you go out on the mission, gentlemen, don't be seeking after praise: don't give way to vanity. When I was on my first mission, I preached on a Sunday; and while the clerk who had served Mass for me was getting my breakfast—'that was a fine sermon, your reverence,' said he. 'Do you think will it rain to-day?' said I. In a few minutes again—'that was a thunderin' fine sermon, your reverence,' said he. 'Are they beginning to cut down the hay here yet?' said I. He went out, and came in—'oh, begor, your reverence, it is given up to you intirely, intirely!' 'Get behind me, Satan,' I answered to that man."

The reader will not think these tales silly. While we listened to them, we never questioned them, and did not account them silly; they were to us as much and as close a part of the man as his face or his hands. Indeed, it is oftentimes in what are considered trifles that the bent of character most strongly shows itself, as a straw will indicate the bearing of the wind.

A manifold man was he in the pulpit of the class room. The next moment after one of those artless sallies he would seize the objection of an antagonist; and, setting it forth in its best and most favourable light, he would, not alone with ease but with unexpectedness as well as appropriateness, turn it into a weapon to

recoil on and destroy itself. Or again, departing from the theological bearing of a subject, he took up the devotional aspect of it, which immediately presented itself to a mind so devout as his, and for half the regular class-time he would speak away like a man enraptured. Sometimes we were glad of these *spiffs* (to use the college vernacular), as it served to pass the time, and saved some of us from a searching scrutiny; sometimes, so carried away were we, too, listeners, that truly we "took no note of time." I remember, on questions arising out of the treatise, "*De Incarnatione*," that at times he did so leave the direct technical argument, and spoke (out of a full heart, indeed) of the inexpressible love of the Son of God in becoming man for us. It was unknown to himself that he wandered away into these extempore sermons. A committee of examiners might find fault with it, but for those who sat and listened no amount of dry book-learning could equal in value the usefulness of these informal but devotional addresses. We had thus a means of gauging his eloquence, as well as of understanding his piety. It was current among us that when asked on set occasions to preach a sermon, he did preach eloquently and persuasively. As we left the class-hall, after listening to one of those impromptu addresses, we could understand his power as a preacher; but that power consisted rather in the heart being full of piety, and the head of knowledge, than in any particularly extraordinary gift of mere language. That man, we said to ourselves, is convinced himself; it is no wonder that he would have the power of convincing others. That man believes what he says, and has made his belief a matter of every-day practice.

"I will give you a wrinkle now," he would say; and his face would assume the pleasant, artless smile that made his look so sympathetic; and then he would lay down, in the case of a knotty point, some principle gathered from his own experience or from his extensive reading. He had been for a short while on the mission in the Dublin diocese, and (unless I am mistaken) at the little town of Celbridge.* "It was one of the greatest pleasures of

* He was a curate in Francis Street, Dublin, when he competed for the Maynooth professorship; and I doubt if he was ever stationed in Celbridge. He mentioned to me that it was during his intense preparation for the concursus that he acquired the habit of saying *Matin* and *Lauds* for the next day at almost the earliest hour permitted; and he did so in order that he might with an easy mind continue his studies to as late an hour as possible. He carried this practice so far

my life"—I have heard him say—"to go over to the good fathers at Clongowes. Oh, how happy to walk leisurely across the fields, with the sun shining, and the soft, south wind fanning one's face; and to think there was such sacred enjoyment awaiting one at the end of the journey. I do not know that I have ever spent such happy hours as with these holy men, conversing in their college, or discussing theology with them among the venerable trees of Clongowes."

He was an excellent professor. I do not know if age had taken anything from the sharpness and keenness of his younger intellect, for I had not known him in his younger days; but for all that was essential, and especially for all that was practical—for all that was religious and sacred, and calculated to make us thoughtful and experienced before our time, and imbued with the spirit of the Church—he was, to my mind, an ideal professor. I remember the calm solemnity of his words, the clearness of his argument, the beauty of his own view on the subject, the wealth of authority, the piety with which he treated the matter, and the eminent practicability of his conclusions, and his eloquence in enforcing them. And his life, as it was known to us, was but a corroboration of this teaching. We shall rarely see his like again, indeed.

And, poor, guileless man, how he used to smile when we, with kindly malice or malicious kindness, would loudly applaud any reference to the *De Ecclesia*. That was his famous work, of which more by and bye. If a student, under examination, wanted to waste some few minutes, or to gain a little time, he adroitly introduced something about the *De Ecclesia*, and we clapped. The good old man would smile; I think he knew that we loved him, and that it was our love and reverence made us applaud.

Before I part from his full and portly figure in the class-pulpit, I have to allude to one of his habits. It will come best, perhaps, after a story current in the Franciscan Order. On one occasion a vendor of statues rang the bell at the gate of a monastery of the

that, even during a visit to Dublin once a week, he might be seen soon after two o'clock in the establishment of his publishers, M. H. Gill and Son, reciting *Matins* for the morrow. As regards Dr. Murray's stay-at-home habits, referred to presently, I may mention, on his own authority, that never once in his long life did he leave the Irish shore. In the perfect leisure and competence of the long college vacations neither London nor Paris nor even Rome ever tempted him out of Ireland.—*Ed. I. M.*

good Friars Grey. He wanted to see the Father Guardian ; and when the Father Guardian appeared, the vendor drew forth from his wares a handsome St. Francis in a brand-new habit and cord. The Father Guardian asked who it was, and he was told in reply that it was the darling St. Francis himself. "I am sure, my good friend," said the Father Guardian, "that our holy Father would not recognise himself. But allow me"—and taking a handful of mud he daubed it all over—"now," he said, "it is more like the great lover of holy poverty."

I do not know if there be portraits extant of Dr. Murray. I presume that there are ; but if they have been taken in a *clean* soutane, then they are not *true* ones. He was an inveterate snuff-taker ; the soutane all down on one side of his breast was bronzed from snuff, and I think if he put on a new one on Sunday, before the week was out it would seem to be six months old. It was usual, too, with the Superiors to wear a silk toga over the soutane : I never saw one on poor Dr. Murray. Most likely he laughed at such trifles, though plainly they are not without their use. He was about the middle height, of full habit, and he walked erect and quickly. His only exercise was walking, and in our time he rarely left the college grounds, except to run to Dublin by train, and come back immediately again.

As a confessor, Dr. Murray was a great favourite among the students. Many a straggler, beside his own forty penitents, had recourse to him, and was received with his fatherly, unvarying benignity, and counselled, and encouraged, and consoled. There was a charm about him ; even in his natural manner there was a charm ; and now that he is beyond the reach of praise, it is safe to say that his superior sanctity gave him a superior insight in the guidance of souls.

Dr. Murray, as we shall see, wrote much on theological subjects ; but I think his greatest work was done as a professor. Probably he excelled most in expounding the treatise *De Poenitentia*. His mind was so eminently practical, and he saw that as all law-books and all law-reading resolved themselves finally into the practice of the law-courts, so nearly all theology, even dogmatic as well as moral, resolved itself finally into the judgments of the confessional. He would possibly have written on this subject but that he had such a high opinion of the manner in which the class-book, Gury, had treated it. One day, at the opening of our class,

he read the whole introduction to this tract of Gury. It was a study to watch his face as he read, especially when he came across the beautiful sayings of the Psalmist: Miserator and misericors Dominus. Apud Dominum est misericordia et copiosa redemptio; cujus bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus et misericordiæ non est numerus. They seemed as honey in his mouth: quam dulcia faucibus ejus. The closing words of that short but exceedingly beautiful introduction, words quoted from St. Antonine, he repeated over and over again—"melius Domino reddere rationem de nimia misericordia, quam de nimia severitate"—these words, I believe, he would have printed in golden letters, if he could, over every confessional on the earth. He then launched forth in great praise of this portion of Gury's Compendium. There is one chapter—*De forma conditionata*, and I will make bold to remind those who read under him of his estimate of it, and to tell it to those who never had that privilege. I have it written down in the margin of the copy I used, and I took it from his own lips: his estimate is—"the best I ever read." I have made free to write so much, because, on so touchy a point, many, I think, will be glad to have the opinion of one so skilled in the science of the confessional as Dr. Murray.

For my own part, the treatise of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, the wonderful ascetic of the Franciscan Order, made the greatest impression on me. I mention it for the sake of those who have not seen the little work, as I know that these pages fall into the hands of many priests.

Perhaps it is a pity that Dr. Murray's great work, *De Ecclesia*, was not written in English. There is a prejudice against writing learned works in the vulgar tongue. In one way the Latin language helps to make a work better known, and thereby to become of greater usefulness, as professors in colleges, in lands where English is not spoken, can become acquainted with the work when it is written in the Church's tongue; but in other ways it militates against its usefulness. Of what decided advantage such a book would be in the homes of the educated laity! What a magnificent work for a convert to read! And even priests, hard-worked in missionary districts, would turn to it much sooner if written in English than in Latin, for instance, its best chapter on the Visibility of the Church. This last fact induced the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, when a professor in Maynooth

College, to write his valuable Commentary on the Constitution *Apostolicæ Sedis* in English; and he stated the reason in his introduction to that work. At present Dr. Murray's *magnum opus* lies stowed away on the shelves of some large library, like one of the last century's wooden walls of old England.

His other Latin treatises are *De Gratiâ*, *De Veneratione et Invocatione Sanctorum*, and *De Impedimentis Matrimonii*. His piety no less than his learning shines forth in them all.

Dr. Murray's writings in English consist of four volumes of "Essays, chiefly Theological," and a small volume of "Prose and Verse," together with a large number of uncollected contributions to periodical literature, especially *The Dublin Review*. In the sixteenth volume of our own Magazine, at page 675 (November, 1888), there is a short paper on "Dr. Murray's Contributions to *The Dublin Review*," based on a list in Dr. Murray's handwriting, which Sir C. G. Duffy gave to us.* But this list comprises only eight articles between the years 1864 and 1868, and, in publishing it, we said that it was manifestly incomplete, as Dr. Murray must have begun to contribute much earlier. We ought to have referred to a very long and deeply interesting letter which *The Irish Monthly* had the privilege of publishing at page 150 of its twelfth volume, in part 17 of "The O'Connell Letters." There Dr. Murray refers to an article of his on Moore's Poetry and Prose, as early as May, 1841, and gives data for identifying other contributions.

In 1848 he published "The Irish Annual Miscellany," a collection of essays with two pieces of verse; but he said in the next issue of the series that this was about the worst name he could have chosen, and he changed it to "Essays, chiefly Theological." Some of these, on the Primacy of St. Peter, on Reason and Faith, &c., are extremely valuable. His raciest piece of writing is irrecoverably out of print—"An Essay on the Philosophy of Plain Speaking," in answer to some virulent reviewer. In all that he wrote a person is reminded of one of the elements that Father Faber in his *All for Jesus* says go to make a saint—the element of *touchiness*. Father Faber says that no one can be a saint without being *touchy* about the interests of our Divine

* The Editor has by permission interpolated this paragraph, as there might be no other opportunity of referring to the subject.

Lord. In every essay of Dr. Murray's the reader comes across numerous instances of this touchiness. Sound doctrine is there, eagerness for God's glory is there, the true Knight of the Church is there ; but one would wish at times to see a little pruning down in the sentences, a little more quietness and self-restraint in style.

Dr. Murray gave evidence at times of the possession of the divine afflatus in no niggardly measure.

A song for the Pope, the royal Pope,
Who rules from sea to sea—

is a bold, swinging piece of verse, virile, and well-restrained. His poem on Glandore—a pretty bay in the south-west of Cork—may be pitted against almost any lyric in the language :—

Though I have forsaken long
Fairy land of tuneful song ;
Though my lips forget to tell
Thoughts they once could utter well ;
How can I, with heart and tongue,
See unloved, or love unsung,
Scenes like those that rise before
Th' enchanted eye in sweet Glandore ?

"The Rock of Cashel," to be found in McCarthy's Book of Irish Ballads, and in other collections, is perhaps the highest effort of his muse.

This is only a bundle of reminiscences and impressions, and by no means a methodical memoir ; but we may here at the end find room for a few dates. Is the exact date of his birth known ? * The year is settled by the opening words of Dr. Murray's obituary of his friend and colleague, the Rev. George Crolly, who died January 24, 1878. "George Crolly was born in the parish of Downpatrick in the month of May, 1813. We both entered for the rhetoric class in Maynooth College on the same day, August 25, 1829, he being then sixteen years of age, I seventeen." Many acquainted with Dr. Murray's long career as a professor of theology imagine that he never occupied any other chair. But the College Calendar informs us that on the 8th of September, 1838

* We are unable to refer to the Maynooth College Calendar of 1883-4, which contains a sketch of Dr. Murray reprinted from *The Freeman's Journal* of Nov. 17, 1882. We may mention that the writer was his fellow-professor, Dr. Healy, now Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.

(he was then 26 years old), the Rev. P. A. Murray was appointed professor of English Elocution and the French Language—in which chair he comes in the long list of professors between two of the same name—the Rev. William Kelly, who seems to be forgotten, and the Rev. Matthew Kelly, who did too much for Irish literature ever to be forgotten—“*sanctorum indigetum oliens devotissimus*,” as Dr. Russell calls him on the base of a statue of St. Brigid which he presented to the College. Dr. Murray only taught English Rhetoric for three years, being appointed to the chair of dogmatic and moral theology on the 27th of August, 1841. Except a year or two as a curate in the parish of St. Nicholas, in the city of Dublin, he spent his studious, holy, and happy life in Maynooth from the year of Catholic Emancipation, 1829, till his death on the 16th of November, 1882.

Dr. Murray was a native of Clones, in County Monaghan. His name was among the three submitted to the Holy See on the death of the Most Rev. Dr. McNally; but, to his happiness and the great advantage of his beloved college, the vacant see was filled by the appointment of the present Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Donnelly—*quem Deus diu sospitet*.

Taking him all in all, I believe I have never known a better man than Dr. Patrick Murray of Maynooth. Often in the course of professional duty I recall his pious “wrinkles”; thinking of him, I envy him his happy life of worth and blessedness; and ever and again I have prayed: *In die judicii sit anima mea cum illo!*

R. O. K.

THE CAPTAIN'S SON.

"A smack went on the rocks at Aber, North Wales; the Captain held his boy in the rigging for seven hours, but when help arrived, the boy was dead."—Extract from *Freeman's Journal*, 10th November, 1890.

O STRONG heart, stronger than the storm! love fiercer than the grave,
 Defiant in the darkest hour, heedless of wind and wave!
 Oh, noble tryst so nobly kept all through the long dark hours
 Amid the blinding sleet and rain, the ever falling showers.
 The storm raged wild, the winds careered about that lonely bark—
 No hope! no help! nought all around, but waters rough and dark.
 Alone upon that mighty sea, the fight was fought with death;
 In vain the father strove to warm the feeble chilly breath.
 The creaking timbers yawned and broke, the sails were rent in twain—
 Death's icy fingers crept and touched the busy little brain;
 And hero-like the father stood, and sought to pierce that sea,
 No thought of flight, no hope to save himself, were he but free.
 Talk not of deeds of daring of soldiers on the field,
 Who win renown in battle, by cannon, sword or shield,
 But think of that lone figure upon the waters wild,
 Through long hours clinging to the ropes, to save his darling child.
 Help came at last! All unawares, an Angel from on high,
 On folded wings the loved one bore to realms beyond the sky.
 A pitying eye looked down and saw love's conflict with the storm,
 And holy spirits sent to cheer the bowed and broken form.
 Morn broke at last, the father still to rope and timber clung;
 The boy, with bright-haired angels, the jubilate sung.

SUSAN H. CONNOLLY.

THE PRIMATE'S FIRST CONFESSION.

THE Rev. George Crolly, Professor of Theology in Maynooth College for nearly forty years, which came to an end some twelve years ago, was a very strong-minded and hard-headed man, and so was his uncle, Dr. William Crolly, Cardinal Cullen's immediate predecessor as Archbishop of Armagh. The hard-headedness of both combined lends interest to a story told by Mr. Crolly in his "Life of the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly." The future Primate had just been ordained priest, and had written home to his mother a letter from which this extract is given :—

"And now, my dearest mother, God having restored me to perfect health, and, by His great mercy, rescued me from a disease which is commonly fatal, and, by His great love, admitted me into that holy ministry, in the exercise of which I am bound to offer up daily to Him the unbloody sacrifice of the new law—to touch Jesus with my hands, and to receive Him into my breast; I have made a firm resolution to keep those hands clean and that breast pure from all defilement, and to devote myself, singly and undividedly, to His service during the rest of my life. I have, however, still greater need than heretofore of your prayers; for if I have been raised to a great dignity, I have also undertaken a burden which even an angel might fear to carry. Alas! many sink under this weighty burden, and, instead of being honoured and loved by men, by the holy angels, and by God Himself, they become a by-word and a reproach upon earth. I entreat you, dear mother, to pray to the Almighty in mercy to take me out of this world rather than to permit me to dishonour Him, or to scandalize His Church."

The young priest was appointed Lecturer in Logic, and immediately went home to his friends, near Downpatrick, to spend the summer vacation and get up strength for the work of his first year as professor. It was on his way home that he was called upon, for the first time, to administer the sacrament of Penance.

I must beg that the reader will extend his indulgence to me whilst I relate an event which occurred to the late Primate at this

time, and which I have heard on more than one occasion from his own lips. I do not presume, nor did he, to pronounce anything as to its nature. I simply relate it as it has been told to me. And, after all, how few are there who, in the course of their lives, have not met with something mysterious, and which appeared to them supernatural? Perhaps such things are sometimes delusions, arising from some transient derangement of the nerves or of the brain; or may they not far more frequently be glimpses of that invisible world, in the midst of which we live, and to which we are tending, as to the end of our earthly pilgrimage, graciously vouchsafed to us for some purpose of mercy or of love?

Dr. Crolly left Maynooth on the 9th of July, 1806. During his whole life he was extremely fond of riding, and as he had just purchased a horse, he determined to make the journey home on horseback, sending his portmanteau by coach. On the third day after his departure from college he remained to dine with a priest who resided not far from Castlewellan, and consented to stop in his house all night, as it was late in the evening when he arrived there. After some time, however, he began to feel very uneasy, and in spite of all remonstrances and entreaties, insisted on going home.

It was a beautiful night, and he was proceeding at a brisk trot, when he imagined that something like a gust of wind passed him, and that he heard a voice close to his ear, saying, "Ride on, for God's sake, or you will be too late." He was neither a superstitious nor a timid man, so he pulled up his horse and looked round in every direction, but could see nothing. Whether it was in obedience to the warning he had received, or in consequence of the excitement which he felt, he could not tell, but he certainly hurried on at a very rapid pace. In about half an hour he approached a house in the country, to which his attention was attracted by seeing several lights in it at that late hour. He, therefore, stopped when he reached it, and seeing a girl looking anxiously along the road, in the direction opposite to that from which he had come, he asked her if anything was wrong in the house? "Oh, yes," she answered, "a girl who asked a night's lodging with us for God's sake, as she was not able to reach the town, has become suddenly ill, and she is now in despair lest she should die before the priest arrives."

"I am a priest," said Dr. Crolly, "and if the case be as urgent

as you represent, I shall be happy to render all the assistance in my power."

He then immediately dismounted and entered the house. The poor young creature was lying in a corner of the kitchen upon some straw, her head resting on her hand, and her face covered by her long, black hair. She was evidently in great agony, for she moaned piteously. Dr. Crolly learned from the mistress of the house, who alone remained with her, that she was about to become a mother prematurely. He desired her to be told that there was a priest by the bedside. Nothing could exceed her joy at this intelligence. She clasped her almost transparent hands, raised her eyes to heaven, fervently kissed a small gold crucifix which hung round her neck, and cried out, "Blessed be the great God for all his mercies: I shall die like a Christian, and not like a brute." When she put back her hair off her face, he perceived that she could not be more than eighteen years old.

Was this a face

To be exposed against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep, dread, bolted thunder?"

Dr. Crolly heard that poor child's tale, which must have been a tale of sorrow; but his lips were sealed upon it for ever. He reconciled her to God, administered to her the holy sacrament of Penance, baptized the infant to which she gave birth soon afterwards, prayed with her as long as she was able to pray, and knelt by her until she expired. No other priest arrived until after he had left the house, for the messenger had been sent too late. The child did not survive its mother more than half an hour, and they were both buried in the same grave.

This was the first confession the late Primate ever heard; it was the first exercise, excepting the celebration of Mass, of the sacred power which he had received in ordination; and he always believed that the fervent blessing which the poor, young, deserted mother poured out upon him with her dying lips, for saving herself and her child, accompanied him through life, aiding him in all the difficulties, and consoling him in all the trials of his toilsome ministry.

ECCE STO AD OSTIUM.

THE Dweller in the clean of heart
Is asking for a home—
I dare not say unto Him, "Come!—
I cannot say "Depart!"

The day is spent, and evening falls ;
His head, His sacred locks
Are damp and drenched with dew ; He knocks—
He stands, and softly calls.

He whispers : "Open, Sister, Dove.
My Love, My Undeiled !"
She lives not here, that chosen child,
His fair one, and His love.

"Set wide thy door, and do not fear—
He will not turn to go."
I am not worthy, Lord, I know,
That Thou shouldst enter here.

"Not evening dusk, not shades of night
Have made Me miss My way—
With mortals I rejoice to stay,
Yea, this is My delight.

"For thee I left My Father's Breast,
His many mansions bright—
Throughout thy life by day and night,
I ask to be thy Guest.

"To seek the sinners I still come,
With sinners still I eat."
Then, Lord, my place is at Thy feet—
Make, make this heart Thy home!

K. D. B.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER VII.

CANVASSING.

"HERE I am, my dear madam, escorting ladies, and two red tickets before me," said the Doctor, as he stood with his back to the chimney-piece in the drawingroom. "A man might as well throw all prudence overboard and marry at once. He can't escape women."

"Oh, you are just the man to do without them," retorted Mary, "you that wouldn't know where to find your hat only for Amy."

"Oh, dear me, that is true," he replied, laughing. "Was it not a miracle I didn't go bare-headed while she was away?"

"Have you seen Mr. Huntingdon yet, Mrs. Desmond?" asked Mrs. Wiseman.

"Yes, he was here to-day," she answered.

"Oh, Amy, he's a perfect Adonis," said Mary, "looks unutterable things, and pulls a silky, brown moustache in a distracting manner. I tremble for my peace of mind."

"If he fell in love with you now, Mary," said Mrs. Wiseman, "it would be quite romantic. They say he is very rich."

"Oh, faith, if there was a marriage," remarked the Doctor, "you wouldn't mind the romance."

"What do you think of his chances, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Desmond.

"Psha, he has no more chance than I have, except the people go out of their minds, which they sometimes do. Return him, indeed, to help him on in his English interests! The man wouldn't care if Ireland was submerged in the Atlantic for half an hour. Indeed, I dare say he would think it a good way of getting rid of the troublesome Irish breed."

"Dogs that bay at his English moon," said Amy.

"I'd put in no half-hearted Liberal," continued the Doctor. "If a man can't see the necessity and wisdom of measures that the most enlightened and patriotic portion of the community believe to be for the general welfare, he isn't fit to represent the country; he is worse than nobody, for he takes up the place of a better man."

"I wonder the Doctor does not wear himself out," said Mrs. Wiseman. "He is so much in earnest about every little thing."

"Do you call an election a little thing?" answered the Doctor. "You wouldn't get in earnest about anything but the number of frills you should put on your dress, or the shape of a new bonnet."

"Oh, there's some sense in that," said she, "but to go mad about Home Rule and education things, and neither of us having children! Of course, it is very natural that those who have should excite themselves about such matters; but what on earth is it to us?"

"Did you ever hear such a woman?" said the Doctor, despairingly. "Is it any wonder she is a widow?"

"She may yet take away that reproach," said Mrs. Desmond, smiling.

"I'll warn the whole male sex," he said. "I wouldn't have another living man tied to such a cold corpse of a woman, even for the sake of getting her off my hands."

"I'm a fine, comfortable corpse, anyhow," Mrs. Wiseman said laughing.

"I must call on Huntingdon," said the Doctor. "Though I'm not going to support him, that's no reason I shouldn't give him a bit of dinner, and help to keep up the tradition of the country. I haven't seen Crosbie since he came."

"He was here to-day also," said Mrs. Desmond, "but he didn't come in."

"I wonder how he relishes his position. I think his principles are different from those likely to be held by Huntingdon, but he will have to go about canvassing with him."

"Well," said Mrs. Desmond, "I think Arthur has not given very much thought to politics yet; he left the country when he was a boy, and was years out of it; and since he returned, local interests and his agencies have given him enough to do."

"Quite true," answered the Doctor, "and whatever influence he has over Huntingdon he is sure to use it for good."

The days passed on. Mr. Digby Huntingdon's friends left Fintona, and he and his agent set about canvassing. He thought the work "beastly slow." Such a "confounded bore" talking and shaking hands with every cottager, praising their dirty brats, and complimenting their women. Sometimes, indeed, it was not so unpleasant to perform the latter office.

Mr. Huntingdon had not much tact—a quality which some strong natures, who have no sensitive disinclination to use their elbows, underrate, and condemn as a species of finesse, but which in reality is but a vivid and instinctive perception of the happiest and least

objectionable method of doing things. One man cannot bring a piece of furniture down a staircase without bumping and battering against wall and balustrade; another, with a true sense of adaptation, will manage to avoid collisions, and will leave the paint without a scratch. Tact is, so to speak, a handiness of mind. To use another simile, tact is the oil that makes the machinery of life work smoothly; but some are inclined to think that the works are stopped if they do not creak.

Mr. Huntingdon in the commencement did not make a very favourable impression; he overdid the desire to be agreeable, asked a great many questions with a wonderful show of interest, but unfortunately he waited for no answers. He laboured under the disadvantage of not having his whole heart in the affair, a defect fatal to one's chance, whether good or bad. The fact was that he sought admission to Parliament simply to please his intended father-in-law, but his return was of no vital importance to him. Up to this he had found amusing himself to be a very pleasant and all-sufficing occupation, and he did not see anything very attractive in the House of Commons, where fellows lost their time disputing about affairs that did not concern them.

In every neighbourhood there are two important and indispensable persons—the priest and the doctor. If the latter have not political power, he has influence, and an intimate knowledge of the people, learnt by constant and kindly intercourse, and in many a midnight hour by cabin hearths. But the priest is usually the voice of the people; the most Conservative candidate will stoop to conciliate him; accordingly, Mr. Huntingdon, remembering Captain Crosbie's suggestion, proposed to pay a visit to Father Nolan.

The October day was lovely, the soft shadows and sunshine of the month chased each other down the hillsides. The trees had put on their autumnal colouring, and the evergreens came out in pleasant relief against the background of brown and gold. The drive to the parochial house was not a long one, and as they passed rapidly on, Mr. Huntingdon, whose eyes had been educated by luxurious surroundings, made a great many critical remarks on Irish habits. Why people would not whitewash their houses, put the manure heaps out of sight, and place the pig in a sty, was past his comprehension. He did not speculate on the effect extreme poverty has on the nature of man; how destructive it is to taste and inclination for refinement; neither did he reflect, any more than other carriage occupants, on the serious difficulty of combining cleanliness and poverty. Whitewash is cheap to those who can afford a shilling, but one who only earns a shilling a day hesitates to give it for whitewash. The Danaides might shudder at the work if told to keep unspotted order in a cabin

ten feet square, where the hens, the pig, and half a dozen children must have ingress and egress, unless tied up; where spades, shovels, pitchforks, shoulder-baskets, tubs, and tackling have to find room; where the turf is stacked in the corner, the potatoes are stored under the bed, the rain comes in under the door and through the shattered windows; and where the smoke goes anywhere but up the chimney.

The Irish are supposed to have a natural liking for walking in dirty ways. Whether it is their innate disposition, or the outcome of inherited hopelessness, superficial critics do not pause to determine. Want comes in the wake of persecution, dirt comes in the wake of want, and carelessness born of sorrow is likely to grow into a habit that may be transmissible. No one can deny that Ireland has had in her history full excuse for her shortcomings. For centuries the strong hand has clasped her with pitiless fingers, and kept her prostrate. It is only the incessant agitation of her crushed but deathless spirit that causes, and will cause, that paralysing hold to relax.

Order is heaven's first law, but it is a law one man prevents another from fulfilling on earth. It was not easy to be orderly when, at one time, a large portion of the whole population was crowded into Connaught, where we must presume the accommodation for a multitude of unexpected guests was somewhat primitive. Grief caused Hamlet, whose refined habits we cannot question, to neglect his garters. It is not unnatural to suppose that some of those hunted Celts forgot to wash their faces. Being obliged to live in holes and corners with hunger and terror the prevailing ideas in the mind, is not productive of neat ways, and tends to make a man careless about the arrangement of his hair. When a landlord takes a new frieze coat as an index of unwholesome prosperity, and raises his rents accordingly, taste for personal decoration is not encouraged these days. It is more prudent, if less respectable, to retain the old patched garment of many colours.

But, thank God, a change has set in as regards these matters.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. HUNTINGDON INVITES HIMSELF TO TEA.

Mr. Huntingdon's carriage arrived at Father Nolan's dwelling, a handsome parochial house. The priest was at home. They entered the pretty porch, in which was a stand of flowers, and were shown

into the sitting room. In a deep bay window was a writing table and an arm chair, suggestive of studious and learned ease. A few well chosen engravings of pictures on sacred subjects adorned the walls. A large book-case, filled with theological and standard works, stood at one end, surmounted by a statue of the Virgin Mother. Everything was of the plainest description but in the best taste; and what with the shaded light, the pale grey walls, the pretty green carpet, the chintz covered furniture, and a bright fire of turf and bogwood, the effect was very pleasant.

Mr. Huntingdon sank into a chair, exclaiming "By Jove, this combines piety and comfort. The owner knows how to take care of himself. Puts boiled peas in his shoes."

The door opened, and Father Nolan, a fine, portly man, entered. After greeting his visitors courteously, he said:

"I have been up in your neighbourhood very early this morning. One of your tenants is ill."

"Really! What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. Huntingdon.

"I fear he has fever; he has all the symptoms. The house seems unwholesome and badly ventilated. I made his wife make up a bed for the children in an outhouse, which, indeed, is the better of the two. The doctor is gone there now."

Mr. Huntingdon fidgeted and pushed back his chair. "By Jove, that was a risk, was it not? I shouldn't like going into those low places. I'm afraid I should make a bad priest."

Father Nolan laughed.

"Or minister," he said, "like a Mr. Wallis that lived in the glebe here at the time of the cholera. There's an amusing story told of him."

"What was that?" asked Huntington. "Did he run away, as I should be likely to do?"

"No," said Father Nolan, "not so bad as that; but one night one of his congregation knocked him up, and told him to hurry down; the man's brother was attacked by the cholera, and was at death's door. Mr. Wallis was very nervous and had a young family. 'If he is so near death,' said he, 'I can do him no good.' 'If you don't come,' said the man in a threatening voice, 'I'll go for Father Kennedy.' 'Oh, do,' said the minister. 'That's the very man. He'll do you just as well as I.' And accordingly I believe he did go for him."

Mr. Huntington laughed.

"Quite like me," he said. "I should prefer to minister to healthy souls, and send all diseased bodies to you. But why not send these people to the hospital? It would be the proper place for them. Instead they stop at home spreading infection."

"They do go to the hospital," said the priest. "But they suffer for a while without complaining, and then the damage is done. I hope, however, there will be no outbreak of fever. It is very heavy on the poor—very heavy."

"They ought to give in at once. It is as hard on us landlords. We pay heavy rates, and all the same they go on spreading infection."

"There is not much danger, as the landlords keep away," said Father Nolan drily.

"Oh, but you see we can't keep away always. We must come sometimes."

"Yes when a man wishes to represent a county, I suppose he must come. It is very hard on him, I know." There was a twinkle in the priest's eye as he spoke.

"That is one for me, Father Nolan," replied Huntingdon, "but I bear no malice. I'm quite delighted with the country; people are so refreshing in their originality; it would suit me down to the ground to get into Parliament; may I count on your assistance in the coming election?"

"There are a good many questions at issue," said the priest gravely.

"Oh, yes; education question, tenant right, all that sort of thing. I must confess Crosbie is better up in them than I am. I'm sure I've no objection to schools; quite the reverse, if only the people be not taught to be dissatisfied with their rulers."

The priest smiled, and looked at Captain Crosbie, who, laying aside a book he had been glancing over, came to the rescue of the candidate. He explained his views more clearly, or rather the views he was supposed to have, for Mr. Huntington as yet had none in particular. After some discussion, they took their departure, leaving Father Nolan with the conviction that this Englishman's canvass was a desirable one. It would split up the Conservative interest, and the Home Ruler would have the better chance of slipping in.

Mr. Huntington proceeded to pay a visit to the minister and the doctor. The latter was out, but they promised themselves a meeting with him at the boardroom of the workhouse next day.

That evening Captain Crosbie strolled towards the wood walk to enjoy his cigar. An unconscious impulse made him always direct his step towards the Farm, until it had become a habit. Sometimes he went in; at other times he had a chat with Mary if she happened to be in the pleasure ground, and made it appear as if it was by the merest accident he came there, resting for a few happy moments against the little gate, while she gave him the benefit of her girlish wisdom. Since the advent of Mr. Huntington he was too much

engaged to have time for any but the briefest intercourse. He was put out in various ways. He did not like to go there lest that gentleman should follow his example, and the restraint he put on himself imparted a coldness to his manner which Mary was quick to perceive. He came there a couple of times with Mr. Huntingdon and hardly spoke a word. What was the matter with him? she thought. Was he ashamed of being so intimate with them before his grand acquaintance? That was not like him. He was not a respecter of persons, nor likely to value people according to the amount they had at the bank, but something was the matter with him, that was certain.

As Crosbie passed the corner of the wood, an irresistible longing seized him to pay her a visit. He might as well go in for an hour. Huntington was stretched on a sofa reading the papers, and would not miss him.

He threw away his cigar, and hastening his steps, was about to open the little gate, when Mr. Huntington, who had come by a shorter way, hailed him.

"By Jove! Well met, Crosbie. Unity' in our ideas, it seems—coming by different paths to the same paradise. Was going to sleep over that confounded Parliamentary squabbling, and thought I'd come over and ask Mrs. Desmond about those evergreens. It's fearfully slow work getting through the evening. Come on, man."

"The hour is late," said Crosbie. "They may think it an intrusion."

"Not they," replied Mr. Huntington, "the sex is merciful to forlorn man. That bright young person will be very glad to have us help her to keep her eyes open; she sleeps most of her time, I daresay. There is nothing else to do here. Rather pleasant waking a sleeping beauty in the wood; romantic, and so forth."

"I don't think Miss Desmond requires any waking up," said Crosbie.

"Oh, that may be your opinion, my dear fellow; I doubt if it be hers. You have no knowledge of women; fight too shy of them, perhaps; but bashfulness not being one of my faults, I have become experienced in their ways; a little audacity succeeds admirably."

"If I tried audacity, I should expect to get a snubbing for my pains," said Crosbie.

"And so you would, I've no doubt," answered Huntington. "That sort of thing isn't in your line. You are ridiculously in earnest, man—can't take anything lightly; couldn't pay a compliment to a pretty girl without thinking you ought to propose, and all the rest of it. Very foolish; lose lots of fun."

"I'm afraid it is too late for me to turn a new leaf and try your plan," said Crosbie, smiling.

They had now come to the front of the house; the light shone cheerfully from the windows, making the monthly roses that clustered round them look pale and faint among the shining ivy leaves. Mary Desmond evidently was not acting the *role* of sleeping beauty, for her voice, rich and clear, was quite audible as she sang Schubert's "Ave Maria."

"Music," said Huntingdon; "quite civilized, by Jove; disabuses one of the idea that he is in the backwoods; young lady at piano; savours of culture and all that."

"A phase of culture that is sometimes disagreeable," answered Crosbie.

"Quite so," said Huntingdon; "sets your teeth on edge. I often speculated on the habit women have of spoiling good songs, and never could determine whether they deceived themselves into the idea that they could sing, or only fancied they deceived others. Miss Desmond, however, seems to have a fine voice."

"She is not likely to attempt what she can't do," said Crosbie.

"Really. She seems to have won your good opinions. Here we are."

Mr. Huntingdon's loud knock silenced the voice. They sent in their names by Peter, and received an invitation to enter.

Mrs. Desmond rose from her seat near the centre table and welcomed them courteously. Mary stood near the piano, looking very fresh and bright in a plain, tight-fitting black dress, with a soft frill round her white throat. On a table by the fire was a small tray, with bread and butter, a plate of pears, and a teapot covered by a crimson cosy. The lamp was dim. Peter raised it, poked the fire, and sent the bogwood sparks chasing each other up the chimney. He then struck a match, lighted a pair of candles on the mantel-piece, and the room was a picture of home comfort.

"I must beg a thousand pardons, Mrs. Desmond," said Huntingdon, "for intruding on you at such an hour, but I positively couldn't help it. I was so tired of our solitude that I overruled Crosbie, and said you would be merciful to us. Am I pardoned?"

He looked so handsome and winning that a woman would be likely to pardon him many things more disagreeable than seeking her society.

Mrs. Desmond smiled, and said she would be very happy to give them a cup of tea.

"A thousand thanks," he said, "it will be as refreshing as a well in a desert."

He sank into a chair near the piano.

"It is quite a barbarous state of things when a man has to make his own tea. That is preeminently a lady's duty. If you saw Crosbie and me at our desolate breakfast table, you would feel for us."

"Who fills out?" asked Mary.

"Crosbie dispenses it most liberally everywhere, into the sugar bowl, the butter cooler, over the tablecloth. I am obliged to keep at the other side of the table, having an objection to such profusion."

"You are discrediting my character as a housekeeper," said Crosbie, "and you are too lazy to pour out for yourself. I'll pay you off in the morning and let you help yourself."

"Oh, my dear fellow, I retract," cried Huntingdon. "If I gave anyone the idea you were in the least awkward in handling a teapot, it was quite unintentional. Miss Desmond, shall I get you another cup of tea?"

Mary declined, and when Peter had removed the tea-tray, Mr. Huntingdon sat beside her.

"Is not this a fearfully dull place for you?" he said. "Quite astonishing how you manage to live."

"A curious instance of tenacity of life in the native Irish," replied Mary, laughing.

"By Jove! it would be no laughing matter to me," said Mr. Huntingdon. "I don't know how you manage. Every evening I dread dislocating my jaws."

"You are much to be pitied," said Mary, merrily; "you want to be amused, like a little child who must always have a toy to keep it quiet."

"Ah, the child has the advantage of me," he answered. "He can go to sleep at all hours, and I can't. Did my best this evening; began to read some very fine debates, but it was of no use; was as wide awake as ever. Then my guardian angel suggested to me to test your kindness. An angelic impulse towards the angelic, was it not?"

"I'm afraid I don't take such spiritual views," said Mary. "My commonplace interpretation would be that you saw nothing better to do."

"I could do nothing better," he replied, lowering his voice; "or nothing so pleasant. Ah, you're sceptical; you don't believe me."

"Indeed, I don't," she said with a bright smile. "And what is more, you don't believe yourself."

"Oh! by Jove, I do; I would swear to it. You don't think me one of those cold Englishmen they talk about in books, do you? That is all calumny. We are quite as susceptible, unfortunately, as the most demonstrative Celt; and you have so little pity on us."

"A great deal more than you deserve," said Mary. "I'm a most unsentimental person, and waste no compassion on those who wear their hearts on their sleeves. I'm rather inclined to peck."

"That's because you have never loved," said Huntingdon.

"How do you know?" she asked. "Do I look so strong-minded, or so detached from all earthly things?"

"Neither. You don't look in the least like the stern wielder of a green cotton umbrella, nor is your appearance very ascetic; it would tend to make one think more of the present than the future, I should say."

"Then how did you discover my heart-whole condition?" said she.

"Instinctive perception, fair cousin. Heart-whole people are generally a little unsympathetic, don't you see? The bud is harder than the opened flower. A poetical way of putting it, is it not? I'll begin to lisp in numbers if you smile on me."

"You are paying me compliments and spoiling them," said Mary with a merry laugh. "I'm not a hard bud at all. I can sympathise with a person who has real suffering, but I can't feel for one with a fancied illness; yet, I suppose, as Peter says, 'conceit is as bad as consumption.'"

"Peter, the old servant who opened the door for us? Seems rather an original," said Huntingdon.

"Indeed, he is," answered Mary. "I am very proud of him. He was making acute criticisms on music when you disturbed him."

"Will you not sing something for me? I love music. We heard some heavenly strains as we were coming in that enchanted me."

"You are the wandering prince, and this is the white cat's castle," said Mary, "with this difference, that you are to go into the woods again to-night instead of this day twelvemonth."

"And you are the white cat metamorphosed," answered Huntingdon, looking at her through his half shut eyes.

"There is more of the cat than the princess in me," she said, standing up. "I'm going to give you some music now. You see I'm unsophisticated, and don't wait to be pressed."

"A refreshing novelty," said Huntingdon, "and delightfully like you."

(To be continued.)

SEEKING.

THERE I cannot find thee, O my love !
In the city's clamour,
In its pleasure's glamour ;
'Mid the multitude of faces
Or the wilderness of places.
There I cannot find thee, O my love !

There I cannot find thee, O my love !
Where corn groweth yellow,
Where luscious fruits come mellow,
Where 'neath the roses swinging
Hide birds that wake to singing.
There I cannot find thee, O my love !

There I cannot find thee, O my love !
Where sweeps the snowy pinion
O'er the seamew's wide dominion ;
Where the gull unceasingly
Screams a chorus to the sea.
There I cannot find thee, O my love !

There I cannot find thee, O my love !
Blind in the dark my seeking,
I stand with lone heart breaking,
With hushed and listening breath
I gaze through the gates of death—
There I cannot seek thee, O my love !

DORA SIGERSON.

UNCLE REMUS.

OF quill-drivers it may be said that they live in a two-fold world—the world that knows them personally, and the world that knows them through their writings; and that, not unfrequently, it is a race between these two worlds which of them loves the best, and lauds the most, the idol before which they worship. And sometimes (notwithstanding the sarcasm of the classic poet that pen-people be an irritable race) the idol deserves the love and homage of both.

And Uncle Remus was, indeed, one of these; God be with poor Uncle Remus!

A loyal and a loving two-fold world had Uncle Remus. When I spoke to little children, and told them that I knew Uncle Remus, who wrote such dear things for them in those late years, they would say—"oh, what kind of person is he?" And when urged to guess what kind, they would picture an old man with white hair and a stoop and a staff. Great was the children's amazement when told that it was not a *he*, but a *she*; that it was not a wrinkled old man, but quite a young woman. And sometimes they blurted out their exclamations in their childish, yet emphatic way, and their curiosity was roused; and, I think, had Uncle Remus been announced to appear at any town or village, the children would have flocked from all the country-side. And not children alone, but the children's mothers and the children's friends too; such a charm and such a potency had the now buried pen exercised among the simple folk around the peasant hearths. Before poor Uncle Remus went down, and before sad things of a political nature happened—and, thank God, poor Rose Kavanagh's big heart did not live to mourn the change—before these things took place, Friday evening was the happiest evening, and the most looked forward to in the whole week; that was the evening on which the journal containing Uncle Remus's useful and gentle homilies reached the country homes. They began in *The Irish Fireside*; and when, to the regret of many, that bright little magazine wound up its career, the department was transferred to *The Weekly Freeman*, whose circulation it very materially increased.

It was in the autumn of 1889 that I first met Rose Kavanagh. She was coming on a visit to a home in one of the vales of Munster, down by the Shannon's side. I knew she was expected. I had been asked some years previously to meet her, and was prevented unfortunately by business; but I was determined not to let this opportunity slip from me.

The train was just moving one evening when I rushed up; a carriage door was opened, and I hastily took my seat. Soon the train cleared the suburbs of the city, and we were flying along through the green fields in one of the richest plains in Munster. The autumn sun was golden and lavish of its gold, the green fields were like the richest velvet, and the calm and even speed of the train, with its giant power and sing-song noise and lullaby swing, gave life a something magical and almost superhuman. There was a joy in it that wine could not give.

Opposite me sat a pale-faced (evidently) returned American or colonist. The face was like the face of one I knew in young days. In my mind I was saying I wonder who can it be. There was a languor and a sense of weariness about that poor, pale figure. Tall, no doubt, if she stood up; fragile, too; with a pensiveness about the eyebrows and eyes that gave the key-note to her character. "Come home, I suppose, to live or die," I communed with myself. "And which shall it be?" A long-drawn breath from the subject in question seemed to answer my thoughts. "Poor thing!" I went on, "I wonder is it trouble of mind or body." She seemed to take no notice of anyone. The blue curtain was drawn across the window; her elbow rested against it, and her head on her hand. Presently the train passed out under a bridge, swept round a bend on the road, and immediately the full glow of the level rays shot in upon me, blinding my eyes. I at once set to shift my position; some traps were in my way, and in removing them I read on a luggage-ticket "Miss Rose Kavanagh."

I looked at all the feminine faces in that compartment, as if I could read which of them was the owner of those traps. I kept weighing in my mind, and putting together, and trying to come to a conclusion. At last, making a venture, I signed to the poor, pale face, held the ticket with the name in my hand; she nodded; it was she! No returned American or colonist, but one of our Irish girls that had undermined her health while working for her kind.

I made myself known, and she opened at once into conversa-

tion. Her face grew animated, she gave a laugh that was pleasant to hear, and became for the few moments we travelled on together as if she were quite refreshed, or as if she had become altogether a new woman. It was a spell of a few moments' existence that I love to look back upon. The beautiful evening, with a full September sun, warm and rich without being oppressive; the hundred and one dyes on leaf and flower and herb; the long shadows of the trees, so still and calm on the velvet grass; the sudden and unexpected meeting with one of whom I had known and heard so much; the wonderful charm that lay in the artlessness of her manner: and all the time the poor, pale cheek, and the short breath that appealed so patiently to the sympathy of one's best feelings. Ah, that sunshine without, and that sunshine within, gone like herself; or, perhaps, I should rather say, *gone with herself*—for,

“In God's land summer is,”

as one of her friends writes.

I saw and met her frequently afterwards. I have a picture in my mind; a prostrate figure laid on a sofa, head propped up with pillows, a dark, sea-green dress, crimson sash, the poor face pale as ever, the breath laboured and quick; when she attempted to rise or to walk, it was the effort of one feeble, indeed; circulation so low, that even in that beautiful September season, the warmth of a fire was not only a comfort but almost a necessity. Oh, but the kindness of manner, and the goodness of heart. It seemed to wrap her round as a garment, and, sunshine or sorrow, never to depart from her. At that particular time a mutual friend of ours, and dearer to both of us than words could express, was about taking a step of supreme concern and importance; and it was in discussing the situation of that dear friend that I seemed to get the clearest insight into the goodness of Rose Kavanagh's inner being. All the time that I met her, there was a smile on her face, and either a cheery or a thoughtful word upon her lips. It was only afterwards that I heard, to my amazement, that she was mostly always in pain; that, in the words of the gifted friend from whom I have already quoted, she had:—

“for friend,
Housemate and wayfarer,
Pain that had never an end,
And sickness hard to bear.”

I never saw the least manifestation of it, so calmly did she "dree her weird of pain."

Possibly this constant neighbourhood of pain may account for the absence of flashes of our Irish wit. I do not know if she possessed it in her hey-day; but, if she had it not, she certainly had what made up for its absence—a superabundance of the milk of human kindness. In this respect, and in that also of an early death, I have thought of her in conjunction with Gerald Griffin:—

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
That I was to die in the noon of my day;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn like a blasted oak sudden away.

Few had so many and such disinterested friends as Rose Kavanagh. When she grew unable to look to the details of her work, there were (I believe) hundreds willing to carry it on for her, as indeed it was carried on, and most skilfully and efficiently. When it was represented that a country life was necessary to restore her, a lady who had much to do with the journal on which Rose Kavanagh was engaged, generously made everything smooth for the poor invalid to live in the country. And the suggestion of her going into the country came from another lady who wanted to take her to her place in order to nurse her. Numbers of such kindnesses could be related, reflecting equally on the giver and the receiver.

In the autumn of '89, when the last leaves were falling, she left her own green land for the south of France. It did her no good. She complained in private letters of the unusual cold of the place. She came back when the cuckoo began to visit our woodlands. Poor weary spirit! life in Dublin was unbearable; there was a longing for the fresh breath of the bold bluffs and the bracken braes of old Tyrone. Land of noble souls; historians will speak of it in relation to Hugh O'Neill; we, of later and more peaceful times, will connect it with Carleton and Rose Kavanagh; and, taking all in all, an honour and a loving memory were both to the land of the North.

O. K.

THE WIDOW'S "CROWN OF SORROW.

A N' I was angry, Mike ; I said no more
 I'd cross your cabin door.
 I did not keep that bad word, all the same
 It scorches now like flame.
 An' when they came to me to-night an' said
 Those words of dole an' dread,
 "Come ! Mike is dyin'. Come !" keen fell the blow.
 Yet ah ! I could not go
 To see my darlin' fight the foe called death,
 To hear his burthened breath,
 An' feel the hand that clung to me iv old
 Grow stiff an' icy cold ;
 To watch love's spark fade in the dear blue eyes,
 To hear his childer's cries.
 (How strange the girl I grudged him to should be
 A widow now like me !)
 Here have I come with heavy heart an' sore,
 Outside the chapel door,
 To tell my sorrow to the Holy One,
 Our Mother Mary's Son.
 He knows how sad a mother's heart can be,
 An' He will pity me.
 The stars are shinin' in the blue above,
 Like sleepless eyes of love,
 An' can it be that I have watched their light
 On many a happy night ?
 I think there is a dell I used to know
 Where purty posies grow,
 An' where a strame runs singin' all the day—
 'Tis far an' far away.
 I wondher if I went there would I know
 The peace iv long ago ?
 Oh Mike ! oh Mike ! no place can give me joy
 Wantin' my darlin' boy.
 Sure all the world is bleak to me, ashore !
 An' empty evermore.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

WANTED AN IRISH NOVELIST.

THE writer of the following paper, which we rescue from an American journal of two years ago, labours under the very great disadvantage of being compelled to ignore the existence of an Irish novelist to whom any other but herself would have given the most prominent place among the Irish novelists of our day. In fact, Mr. W. B. Yeats, compiling for G. B. Putnam's Sons of New York and London, two volumes of "Irish Tales" for their exquisite Knickerbocker Nuggets, gives not a single line from any living writer except Miss Rosa Mulholland; and of hers he gives in full that most pathetic little tale, "A Hungry Death," introducing it with this remark: "Miss Mulholland is the novelist of contemporary Catholic Ireland. She has not the square-built power of our older writers, Banim, Carleton, and their tribe, but has, instead, much fancy and style of a sort commoner in our day than theirs, and a distinction of feeling and thought peculiar to herself."

Our readers will, therefore, bear in mind the initials appended to this paper as explaining the strange omission of any allusion to "Marcella Grace," or "A Fair Emigrant," or "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," or "The Wicked Words of Tobereevil," or "Hester's History," or "The late Miss Hollingford," or any of the countless smaller tales and sketches which often condense into a dozen pages more of quiet humour, quiet pathos, and vivid picturesqueness, than can be found in many successful volumes.

* * *

Another year has come and gone without bringing us the novelist we are hoping for, whom we are in need of, to show us ourselves as we are, neither flattered nor yet too much overshadowed by lack of discernment and sympathy. Every nation has its novelists, and the art has not yet reached its highest development, the art which reflects men and women in their dealings with and attitudes towards each other, revealing their faults and failings, powers and weaknesses, with something added from the artist of suggestion, criticism, idealism, of the reverse which shall help the student to recognise himself or his neighbour, and hit a useful lesson home. The roll-call of Irish novelists is far

too short and unsatisfactory, and if it be true that the growth of the novel increases with the prosperity and consequent intellectual culture of a country, we have not far to seek for the reason of our poverty in art.

A few treasures have been handed down to us from the past, works which have made record of the people and ways and scenes of a day gone by. We have the novels of Gerald Griffin, the Banims, Carleton, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Lever—all of which give us lively and characteristic pictures of an Ireland we see not now. In later years, either because imagination has grown dull among us, or the ways of life supply less attractive material, or the ready English market for fiction draws off our talent and employs it at remunerative wages on the themes its daily supply requires, for some one or all of these reasons, certain it is that our Irish literature does not become enriched as time goes on, and we shall have little to show for the work of our period at the close of the nineteenth century.

It is a noticeable fact that writers who produce one good Irish novel, giving promise of store to come, almost invariably cease to be Irish at that point, and afterwards cast the tributary stream of their powers into the universal river of English fiction. Thus Mr. Lewis Wingfield, having given us that fine picture of Ireland in the day of the Volunteers, *My Lords of Strogue*, turned his back upon us, and became in consequence less distinguished and less interesting in his work. Mr. Richard Ashe King in like manner having delighted Irish readers with the *Wearing of the Green*, now supplies an English novel to an English periodical, hiding his shamrock in a field of common clover. Mr. Justin McCarthy also writes perfect English for the English, and the clever books of Mrs. Cashel Hoey show no trace of the fact that she is Irish of the Irish, not only by birth, but in faithful affection. Mr. Richard Dowling, who in his early days of delicate promise migrated to London, and pitched his tent beside the publishers, would doubtless have given us much more beautiful and delicate work if he had stayed within hearing of Shandon Bells. Yet how can we quarrel with any of these bright spirits if they prefer to live their lives pleasantly and in affluent circumstances in the busy, working, paying world of London, rather than content themselves with the ideally uncomfortable conditions of him who elects to chew the cud of sweet and bitter Irish fancies, with his feet in an Irish bog and

his head in a rainbow? To choose the latter, very much self-denial is needed, much faith, much singleness of purpose, and also the sacrifice, sometimes, of things even more sacred than ideal service of country. We must only hope that there will soon come to Ireland the dawn of a new era, when increased prosperity and civilisation will bring increase of artistic culture and a taste for letters, which is at present deplorably wanting in the Irish public. Until such a taste be engendered, we have little chance of possessing a rich literature of our own.

Of the few Irish writers who continue to write for Ireland are Miss Laffan and the clever author of *Hurriah*. While paying large tribute to the brilliant author of *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor*, we must regret that her pen is not more often dipped in the milk of human kindness when describing the faults and shortcomings of her worser fellow-countrymen. A little of Thackeray's sly humour and sweetening tenderness would enhance the value of her often just criticism, and a bright picture placed beside a dark one would relieve the sombreness of her presentations and more completely reflect the truth. The author of *Hurriah* has also chosen the rôle of censor, though, perhaps, in a less marked degree. All honour to those who dare to expose the naked truth with honest purpose. Would we had a George Eliot to give us of Irish life scenes and characters corresponding to those in *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss*.

There is no doubt that *The Collegians*, by Gerald Griffin, is the best Irish novel as yet written. Strikingly dramatic, wrought to a fine point of tragedy through varying scenes of the most touching pathos, the most playful humour, every touch is Irish to the life; laughter and tears follow one another as one turns the pages of the book. The entire narrative of the death and funeral of Kyrle Daly's mother thrills with that simple pathos which is of the most perfect art, and no one could read it without the surprise of tears suddenly rushing from the heart. As for instance, the following passage:—

A hurried tramping of feet was now heard in the bedroom, and the sound of rapid voices in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sank upon the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling import. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman, and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold by his sister, Mrs. O'Connell (a grave-looking lady in black), who placed her hands against his breast, and said, with great agitation of manner:—

"Charles, you must not come in yet." "Why so, Mary? How is she?" "Winny!" said Mrs. O'Connell, addressing the old woman who held the infant; "take the child into the kitchen until the nurse can come to you." "How is Sally?" repeated the anxious husband. "You had better go into the parlour, Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children." The old man began to tremble. "Mary," he said, "why will you not answer me? How is she?" "She is not better, Charles." "Not better?" "No, far otherwise." "Far otherwise? Come, woman! let me pass into the room." "You must not, indeed, you must not, Charles!" exclaimed his sister, flinging her arms round his neck and bursting into tears. "Kyrle, Kyrle, speak to him!" Young Daly caught his father's arm. "Well, well," said the latter, with a calm, yet ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must, of course, submit." "Come with me to the parlour," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you." She took him by the arm, and led him, with a vacant countenance and passive demeanour, through the silent and astonished group. They entered the parlour, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued. The rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on that portentous stillness. It acted like a spell on the group in the hall. They were dispersed in an instant. The women ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children, terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death-cry re-echoed in the bedroom, in the parlour, and in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling the funeral shriek ascended to the heavens, and death and sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves by sudden storm of this little hold, where peace and happiness had reigned so long and so calmly.

The nurse left the kitchen, and Lowry took his seat upon the settle-bed, where he remained for some time looking downwards, and striking the end of his walking-stick against the floor, gently and at regular intervals. The crying of the child disturbed his meditations, and he frequently lifted his head and stared with a look of stern remonstrance at the unconscious innocent. "The Lord forgive you, you little disciple," said Lowry; "'tis little you know what harm you have done this day! Do all you can—grow up as fine as a queen, and talk like an angel—'twill set you to fill up the place o' the woman you took away from us this day. Howld your tongue again, I tell you, 'tis we that have reason to cry, an' not you."

The best Irish story written in later years is Miss Keary's *Castle Daly*. Unhappily, the author did not live long enough after its publication to give us another of the same character.—R. M.

* * *

Since sending the preceding pages to the printer we have chanced upon an old *Boston Pilot*, in which Mr. Francis Nugent, of Peabody, Massachusetts, "supplies the ellipsis" to which we refer in our introductory note. His speaking of *When We Were Boys* as a forthcoming work shows that this letter is already ancient history. If written up to date, there would be some reference to Hannah Lynch's *Prince of the Glades*, to Oscar Wilde's *Dorian*

Gray, and some other Irish work of recent dates. We omit some sentences in which Mr. Nugent ventures to look to Miss Mulholland as "the George Eliot who will give us of Irish life scenes and characters corresponding to those in *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss*." He begins by telling the Editor of *The Pilot* that he has rarely read cleverer letters than, &c., &c.

* * *

That on "Recent Irish Novelists" is extremely interesting, albeit the writer is guilty therein of a few sins of omission. Modesty would not permit her to mention one whose name is a household word wherever the Irish race has found a home. Rosa Mulholland, if not the greatest living Irish novelist, is the best known Irish writer of the present day. There are very few prose writings of the kind that interest us as do those of Miss Mulholland. There is a certain easy playfulness and gaiety about them, a winning grace, an intuitive insight into nature, and a facility of word-painting which is charming to everybody. "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," "Hester's History," "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," and "A Fair Emigrant," are tales of great purity, simplicity and beauty. "Marcella Grace," her best Irish novel, by its captivating naturalness and grace and simplicity, by its representations of real life so vividly true to nature and so home-like, and by its constant yet incidental (so incidental as to seem almost accidental) teachings of the purest and loveliest morality, really charms us. Our mother friend, if we might venture to advise you, we would say that "The Little Flower-Seekers," "The Walking Trees," "Four Little Mischiefs," and "Puck and Blossom," are the stories for your child to read as well as for yourself. Miss Mulholland's "Vagrant Verses," have the same unmistakable impress of originality and power as her prose. Her poetry is all serious, much of it religious. It is of the earnest, dignified, genuine character which commands profound respect, while it stirs a strong enthusiasm. None of it is frivolous—none of it superficial. Some may feel a lack of a gushing spontaneity, a glad, fresh, inspiring liveliness, and may be repelled by a certain staidness of style. But liveliness is too common to be greatly missed, and dignity, depth, and elaborateness too rare to be lightly prized. Miss Mulholland omits to mention in her list of Irish novelists her sister, Clara Mulholland, author of many pleasant and profitable tales for the young folks; William O'Brien, whose forthcoming

novel will create a sensation in literary circles; John Boyle O'Reilly, who has written one of the greatest novels of the present time—"Moondyne," in which the delineations of character are deliciously genial and acute; Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of a large number of well-conceived and vigorously-written novels, who, in addition to skill in narrative, has powers of describing scenery of no common order; Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of the Irish patriot, William Smith O'Brien, author of "Light and Shade," a well-written novel, which contains passages of exquisite beauty and pathos; and Mrs. Sigerson, whose "Ruined Race" is a vivid but too mournful picture of one phase of Irish life.

THE TWO PATHS.

A VILLANELLE.

A PATH of thorns or a path of flowers—
Which shall we choose, O heart of mine?
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Crowned with youth's sunlight, O dewy hours!
Which shall we trace as our hands entwine—
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Mind and soul, with your god-like powers,
Which is meeter to be your shrine,
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Leaning down from your star-built towers,
Angels, which is the more divine,
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Jesus sweet, do the ruby showers
That fell with Thy Heart's last throbbings, sign
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Courage, O heart, for this choice of ours,
Writ in the heavens, will stars outshine!—
A path of thorns or a path of flowers—
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

CONFIRMATION DAY.

A BRIGHT May morning, with the hawthorn buds breaking into foam on the green hedge-rows, with the furze flaming on the hill-tops, with fleecy clouds drifting over the deep blue of the sky, with the larks singing as if they would never cease far up above, with the brown fledglings making short flights from the sheltered nests; a May morning when the bright green of the larch contrasts well with the deeper hue of the chestnut, when the slender ash is bursting into leaf, and the pale, pink buds on the sycamore take an olive tint, when buttercups, and daisies, and marsh marigold, and cuckoo flowers bloom in the meadows; a May morning, with the entire population of a country parish passing from winding boreens and long, pleasant lanes, where violets cluster and the fox-glove thrives, or over hill-paths, or by meadow ways and rustic stiles; thronging from quiet homesteads, sheltered by firs or mountain ash, or surrounded by orchards white with blossom: thronging together in great excitement and in holiday array—that is something to see in these days when indifference is fashionable and hearty, honest enjoyment bad form.

The men come first, with that lazy, easy gait that seems to fit their Sunday clothes, very different from their walk when clad in every-day fustian and sleeved waistcoats. They are busy talking of their Confirmation days.

"The way it was in my time," one old man says, "was the good ones were brought up round the altar rails in C——, and a wheen of questions was put to them by the bishop."

"I warrant you were in that lot, Paddy," someone breaks in.

"Troth, then, I wasn't. I was back, far back."

"The time I was confirmed was the November after Dr. —— died, an' the wet, cowl day it was; an' faith the town's childre were just as ill-mannered as any I'd wish to see," a younger man breaks in.

"You were the fine match for them, Thady."

"Not half a match, though I say it."

"Well, isn't it the fine thing to have the Bishop comin' among us, anyway, and the childre saved a long journey?"

"That's the truth; an' right plazed he'll be at the crowd he'll see the day. There won't be room in the chapel."

"There's a fine green."

"There is, but I mane to be inside—for once."

So they come chatting and laughing. A holiday—and this was one to them—is a joyous day in the country: a sort of extra Sunday, when the young feel inclined to joke and chaff their neighbours, and the aged draw together and discourse of old times, and discuss the crops, the state of the markets, and the last political movement. But this is a holiday of holidays, a day much thought of for weeks before, and a day to be talked of for long afterwards; for never before had a bishop been in the simple, little mountain chapel. Not even the "oldest inhabitant" could remember hearing even of one passing that road, and so the crowd recalls in a way that mustering from the Roman Campagna when Lars Porsena came "to bring the Tarquins home," only that these mountaineers come in good humour and free from warlike accoutrements, and unencumbered by household goods; for here there are "aged folk on crutches," and mothers and babies—the latter a little fractious—and "troops of sunbrowned husbandmen," *minus* the "reaping hooks and staves."

The children walk decorously for once in their young lives, dressed generally in good taste, if simply. To them this will be a red-letter day in after years, a fair, green resting-place to look back to, when they have travelled far on that toilsome way which we have trodden too, on that road that seems so pleasant to their innocent eyes. The boys, sturdy, honest-faced lads, tread along a little uncomfortable, if the truth were known, in their brand-new clothes, for boys' trousers and jackets seldom pass to another set in the way that the finery of their sisters does. Many of the girls are robed in the white dresses that had been an elder sister's on another Confirmation day, or in gowns made from the beautifully embroidered petticoats of our grandmother's time, when every damsel could weave her own linen, and bleach it, and perform wonders on it with patient fingers in the way of sprigging, etc., before machinery, and swiss embroidery, and the go-aheadness of later days had driven our Irish "flowering" from the market.

"Deed, then, but Kate's a credit to you, anyway, an' 'tis herself has the questions well, too," a woman says who comes along in the full paraphernalia of her church-going dress, with the

Paisley shawl that Pat bought her long years ago when they started housekeeping on little else than their own brave love and God's blessing, with the carefully-preserved bonnet very much behind the present fashion, and very much prettier, I may add; with the prayer book that was her mother's present in that bygone time in her hands, and a spotless handkerchief to bear it company, with a sprig of southern wood or fragrant thyme in its white folds.

"Oh, middlin', middlin', and faith,"—with a wink—" 'tis myself that's puzzled often by her," the mother says, with pardonable pride in her girl's cleverness; and so the talk goes on till they reach the chapel gates where "the priest's gig" announces that the curate is already there.

Then there is a time of not unpleasant waiting, during which the men rest on the old, gray wall surrounding the chapel, or on the wall on the opposite side of the road, where they can look down at the noisy brook that flows along its slaty bed, between the rows of pine and larch growing on the steep bank that rises abruptly upwards; listening meanwhile for the first sounds of wheels from the broad road shut out from their view by a sudden turn and lines of beech and ash; for this will announce the bishop's coming.

The female part of the congregation linger too, excepting those who are far-seeing enough to think of a comfortable seat near the altar rails where the bishop will examine the children, criticising each other's appearance in similar fashion to their town-bred sisters, adjusting a fold of Nan's veil or Kate's frock with loving fingers ere the children are marched into the bright, well-lit church that is as clean as hands can make it.

And so the sweet May morning wears on, and the sun mounts higher and higher, and the yellow gorse on the surrounding hills flames brighter in his beams, and inside the church young faces turn anxiously to the long, wide windows for some sign that can be taken as an indication of the bishop's approach. Hark! the sound of wheels, a quick crowding into the church, an eager struggle for foremost places, and the first preliminaries to the first Confirmation in S—— are over.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

NOTE ON "DR. MURRAY OF MAYNOOTH."

WE have since discovered among our papers the obituary referred to in the footnote on page 345. The most important detail that it enables us to add is the date of Dr. Murray's birth: he was born at Clones, in County Monaghan, on the 18th of November, 1811. He was not so distinguished in the earlier years of his college course as in the latter years when his great talents were developed and matured. After less than one year in the Dublin curacy he competed with Dr. O'Reilly (afterwards Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.) for one of two chairs vacant in September, 1838. Father O'Reilly was appointed to the Chair of Theology, and Dr. Murray to that of English Rhetoric. In June, 1841, Dr. Whitehead was unable physically to continue the concursus with him for the chair of theology left vacant by Dr. Francis Magennis of Clones. For the more than forty years that still remained to him he devoted himself unreservedly to theological studies. We may give the conclusion of Dr. Healy's sketch, which corresponds closely with Father O'Kennedy's independent testimony in the opening pages of our present number:—

As a professor Dr. Murray was greatly beloved by his students. He was never "hard" on them; he communicated valuable knowledge in what was for them the least troublesome way; and, above all, he told them many a good story, which served to amuse as well as instruct them. Peals of laughter were heard from time to time to issue from the Fourth Years' Divinity Hall, to the envy of their soberer neighbours. Yet every story served to illustrate some knotty point of doctrine, or bring home to his hearers' minds some practical lesson which he wished to enforce, and the story with its lesson was remembered long after amid the distracting cares of the mission, where the dry doctrine would have been forgotten. Of late years the old professor had become very retiring in his habits; he seldom spoke much in the presence of strangers, but to his fellow-professors he was kind and gentle as ever. He always treated them, even the youngest, with unvarying kindness and courtesy, was ready to give them assistance in difficult questions,

and he listened with the greatest respect to the opinions of those who had no claim to his vast learning and experience. More than all, he was a man of great simplicity of character, strong faith, and genuine piety. He spent his leisure hours of late years for the most part alone in constant communion with God through prayer. It is noteworthy that the last thing he wrote was a short paper on Purgatory, which appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for last August. "Every work," he says, "even the smallest, has its reward; it is expiatory as well as meritorious." Let us hope that he had gone through his Purgatory on earth. His illness was very painful, but he knew well how to make it profitable—in his greatest agony he tenderly invoked the Sacred Name, and unceasingly implored the Divine mercy. When the end came, he was fully conscious, and, receiving the last absolution with a look of thanksgiving and resignation, he calmly expired. Nearly two thousand Irish priests have passed through Dr. Murray's classes in Maynooth, and we are confident that he will be remembered in the Holy Sacrifice by the survivors who have profited by his instructions and cherish his memory.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The latest additions to the series of exquisitely neat little tomes which G. P. Putnam's Sons are bringing out in London and New York, under the name of Knickerbocker Nuggets, are two volumes of "Representative Irish Tales," compiled by Mr. W. B. Yeats, who furnishes an introduction and notes, the latter being chiefly brief accounts of the story-tellers here represented. These are Maria Edgeworth, John and Michael Banim, William Carleton, Samuel Lover, Crofton Croker, Gerald Griffin, Charles Lever, Charles Kickham, and Rosa Mulholland. It will be noticed that the last of these is the only representative of living Irish writers. Mr. Yeats's estimate of her gifts has been quoted on a previous page at the beginning of the article entitled "Wanted an Irish Novelist." I have omitted one name given in the table of contents—William Maginn—for he only comes in through an extraordinary blunder committed by Mr. Yeats in attributing to him the *Blackwood* extravaganza, "Father

Tom and the Pope," which, of course, was written by a more modern Irishman, for whose memory I have so much respect that I suppress his name in this context. The editor has, indeed, expunged the most reprehensible passages towards the end; but he would have acted more wisely and in better taste if he had omitted the obsolete squib altogether; for it concerns persons and subjects too dear to the hearts of most Irishmen to make its publication suitable anywhere else than in Old Ebony in its coarsest and most bigoted days. The same mistaken notion of "representativeness" has, I think, spoiled almost the whole selection, in which the rollicking, savage, and droll elements are much too largely represented. We are far nicer people than the American or English reader will gather from these samples. That Mr. Yeats has not thus consulted best for the tastes of even his least Irish-hearted readers is manifest from *The Saturday Review* of May 30, which, reviewing the collection as Saturday-Reviewishly as possible, has hardly a gracious word for anything but Miss Mulholland's "Hungry Death," of which it praises highly the literary charm and the true Irish feeling, scenery, and atmosphere. Did the Knickerbocker Press send no proof-sheets across the Atlantic? It is deplorable that such dainty volumes should swarm with misprints. Hanim's "Crohoore of the Billhook" (which the infallible *Saturday Review* attributes to Carleton) is grotesquely misspelled; Lefanu is called Lefevre; and Gerald Griffin is said to have written an historical novel called "The Wonders." Can it be that Mr. Yeats wrote "Invaders" for "Invasion," and that his New York printers changed the first two syllables into "Won?" I am sorry not to have been able to praise more unreservedly these Irish Knickerbocker Nuggets.

2. Though the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, the children of light as represented by the Loretto Nuns of Rathfarnham were very wise indeed in intrusting to Miss Katharine Tynan the task of writing the Life of Mother Xaveria Fallon, their third Superior General in succession to their Irish foundress, Mother Teresa Ball. The Life of Mrs. Ball herself has been written by Dr. Hutch of Fermoy and by Father Coleridge—the latter, we think, confining himself, for the most part, to the rôle of editor. But Mother Teresa's spiritual daughter has not suffered by having for her biographer one of her own sex, and that one uncloistered. This last circumstance is an advantage in many respects. Miss Tynan is admirably qualified to be an interpreter between the world and the cloister; and this seems to have been her aim in writing "A Nun: Her Friends and her Order" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.) Is it in *Alice in Wonderland* that this postulate is laid down? "Let it be granted that it is

possible to write on any subject and at any distance from that subject." Miss Tynan has brought in a good many places and persons besides Mother Xaveria and Rathfarnham, but she has linked all her topics so artistically with her central subject that every paragraph seems to be necessary and to fit into its proper place. Our readers will hear more of this excellent bit of Irish literature, Miss Tynan's first prose volume; but we end for the present by saying that it would not be easy to imagine greater diligence in collecting minute facts and circumstances, greater discretion in selecting from the collection, or greater literary skill in marshalling the results of all this care and diligence. It is another of many instances that a poet's prose is the most perfect medium for the expression of thought.

3. Yet another proof of the statement in the last sentence of the preceding paragraph is "A Saint among Saints," by S. M. S. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son). A third edition has just been issued of this Life of St. Emmelia, Mother of St. Basil the Great, and a new preface has been prefixed, not by the Author, who, no doubt, would have suppressed the three characteristically kind and careful little notes of Cardinal Newman, in one of which he says that the Life is "beautifully written and full of interest." The prizegiving season is close upon us, if the Intermediate Examinations have not abolished such educational frivolities. We recommend for the purpose "A Saint among Saints."

4. "A Cracked Fiddle: being a Selection from the Poems of Frederick Langbridge. Limerick: G. McKeon and Sons; London: Methuen and Co." This is all the information that Mr. Langbridge gives us on his title-page, and, perhaps, he wants us to be content with this. His very bright-looking volume is made up of five divisions, the first occupying half, namely "Ballads, Stories, and Studies." The two next divisions are poems "in dialect" and "in brogue"; and the remaining two are for "lyrics of love" and for "landscapes, seasons, and flowers." Many who almost hold verse in abhorrence would find entertainment in this varied and pleasant volume, especially the stories, which are very effectively told and often at considerable length. Mr. Langbridge is very successful as a songwriter; and many of his lyrics have appeared first in *The Graphic*, and, we think, *The Spectator*. Besides their merit as poetry, the representative selection of his poems, to which Mr. Langbridge has thought fit to give the humourously modest name of "A Cracked Fiddle," displays deep sympathy with the trials of the poor and lowly; and to many of the pieces Robert Burns's words apply—

"Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps a sermon."

5. If our book-notes were arranged in rigid order according to the worth and dignity of the volumes criticised, not the fifth but the first place would this month be given to "The History of St. Dominic, Founder of the Friars Preachers. By Augusta Theodosia Drane, author of 'The History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions,' 'Christian Schools and Scholars,' etc." (London and New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1890). The accomplished and gifted woman who in her own Dominican world is known as Mother Raphael, Prioress of Stone in Staffordshire, mentions on her title-page out of the long catalogue of her published writings those two only which have the closest kinship with her new work. This truly "royal octavo" of five hundred ample and well-filled pages is a splendid tribute of filial devotion to the patriarch of her order. All the previous Lives and all the other sources of information on any of the facts bearing on the saint's life and times have been duly turned to the best account; and the dignity and lucidity of Miss Drane's style are admirably adapted to set forth the stores of learning accumulated in preparation for this biography. Seven full-page illustrations and some twenty-five smaller pictures place the saint before our eyes at several stages of his career as well as many places connected with his history. The author of this scholarly work has deserved well of her Order, of the Catholic community, and of English literature.

6. The Tercentenary of the death of St. Aloysius, which has just been celebrated on the twenty-first of June, has produced in Aloysian literature what is called by the Yankees and other savage races a boom. We have now our choice among five or six Lives of the Saint, at prices ranging from a penny to twelve shillings. James Duffy and Sons, of Dublin, begin at the lowest rung of the ladder at a penny. For three halfpence *The Messenger* office, St. Helens, Lancashire, furnishes a good Life in thirty-two well filled pages, with a very tasteful picture in each of the pages. The old Translation of the Life by Father Cepari, which helped to settle some vocations forty years ago, and, no doubt, has done so every year for the last three centuries, and which has long been out of print, has been reproduced in a very readable form for a shilling, by M. H. Gill and Son, with an unsigned preface from the pen of the Rev. Robert Carbery, S.J. The excellent Life of St. Aloysius by Mr. Edward Healy Thompson (who has just, as we can surely hope, gone to receive the reward of all his sacrifices and labours for Catholic literature and the Catholic faith) has more of historical research and of literary merit than any other. It is published by Burns and Oates, and is not likely to be superseded by any product of the Aloysian boom aforesaid. From the land of booms

comes to us the Tercentenary Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, edited by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J., written by the Students of Rhetoric, in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. The editor is also publisher, and he has discharged both functions so successfully that the book, though it soars like the preceding to the level of the dollar, is already in a seventh edition. Very properly the table of contents names the authors of the several chapters, and the names—Creeden, O'Connor, Tierney, Rourke, Burke, Gillespie, Sayers, and M'Loughlin—are unmistakably Irish. These good lads, who are all still in their teens, have given us a very attractive book, with all the Tercentenary documents and devotions at the end, and at the beginning the most artistic picture we have ever seen of St. Aloysius!—the Roman painting by Maracelli admirably reproduced by the New York Photo-gravure Company. At Paris, Father Charles Clair, S.J., has brought out the old Cepari Life in a new translation, and in a very sumptuous form; and at London Father John Goldie, S.J., has done the same in English, with fine illustrations, the price being twelve shillings. This note has by no means exhausted the bibliography of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius.* And all this because an Italian youth ended a holy life with a holy death on the 21st of June, three hundred years ago. "This indeed is Fame"—as Lord Beaconsfield is said to have once remarked in answer to the compliment paid to him by a well known M.P. for Drogheda, in the good old days when Drogheda had a member. "Mr. Disraeli, my daughters read your novels." "Ah, that indeed is fame!"

7. Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a new edition of the works of Mrs. Hope—"The Life of St. Thomas Becket," "The Early Martyrs," "Franciscan Martyrs in England," and "The Life of St. Philip Neri." These are in their fourth, sixth, second, and fourth editions respectively. The list is evidently incomplete, for it omits two very important volumes on the "Conversion of the Teutonic Race." Mrs. Hope's books are not popular sketches, but the fruit of deep and persevering research, or, as *The Dublin Review* characterised one of them, "a growth of individual intellectual labour, fed from original sources, and fused by the polish of a discerning and cultivated mind." In spite of her half dozen editions I suspect that Mrs. Hope's very great merits are unknown even to many Catholics who are deeply

* For instance, at Philadelphia Father Raphael Dewey, S.J., made last month's issue of his *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (which, unlike its penny namesakes in England, Ireland, Australia and Canada, is quite a large illustrated Magazine) a Tercentenary Number, giving, beside memorial verses, an article on the tomb of St. Aloysius with six illustrations from Roman photographs, and another on his home and family with four illustrations of Castiglione as it was and as it is.

interested in English literature. Such persons may begin with the new edition of the Life of S. Thomas Becket of Canterbury, on account of the biographical sketch of Mrs. Hope, which we owe to her son, Sir Theodore Hope, and Canon Brownlow. This ought to have been put in front, even to the displacement of Father Dalgairns' delightful preface. We rejoice to find that Ireland can claim Mrs. Hope. She was the daughter of John Williamson Fulton, whose family had settled from some generations near Lisburn, Co. Antrim, and at Lisburn her childhood was passed. She was born in 1809, married in 1831, lost her husband, an eminent London Physician, in 1841, became a Catholic in 1851, and died in 1887. She was well skilled in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. Her Life and her writings prove her to have been one of the most accomplished and most admirable women of our century.

8. "An Introduction to the Study of the Irish Language," by the Rev. William Hayden, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son) gives the original preface to Donleavy's Catechism, which is considered very good and classical Irish, along with a translation, a full vocabulary, and some explanatory notes on the more difficult idioms. A competent critic has pronounced that the little book "will serve admirably as a stepping-stone for beginners between the elementary primers and difficult Irish prose."

9. Pauline La Ferronnays, who is only known in literature as Mrs. Craven from the name of her English husband, died this year on the last day of March, aged 82. Better than by *Fleurange* or any of her novels, she is known as the author of *Le Récit d'une Soeur*, a very pathetic and edifying family chronicle. The Viscount de Meaux (does he take his title from Bossuet's see?) has published a charming sketch of the gifted and venerable lady, which has been translated by Lady Martin and published by Burns and Oates. As another Lady Martin is before the reading world, especially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we may explain that we owe this "Memoir of Mrs. Craven," not to England but to Ireland, not to the wife of Sir Theodore but of Sir Richard Martin, not to Helen Faucit but to the daughter of Sir Dominick Corrigan.

10. Two or three of our reviewers are beginning to discover that we are too pious, though we might plead apologetically that *Maga* has lived a score of years on no politics and very little religion. In order not to offend these very secular critics, we may group together in this quiet corner sundry books laid upon our table this month, which will commend themselves sufficiently to their own special public by the mere mention of name and subject. For instance, Schroeder of

Paderborn (Dublin Agents: M. H. Gill and Son) sends a further instalment of the new edition of Elbel's famous *Theologia Moralis per modum Conferentiarum*. Burns and Oates have completed in three fine volumes the second edition of that excellent work of Father Paganì of the Institute of Charity, "The Science of the Saints in Practice." They have sent us also a new prayer book, "The Gate of Heaven," very neat and very complete for its size; and we notice their name on the title-page of a much more important work in this department, "A Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Catholic Laity," compiled by order of the third Council of Baltimore. Nothing like it has been produced on this side of the Atlantic; it is a distinct addition to our devotional literature as a handbook of Catholic ritual and piety suitable for the educated faithful. The Rev. J. B. Leybourn, O.C.C., has translated from the French "Solace for the Afflicted: Meditations on Sorrow, or thoughts offered to those who suffer, to dispel spiritual darkness, and to assuage affliction of heart" (Dublin: J. J. Lalor). Among the Catholic Truth Society's new publications are Kathleen O'Meara's sketch of the Ven. John Baptist Vianney, the Parish Priest of Ars, and two penny instalments of a new shilling volume by Father John Gerard, S.J., like his delightful "Science and Scientists,"—"A Tangled Tale," and "Missing Links." Father Gerard is one of those rare philosophical writers who can be at the same time as grave as a mustard-pot and as lively as a pepper-castor.

11. Just in time for the Tourist season appears a pleasant volume of sketches, "Here and there through Ireland," by Mary Banim, daughter of Michael Banim, who, though less before the public than his brother, John, did some of the best work published under the name of the O'Hara Family. "Crohoore of the Bill-hook" was his, and "Father Connell." Miss Banim's delightful rambles through every corner of her native land have been described week by week in *The Weekly Freeman* as a preliminary stage of existence before taking the form of a book. As three hundred closely-printed pages with numerous illustrations are given for one shilling, it is manifest that the present is not an *édition de luxe*. The illustrations suffer most, but, even as presented here, they show what a clever pencil is wielded by Miss Matilda Banim—for two sisters have combined in the composition of this very lively volume. Of course it will soon reappear on both sides of the Atlantic—as Benjamin Franklin said of himself, "in a new and more beautiful edition corrected and amended by the Author." It is charmingly written, and is altogether the best Irish Itinerary that we know of. The tourist stranger is too ignorant to observe intelligently; but Miss Banim just knows enough beforehand to be able to learn what is of most worth and interest in each locality.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

In one of this month's book-notes Mr. W. B. Yeats's New York publishers are gently rebuked for allowing some gross misprints to disfigure the two elegant little volumes of his "Representative Irish Tales." By a curious chance there falls under the editorial eye, at this precise moment, a very striking "parallel passage" in which Mr. W. B. Yeats himself administers a similar rebuke in a much more artistic fashion. He contributed a poem to a clever but peculiar journal, *The Gael*, which has ceased to appear. Many misprints occurred in the poem, owing (as the editor meekly explained afterwards) to "imperfect editorial supervision of the proofs." Instead of any angry remonstrance, showing that he belonged to the "genus irritabile," the poet pretended not to recognise his own verses through the disguise of so many printer's blunders:—

23rd November, 1887.

DEAR SIR—I write to correct a mistake. The curious poem in your issue of the 19th inst. was not by me, but by the composer, who is evidently an imitator of Browning. I congratulate him on the exquisite tact with which he has caught some of the confusion of his master. I take an interest in the matter, having myself a poem of the same name as yet unpublished.

Yours faithfully,

W. B. YEATS.

* * *

Three unpublished letterlings of Cardinal Newman, embedded in a new preface to "A Saint among Saints," by Denis Florence MacCarthy's Dominican daughter, elevate that preface into the region of literature. And therefore the Reverend Prefacer—so *Irish Society* dubbed recently the present writer in a kind notice of "The Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart"—the Reverend Prefacer thinks fit to crush the aforesaid preface bodily into the next pigeonhole, though it is rather big for its shrine and bulges out a good deal.

* * *

A third edition is called for of this biography of a Saint who lived an obscure life in one of the early centuries of Christianity, and whose name is chiefly memorable through the saintly names with which it was associated. This unusual success is greatly due to the charm of a peculiarly graceful style, and of the literary skill which has made the most of somewhat scant materials; but the Author herself would

attribute it chiefly to the use that she has made of some of Cardinal Newman's writings bearing on certain parts of her subject.

The recollection of those exquisite sketches of St. Basil and St. Gregory and the rest, suggested, not to the modest Author but to three of her friends, the idea of trying to procure for "A Saint among Saints" the consecration of a few introductory lines by the Author of "The Church of the Fathers." This was his kind No:—

Birmingham, May 29th, 1882.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I would have much pleasure in acceding to your wishes, were it possible. But I have been obliged to make a rule against doing in any case what you propose to me; and with considerable pain I have been obliged to carry it out, not only in the case of strangers, but of intimate friends. I found it impossible to draw the line, and have found I must suffer myself to incur the appearance of ungraciousness as the lesser of the two evils.

I must ask of you the kindness to take my part with the two ladies you mention and to soften my refusal as much as you can.

The "Life" is beautifully written, and full of interest. I observe two false prints: at page 140, 'Nazianzen' for 'Nazianzus,' and page 91, 'sus' for 'sus.'

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

Besides the kindness of his nature, the great and good Cardinal would have been disposed to bestow this honour on Sister Mary Stanislaus' book, both for her father's sake and her own: as I shall venture to prove by two other little private notes. When Denis Florence MacCarthy lost his daughter Ethna by an early death, he received this letter of consolation:—

The Oratory, Jan. 5th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. MACCARTHY—You must not suppose I have neglected your letter and its sad announcement, because I have not written to you. I have waited till I could tell you that I had said mass for the daughter you have lost. This I did this morning. And since I thought that for so young a person dying in a convent a mass was hardly to be called for, I added to her name the names of her parents, for whom anyhow, in their great trial, a mass would be seasonable.

To-day happens to be the anniversary of my own losing, some fifty years ago, a dear sister, and I recollect well my mother's sorrow at her loss.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

A year later, another daughter of the poet, author of the volume whose third edition I am introducing in this very unconventional way, expressed her filial feelings on Cardinal Newman's 80th Birthday in two sonnets published in *The Irish Monthly*, July, 1881. They were sent beforehand to Edgbaston, and the acknowledgment is dated just this day ten years.

The Oratory, Birmingham,

June 21st, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I thank you as well as the authoress, for the touching and beautiful sonnets which you have sent me. Of course I cannot assign to myself what she so lovingly says of me; but it is a great thing to have the sympathy and the prayers of such a one, and it assures me that, as the inevitable terminus comes nearer and nearer, I shall have her good thoughts and warm interest more and more.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

With the associations which these opening pages are meant to establish between this little book and such illustrious names as Aubrey de Vere, Denis Florence MacCarthy, and John Henry Newman, the third edition is now sent forth, in the sure confidence that it will help to draw many a soul into fuller harmony with the great and holy souls that the Catholic Church has trained and will train for heaven, at all times and in all vocations, as she did in the time and in the family of St. Basil the Great. Every true child of the Church must strive to be in due measure “a Saint among Saints.”

* * *

The name of Aubrey de Vere is at the end of the foregoing preface joined with the names of two of his most valued friends, because the next pages of the book contain two sonnets into which he has condensed the lessons of the Life of St. Emmelia. The following lines are *not* his.

* * *

Quick, quick, my soul! our working time
Must now be nearly run,
And we have many things to do
Ere our full wage be won.
Yet mind! not less but more we'll do
If we make sure to spare
One other midnight hour for sleep,
One morning hour for prayer.

* * *

The *Times* newspaper has declined considerably in reputation in the short interval since the following item was pigeonholed:—

Notwithstanding the high pressure of editorial existence, there have been but four editors of the “*Times*” during the past seventy years: Thomas Barnes, who ascended the throne in 1817, John Thaddeus Delane in 1841, J. Chennery in 1877, and George Earl Buckle in 1884.

* * *

Queen Victoria spent some time at Grasse, in the south of France, in the spring of this year of grace, 1891; and, therefore, the Magazines

devoted some of their May pages to it and its perfumes. They tell us that, as the flowers are picked, they are carried in baskets into the town. The violets refuse to give up their scent, like the other flowers, to distillation. Slabs of slate set in wooden frames are spread thick with hog's lard to receive them. On this bed they are scattered, and the slates are then stacked one above the other like the shelves of a cabinet. The flowers must be renewed three times a day, all through the flowering season. By that time the lard is permeated with the scent, which can then be withdrawn from it into spirit. The orange blossom is the chief source of wealth in the district. The season lasts a month, and during that time flower-picking is the business of life on the farms. So strong is the scent that it sometimes overpowers the pickers, and brings on prolonged fainting fits. The famous Neroly is the concentrated essence of the orange flower. A kilogramme of blossoms yields one gramme or a thousandth part of its weight of Neroly, which is the chief ingredient in eau-de-Cologne. Sixty thousand francs' worth of Neroly go to Cologne from Grasse yearly. To meet this demand two hundred thousand kilos of blossoms are used up.

* * *

Two moral lessons at least are suggested by this flower-picking of Grasse. Those fainting fits! Do the pickers come to hate the scent of the flowers? So with the flowers along life's pathway. A delicate whiff of the scent of violets is very sweet as you pass; but too much of it! And those layers of lard! A systematic life of pleasure would be an ignoble slavery.

And again, a kilogramme of orange blossoms yields a gramme of Neroly. Their essence is condensed to a thousandth part of their weight. So with all the life and thought and feeling and study and suffering, the essence of which may be condensed in a few lines of real poetry, whether rhythmical or not.

* * *

What is a chronogram? This little bit of information has certainly been furnished before in these pages, but probably years ago; and, as another example of the thing has just come under my notice, I will mention it again. A very good German picture of the present Pope has under it the following inscription printed in a very peculiar fashion which I hope our printers will faithfully reproduce:—

PRESBYTERO DECENNALI LVSTRO CELEBRI LEONI XIII SS
PONTIFICI GRATES PRO GESTIS INCLYTAS QVOT PECTORA DICVNT!
"To Pope Leo XIII. on the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood how many hearts give thanks for what he has achieved!"

I think *incolytas* would have been *incolytis*, if the additional "I" would not have added a year, for a date is concealed in these words. The letters which stand for roman numerals are raised above their fellows. D occurs twice, and this makes up 1,000; C six times, 600; L four times, 200; X is 10, and V occurring three times, 15; and finally I occurs twelve times and adds 12 to the score. All these figures make up 1837, the year that Joachim Pecci was ordained priest, so that 1887 was the Pope's Golden Jubilee.

* * *

Let us now try to embalm similarly in verse the birth-year of this Magazine, 1873. I shall start with a rash experiment and see how far I fall short or overshoot the mark. If I were to begin quite heedlessly with "May our Irish Monthly flourish!"—already the year 2113 would be indicated, U being the same as V. We can, therefore, admit no M but the initial of "Monthly." D also can occur only once, as it represents 500. After a great many failures, the following couplet seems to satisfy all the requirements of our chronogram:—

Dear IRISH MONTHLY! Earth full soon shall see
(This is earth's gain) thy silver jubilee.

M is 1,000, D 500, L occurring seven times is 350, U (or V) three times is 15, and I eight times is 8. All these added together amount to 1873, the birth-year of this Magazine, so that its silver jubilee will be the year 1898. "Who fears to speak of '98?" Sensible Christians fear to speak of it as certain when it is seven years ahead.

* * *

The Catholic Truth Society has been in the habit of issuing penny tracts with paper covers, and afterwards binding a number of these together in a shilling book. Someone connected with this Society has discovered that in this policy they had unwittingly been adopting a suggestion given by St. Ignatius Loyola more than three hundred years ago. With a list of their new publications they print an extract from the Letters of St. Ignatius (vol. iv., page 357, of the Spanish edition) to which we may devote a separate paragraph.

* * *

"As the Protestants are continually writing small works and short tracts, and aim at destroying the belief in Catholic writers, and especially those of the Society, and establishing various false dogmas, it seems expedient that Ours [*i.e.*, the Society of Jesus] should draw up in such cases answers and tracts, short and well-written, so that they may be within reach of and may be bought by all. In this way a remedy may be found for the evil that is done with these little

books by the Protestants; and sound teaching may be spread amongst the many. But always with moderation, though earnestly, and in such a way as to show up the wicked ways and deceits of their adversaries. Afterwards, if need be, many of these tracts may be bound up in one volume. But they must be written by learned men, well grounded in theology, and who know how to adapt themselves to the intelligence of the many. By these means it seems that an important service could be rendered to the Church, and the beginnings of evil could be met, in many places, before it had gone so deep as to be very difficult later on to root it up from men's hearts."

* * *

On All Fools' Day, 1869, there appeared in *Good Words* an instalment of a series of very short papers, often mere notes, by Sir Arthur Helps. A fragment thereof has survived in one of my pigeonholes. Here it is.

* * *

To express our ideas in writing must evidently be a very difficult thing, seeing how rare an acquirement it is, and how few even of the best writers have acquired perfect facility in the art. Most of them will, I believe, tell you that, after long practice, they still find it nearly as difficult to write well as they did when they began to write.

Yet it seems that certain rules might be laid down for good writing; and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, I will venture to suggest some.

1. Let the subject that you write about be one that you really care about.

2. Never throw away an adjective. If you use an adjective that does not add any meaning to the substantive, it is a wicked waste of adjectival power.

3. Take care that your relatives clearly and distinctly relate to your antecedents. In seven sentences out of ten that are obscure, you will find that the obscurity is caused by a doubt about the relatives.

4. Do not fear repetition. This fear is also a frequent cause of obscurity.

5. Avoid parentheses. A parenthesis can generally be made into a separate sentence.

6. Do not attempt to abbreviate your general statements, or suppose that those general statements will be understood by your reader. For instance, if you have been writing a paragraph which tends to show that when men get into any trouble, there is generally some woman concerned in the case, do not begin a sentence in this way—"If this be so," &c., &c., &c. Your reader does not know what *this* is, or what *so* is, or, at least, he does not make out your meaning

without a little thought; and you should keep all his thought for the real difficulties which you have to lay before him. Therefore, boldly say, "When men get into trouble, there is mostly a woman concerned in it," &c., &c.

7. Try to master what is the idea of a sentence—how it should be a thing of a certain completeness in itself. If it is to consist of many clauses, let them be clauses having a reasonable dependence one upon another, and not sentences within sentences.

8. Attend to method. That alone, if you commit all other faults, will make your writing readable. For example, if you have to treat a subject which is naturally divided into several branches, take them up one by one, and exhaust them. Do not deal with them by bits. Let us call these branches A, B, and C. Do not begin by saying only half of what you mean about A, and then bringing in the rest of A after you have treated C, thus making B and C a long parenthesis.

Often the mist created by this want of method enshrouds the meaning of the writer as completely as that which fond Venus threw around her darling Trojan hero when the Greeks were pressing him too hardly.

9. Follow the nature of your subject, and let your choice of words, your length of sentences, and all the other delicacies of writing, be adapted to that nature of the subject. To use an admirable simile, which has been used before, let the writing fall over the subject like drapery over a beautiful statue of the human figure, adapting itself inevitably to all the outlines of the body that it clothes.

10. While you are writing, do not think of any of these rules, or of any other rules. Whatever you have learnt from rules, to be of service, must have entered into your habits of mind, and into your tastes, and must be a part of your power which you use, as you do the power of nerve or muscle, unconsciously.

"Although the South may scowl and the North may hoot, I venture to predict that fifty years from now California will be the literary centre of America." This is the last sentence of an article by Gertrude Franklin Atherton "on the Literary Development of California" in *The Cosmopolitan* for January, 1891. This large illustrated magazine does not come much to Europe, we fancy, but on its own ground it competes with *Harper* and *The Century*.

* * *

People sometimes pretend to feel specially angry when they find out that friends of theirs have spoken ill of them behind their backs. "Whatever you have to say against me, say it to my face." On the contrary, I should rather be inclined to request my friends to say whatever they have to say against me, not to my face but behind my

back : for this course saves us from the unpleasant feeling of being vexed and having to pretend that we do not feel vexed. As for the answer that the charge may be susceptible of, *that* may, for the most part, be better given by some kind listener in our absence or conjectured by the good-nature of those present. The retort of some angry public writer often gives us a worse opinion of him and his cause than the attack. Witness (for this paragraph has lurked a long time in its pigeonhole) witness the reply of Mr. Edmund Yates of *The World* to Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Newest Thing in Journalism" in *The Contemporary Review* of September, 1877. And therefore, my dear friend, any harsh thing you may like to say of me, especially if it be (as it probably is) perfectly true, please say it behind my back; but mind and take care that it shall never reach my ears afterwards. When thus kept carefully from me, it will hardly do me any harm, and it will cause me no pain whatever.

* * *

"*Dele lead.*" This is the direction sometimes given to a printer to remove the bits of metal that keep the lines of type apart. One would wish to give a similar direction to writers also, after reading an essay or article that resembles that home-made bread which Thomas Hood described as "a pleasant compound of putty and lead." How many long-winded dissertations there are

"Which say but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead."

But alas, it is not so easy for an editor or an author, as it is for a compositor, to remove the lead.

* * *

What publisher or what publisher's clerk was the first to invent that stiff phrase, "Kindly cause a copy of the notice to be forwarded to us?" A great many publishing firms employ it. I have here before me: "Mr. B. Herder, in Friburg (Baden), will feel obliged if the Editor would kindly accept the accompanying work, and cause a copy of the issue containing a notice of it to be forwarded to him." And again: "Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. will feel obliged if the Editor will kindly cause a copy of the issue containing a notice of this book to be forwarded to them." The following gets rid of our objectionable phrase: "Sealy, Bryers and Walker beg to forward a copy of the undernoted work. They will be glad to be favoured with a copy of the notice when it appears." And then follow blank lines for title, author, and price. Simpler still is this: "With G. B. Putnam's Sons' respectful compliments." The following is the note which accompanied the newest, fullest, and best "History of St. Dominic," noticed in our present Number: "Messrs. Longmans & Co. would feel much obliged if a copy of the paper containing notice of the accompanying book could be sent to them. The price of the book is 15s. 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C." We will keep an eye on that objectionable "Cause-a-copy," till it withers away for shame.

AUGUST, 1891.

IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

IT is not so easy to make acquaintance with a real Irish village as one might suppose, partly because Irish villages are apt on such exceedingly slight provocation to take their stand as "towns," and partly because the genuine article is frequently hidden away in such an out-of-the-way corner as not to be readily got at.

A typical specimen of this genuine article was a certain tiny hamlet much frequented by me as a child, which lay in a narrow gully shut in by a big wood on one side, and a furze-grown bank sloping upwards to a wide table-land of common on the other. I have never seen the name written, but as it was called indiscriminately "Kyle" and "Coyle," the pronunciation was evidently as purely optional as the rhyming of a couplet which was quoted in a magazine not so long ago. In this "peril" was paired with "girl," the accommodating poet leaving it to individual taste either to read the former word "purl," or the latter "gerril."

The chief approach to Kyle lay up a narrow, stony lane, fenced on one side by the wall of the neighbouring demesne, and on the other by one of those wild hedgerows, at once so untidy and so beautiful. The high bank, where flowers and ferns of every kind thrived apace, was topped by an irregular hedge where gorse thrust its shaggy, usurping, yellow-coroneted head—no uncrowned king this upstart—high above the neater, more well-trained thorn and privet; and the wild rose, a mischievous, impudent vagrant, if ever there was one, stretched out long, slender arms by the wayside, tickling the children's faces as they hastened past to school, and

clinging to the labourers' coats when the honest fellows would fain have betaken themselves to work. A little stream trickled along beneath the bank, threading its way through the lush grass, and over the pebbles, till it lost itself somewhere in the neighbourhood of the high road.

The first cottage of Kyle lay about a hundred yards away from the rest of the village—it might indeed be considered one of its suburbs—and is connected in my mind with some of the happiest moments of my life. Here lived a certain Mrs. Green, who was the possessor of a cat which occasionally indulged in kittens, and of hens which laid eggs in the most opportune manner during our visits, so that, on hearing the vociferous cackling without, one or other of us small folk might rush to the shed, joyfully secure the treasure, and present it, still warm, to its rightful owner, to her immense surprise and gratification. Her abode possessed other and unique attractions. In one corner was a large tub which contained Mrs. Green's supply of water for the day; water which, procured by her, as she regularly informed us, with indescribable pains and difficulty from a well half a mile away, and considered by her as the finest in the world, we looked on as an exceedingly choice beverage. No connoisseur of *Lafitte* or *Chateau Margaux* could have savoured the ruby liquid in his glass with half the relish we bestowed on the clear, cold water in the little cracked mug, which as a great treat we were allowed to dip for ourselves into the tub. Then Mrs. Green's "cake-bread," black without, and stodgy within, baked weekly over the turf fire on her battered "griddle"—was ever anything so delicious? I remember on one occasion—ah, that was a red-letter day indeed!—we were taken to see the furze burned on the table-land before-mentioned, and on returning home, happy and weary, our little legs stiff with standing, our little eyes dazed with gazing, and marvelling, as we passed Mrs. Green's abode, out popped her kindly, wrinkled face over the half-door, and with many nods and winks we were invited to partake of griddle-cake, hot off the embers, dripping with a generous supply of salt butter, sweetened moreover, and thick with carraway seeds. The mere thought of the awful compound now is enough to make one shudder, but in those days we were not particular, and we each stowed away our solid slab with gratitude as sincere as our enjoyment.

There was a long-standing compact between us and Mrs.

Green that *some* day we were to have dinner with her, and to be regaled with "pot-luck," which latter we imagined to be some dish of extraordinary savour and delicacy, and to which we accordingly looked forward with no little interest; but somehow that entertainment never came off.

You had to cross a stile to get to the village itself, and then the path dipped suddenly, and you found yourself on a level with the cluster of thatched cottages on which before you had been looking down. The first of these was inhabited by another old woman with whom we were on very friendly terms. She was the cleanest, tidiest, and most satisfactory of her kind, her two-roomed cabin a model of order, her tiny garden weedless, her apron and cap immaculate. Many a chat have I had with her both as a child, and later in life when we discussed most subjects from potatoes to politics. Well do I remember the black velvet bonnet with its neat border, curtain, and "puce" ribbon strings, which formed her Sunday head-gear during the many years that I knew her, and which is probably going still. That bonnet was a conspicuous object on the front bench in the little chapel-of-ease frequented by the inhabitants of Kyle and the neighbourhood, and might have tended to make any young preacher a trifle nervous by the way in which it nodded approval, or was uplifted blankly in mid-air during the discourse. Mrs. Richardson and I did not often agree in our estimate of sermons; I myself affecting the plain and pithy discourses of the parish priest and one of his curates, while she preferred the more eloquent and discursive orations of another young divine, which occasionally lasted an hour or so, and which were adorned with many metaphors and original turns of speech.

"I suppose you understood what it was all about?" I observed one day, a trifle maliciously.

"Is it I, Miss? Ye're jokin'. It isn't a poor owld body like me that would undherstand all that an elegant preacher like Father —— does be sayin'! Oh, glory be to God, wasn't it beautiful to-day?"

"It was very fine, certainly. Well, but *last* Sunday's sermon—what did you think of that?"

"Oh then, indeed, poor Father ——! He spakes plain enough—anybody 'd know what *he's* afther. The poor man! He's a rale saint, so he is; there niver was a holier gentleman

come about the place—but, God help him ! he hasn't the gift—he hasn't the gift at all !”

Clearly a case of “that blessed word Mesopotamia !”

This honest widow woman had an only son, as “good a little boy” as ever stepped,” who caused her motherly heart but one anxiety, namely, the fear that some day or other he might want to “get married on her.” Many were her outpourings on the subject to my sympathetic ear. “Afther me throuble in rarin’ him an’ all, it’ll be a poor case !” she would wail, but somehow I never could afford her much consolation, for it did seem to me not unlikely that he *might* think of taking unto himself a wife in course of time. My presentiment was justified by events : the little boy, after an engagement of several years, did actually perpetrate matrimony at last in fear and trembling, being obliged to keep his wedding a profound secret, and writing to break the fact to his mother from a safe distance. He is now the happy father of five children, and as his parent is not only on good terms with his wife, but with his mother-in-law, it may be inferred that she is reconciled to the turn affairs have taken.

Her next neighbour was a young woman, or rather a girl, who had been married at seventeen to a very decent “boy” of fifty, a year afterwards becoming the mother of a fine, bouncing son. Eliza was an orphan, only two or three years older than I, had been a member of my mother’s catechism class, and always a great friend of mine, so I took a lively interest in the event, and when the baby was about a week old, called to inspect it, and to fortify the mother with my valuable advice. “Remember,” I said impressively, as I sat down with the little bundle on my knee, while Eliza, proud but rather anxious, eyed my handling of it from behind the bed curtains, “remember, *whatever* you do, you must wash this child every day.”

“Ah, Miss dear, don’t be tellin’ the crathur that,” observed an old crone, a friend of hers who sat in the chimney corner. “Sure it isn’t lucky at all nor healthy ayther to go washin’ childher so often. There was a cousin o’ me own that had the finest little boy you ever set eyes on, a beauty it was, an’ what must she do but go wash it—an’ it *died*.”

Consternation was visible on Eliza’s good blowsy face—somehow *blowsy* is always the term that occurs to me as describing her best—and she glanced first at the little bundle on my knee—the

precious little bundle which was all in all to her—and then deprecatingly at me. Nowadays I might hesitate in reiterating such advice as I then gave her, reiterating it, at least, without ensuring due precaution as to the manner of carrying it out, but youth has no misgivings—

“Chits rush in where matrons fear to tread;”

and I was inexorable in assuring Eliza that unless she gave her baby a daily bath, he would never thrive.

I left home for some months after this, but immediately on returning sallied up to Kyle to see Eliza and Baby Denis. I found the latter sprawling on the earthen floor, kicking a pair of fine mottled legs in the air, and sucking a bone, as dirty, healthy, and happy a seven-months-old rustic as one could wish to see.

“I’ve washed him *every day*, Miss,” cried Eliza triumphantly, “an’ it never done him a ha’porth o’ harm. He’s the rale dirty boy to-day—aren’t ye, ye terrible little rogue? I’ll bate ye, so I will, I’ll be murtherin’ ye entirely”—tickling the child till it shrieked with delight—“I haven’t had time to bath him yet, but I’m glad now, Miss, because ye can see me do it.”

She accommodated me with a three-legged stool, and seizing a tin can which might hold a gallon or so, scooped up some of the not too pellucid water in the ditch opposite the door, disturbing thereby a family of ducks.

Catching up poor Denis and divesting him of his not superabundant clothes, she packed him forthwith into the can—an uncommonly tight fit, for he was a well-developed child for his age—and, apparently inured to his loudly expressed protestations, proceeded to scrub him with a hand which years of “turnip picking” and other such labours, had rendered none of the softest, finally withdrawing him and using a “rough-dried” apron as a towel. Anyone who considers the relative textures of a rough-dried apron and a baby’s skin will sympathise with poor “Dinnis” under this infliction, and if friction is conducive to healthy circulation, I will answer for it, that his circulation was in the finest possible working order by the time that Eliza had finished. Indeed his complexion much resembled that of a boiled lobster, when with much exertion on his mother’s part, and vigorous resistance on his own, his chubby limbs were at length forced into garments which, having been made to fit him as a new-born infant,

were several sizes too small for him then, and he was perched upright on Eliza's knee, and given a *knife* and *fork* to keep him quiet.

"Sure them's the kind o' things he likes the best," she explained when I remonstrated ("Ah, ye little skamer ye, I'll give ye to the pig!") "aye indeed, them's the things he's always afther, knives or scissors, or the da's pipe when he lights it. He's a great rascal—aren't ye?"

Here she bent her honest, ugly face, beaming with maternal tenderness over the child, regardless of the knife which he was waving in dangerous proximity to her eyes, and playfully announced her intention of flinging him over the house.

After witnessing this performance, I began to think there might be some truth in the story of the baby who died from the effects of its ablutions. If it is a fact that a special Providence watches over the children of the poor, I really think Denis must have had a little Providence all to himself. The dangers which surrounded that babe, and from which he emerged scatheless, the extraordinary escapes which he had from death in various horrible forms, would hardly be believed.

On one occasion, Eliza having gone to seek a refractory hen, she discovered on her return Denis—who had now reached the creeping stage—seated placidly on the hearth-stone, investigating the smouldering turf. Needless to say, his pinafore was not so much as scorched. Another time, on coming back from milking the cow, she was struck by a great commotion among the ducks, which were swimming round and round in the ditch afore described in evident agitation. An unusual object protruding from the water further attracted her attention. This on closer inspection turned out to be one of Dennis's legs, the rest of his small person being stuck fast in the mud below, from which he was presently withdrawn "not a ha'porth the worse."

Perhaps the narrowest escape that he had with his life was when Eliza's cow having gone dry, she was reduced to feeding her child for some weeks on bread soaked in *black coffee*. Then, I will own it, he *did* look "peeky"—to use nursery language—and had not compassionate friends come to his aid with a daily supply of milk, he would not, I think, be the strong youth he is at this hour, the eldest of a dozen or so, and I hope working hard to help his good, well-intentioned mother.

Talking of babies (and is not the subject dear to every properly balanced female mind?) I remember once going to see another very nice young woman the day that her baby—then about forty-eight hours old—was baptised. The mother was up, and indeed in the act of sweeping out her house (shades of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig!) when I called, and the child lay in the arms of a very old woman—some relation or dependent. It was a dear little child, small and plump, with a quantity of black hair carefully parted down the middle for the occasion, and blue eyes. “The very eyes of her Da, God bless her!” said the mother laying down her broom, and tenderly bending over the baby. And then she told me how they had been married seven years, and thought the Lord did not mean them to have any “fam’ly” at all, until this one came.

The queer little black down on the child’s forehead was still wet with the baptismal dew, and after a moment the mother sighed and straightened herself:—

“If the Almighty would only take her now,” she said, “while she is innocent!” Then, seeing the astonishment in my face—it was her only child, remember, and she had waited for it seven years—she went on softly:—

“It ’ud be hard to part with her, but oughtn’t I be glad that I had anything good enough to give Him?”

Surely this calls for no comment; one can but *marvel*, to use the expressive scriptural term. Indeed only, I think, in the scriptures can one find cases like to this: in the story of Abraham, who would have sacrificed his only son at the bidding of his Creator, or—yes, I would even trace in this humble peasant woman something of Mary’s spirit, when in the Temple she offered the Lord of the Temple.

The patriarch of the village of Kyle was a female. (I regret to be obliged to have recourse to a bull, but under the circumstances it is unavoidable.) She was not far off a hundred, and not a pleasant object to look at, as her nose and chin afforded mutual support to each other, and her head was generally sunk on her breast. But for all that the inhabitants of Kyle were justly proud of her, and triumphantly returned in answer to polite enquiries concerning her that “there was not a sign of dyin’ on her yit.” Indeed one man went so far as to announce his belief that she would ultimately have to be shot.

She used to waylay us in our walk, regaling us with long accounts of the fearful and mysterious maladies from which she suffered, and which it appeared could only be relieved by a spoonful of turpentine. Turpentine taken internally was a favourite remedy among the old women of the neighbourhood. I can seldom remember the scraper of our backdoor being free from the crouched up form of some applicant for that strange medicament. Why they should choose to occupy the scraper—which must have been at best an unsatisfactory resting place—in preference to the doorstep, and why turpentine was invariably the “vanity” which they affected, when other less noxious drugs were to be had for the asking, were mysteries to me. I do remember that one honest body, to whom my young brother in the generosity of his heart had administered a wine-glass full of the above-named liquid, was rather overcome in consequence—in fact she very nearly took her departure to another world—but as a rule the patients declared that it did them “a power o’ good.”

But dear me! if I were to attempt to describe the peculiarities of all the inhabitants of Kyle, I should never have done. Richard Jefferies, somewhere, in one of his charming books, remarks that if one were to endeavour to write the *full* description of a hedgerow, one might begin in early childhood, and by middle age the book would be still unfinished. And here am I idly jotting down a few of the idiosyncracies of a few of the good people who lived once upon a time in a few thatched cottages, and behold, my pen has already rambled over twenty pages (MS.) and how little have I said!

I have talked of some of the old women, but “bless us!” as they would have said themselves, we had plenty more where those came from. There were children, too, whose pretty faces and engaging ways were as worthy of being immortalised as any “Lizzie” lucky enough to secure a Miss Mitford as a chronicler; one “Essie” in particular, whose sunny, sunburnt, blue-eyed face and lithe brown limbs are imprinted on my memory. I remember a certain dance which this five-year-old mite once executed for my delectation. I have seen much dancing of various kinds since, but neither the graceful “Trois-temps” in a ball-room, nor the “Minuet-de-la-Cour” on the stage, have ever afforded me half the pleasure that did this performance of Essie’s. A round, smooth patch of turf on the common for a ball-room, the flaming gorse for

chandeliers, a lark or two and Essie's own singing for music—and this little, active figure, holding up ragged skirts with dainty grace in tiny sunburnt hands, stamping, skipping, prancing, pirouetting with twinkling, bare, brown feet, tilting her curly head a little backwards, her eyes sparkling, her little white, even teeth gleaming between her parted lips—surely no prettier sight could be imagined.

“But there's other things besides births and buryin's,” says the lady before alluded to—Mrs. Gamp of immortal memory—“there's marryin's, aint there?” Parodying this remark, I would mention that we had other interesting people besides old women and children at Kyle—we had young men and maidens. We had marryin's too. Surely no description of village life would be complete without just one touch of romance, and though romance is as a rule tabooed in these pages, I feel that the Editor will forgive me if I wind up with an anecdote illustrative of the tender passion, as exemplified at Kyle.

A very hardworking and well brought up youth being about to enter into wedlock with a girl in every way desirable, and wishing to make his little house attractive in her honour, petitioned my mother for some odd lengths of wall-paper which he knew were lying in an outhouse. These were readily bestowed, and having papered his rooms, and polished up the furniture, he invited us to inspect his preparations. We looked at and admired everything from the elbow-chair in the corner, the cushions of which he had re-covered very neatly with chintz, to the china ornaments on the narrow mantel-shelf. Only one object excited our disapproval. In a corner of the kitchen lay a heap of soiled linen—Mick's shirts, collars, and handkerchiefs, the towels with which he scrubbed his honest face, the cloths which adorned his humble table. It was a large and unsightly collection, and we ventured to suggest its removal to the nearest tub before the bride entered her new abode. “An' what would I do that for?” exclaimed Mick, evidently much annoyed. “Them's on'y dirty clothes—savin' your presence, ma'am! There's three weeks' washin' there. Sure it's savin' it up for her I am!”

M. E. FRANCIS.

WOOD-NOTES.

SILENCE of midnight ere
 The darkness falls ;
 Yet in the pine-trees' lair
 A brooklet brawls.

There sister-streamlets run
 Through the moonlit brake ;
 Murmuring they meet in one
 For singing's sake.

Through all the white-starred night
 Shines the white moon ;
 From gloaming till prime-light
 Soft winds will croon.

No storm-song will be heard
 In the woodland dim ;
 Scarce will the waking bird
 Hear one low hymn.

Only when wings unfold
 To the coming morn,
 And high on his couch of gold
 Lies Day, new-born—

Wind, dawn, and waterfall—
 Each wingèd thing
 On men will loudly call
 High praise to sing.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

TIME AND TIDE.

O WAILING tide that foams and frets
 With endless craving round the shore!
 The morning wanes, the daylight sets,
 The loved one dies, the heart forgets ;
 But *thou* art weary—nevermore.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER IX.

A WOODLAND ENCOUNTER.

Mrs. DESMOND and Captain Crosbie had been speaking about some farming concerns when Mary sat down at the piano. He moved his chair so that he could see her as she sang, and watched with an uncomfortable feeling Mr. Huntingdon's air of devotion as he turned over the leaves of the music. How gracefully he did it, how handsome and young he looked as he bent over her, and how completely at home, as if it was his natural element; and he was quite sure of pleasing without making an effort to please. He thought how awkward *he* would be—almost afraid of touching her lest she would repel him. He could not meet her gaze tranquilly for a few moments. Huntingdon would stroke his moustache and look into her eyes for half the evening. A man in love is certainly at a disadvantage.

Mary sang the national melodies beautifully, and, as she concluded with "The Wearing of the Green," Mr. Huntingdon was almost enthusiastic.

"By Jove," he said, "some of those songs are quite stirring. You would send a rebel out of his mind, Miss Desmond, and get up a Fenian rising, and all that sort of thing."

"You should be thoroughly Irish to feel those songs," said Crosbie. "Who has an ear for 'Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight' like him who has suffered, or is ready to suffer, for his country? No use in putting the match to an empty canister."

Peter came in to put some peat on the fire.

"By Jove, I think they are great fools," said Huntingdon. "Patriotism is a humbug. I shouldn't like to put my head in a halter for the good of my country,"

"Thanks be to God," muttered Peter, "that I wasn't born a furriner."

Mrs. Desmond looked at him rebukingly. Mary felt inclined to laugh.

"That will do, Peter," said his mistress, "the fire is very well."

"A warm fire is better than a cowl heart in the house with one,"

Peter remarked as he swept up the hearth, continuing the strain of his reflections, "but, shure, 'tis an ould sayin' a live ass is better than a dead lion."

Mr. Huntingdon lifted his eyebrows, surprised at Peter's one-sided conversation. When he left the room, he remarked—

"Chatty old fellow that; must find himself excellent company."

"He's a sort of two-headed nightingale," said Mary. "He talks to his familiar for hours together. I was over at the old castle yesterday, and when I was coming round one of the corners I thought several people were before me, but it was only Peter."

"Ah, yes, that old castle, I intended to go see it, as I rather like old ruins; you ought to be my cicerone, if we can prevail on Mrs. Desmond to come."

"If you like to retain it in your mind *à la* picturesque," said Mary, "don't go nearer to it or you will be disillusioned; it is very dirty; the ground floor is converted into a cow-house."

"Oh! ye gods, what a falling off is there," he replied languidly, "from mail-clad warriors and lovely ladies to cows—cattle to be seen where maidens watched their lovers on the distant plain, and all that sort of thing."

"The cattle don't look out of the upper windows," said Mary, "where the maidens were likely to have watched."

"Miss Desmond, can't you let a fellow use his imagination without forcing him to be exact?"

"Use it then," said Mary. "There is no use in expecting too much from the mind of man; and *à propos* of ladies and lovers, there is a tragic legend connected with the castle."

"That's right; there always should be; gives a human interest to it; no one should show an old ruin without having its story to tell. But what is yours? Are you going to tell it to me, or will you keep it for a possibly happy day on the spot?"

"Mother knows it best," said Mary. "The hero was a Philip de Vigo, who was stabbed by his own brother Eustace, because he was going to marry the girl Eustace loved."

"Harrowing!" said Mr. Huntingdon. "What became of the young lady? Threw herself from a castled crag, or sensibly married the assassin? Pardoned the murderer because of the love that drove him to it?"

"No, she fled," answered Mary, "and in her terror and the darkness fell into the river and was drowned."

"And haunts the place, I suppose; very sad for her, but I should fancy he manifests himself also, so there may be ghostly consolation in store for her that we know nothing of."

"Take care she does not appear to you," said Mary. "'Tis said the person who sees her will be crossed in love and in ambition."

"By Jove, that's terrifying; I must get Crosbie to lead me home. Will you bandage my eyes for me?"

"I think it is time for me to lead you home," said Crosbie. "Do you know what hour it is?"

"No, I don't," answered Huntingdon. "I have the greatest objection to look at a watch when I'm happy. How cold-blooded you are, reminding me of time. You are an eight-day clock in yourself."

After a little more lamentation and delay Mr. Huntingdon resigned himself to the necessity of departure. The gentlemen took their leave, and went forth into the quiet night.

"Why didn't you speak to Captain Crosbie all the evening, Mary, dear?" said Mrs. Desmond, when they were retiring.

"Why did he not speak to me, mother?"

"Mr. Huntingdon is the kind of man that absorbs a girl's attention," said the mother. "In his languid way he never stops talking in that interrogatory manner that has to be answered."

"Oh, I think he is great fun, and all that sort of thing," answered Mary, laughingly quoting him.

As the guests walked home, Mr. Huntingdon ventilated his opinions. It was quite a pleasant evening. Miss Desmond was a charming specimen of an Irish girl—so fresh and natural, wild-rose style of beauty, and all that sort of thing. Buried alive down here. Quite a pity. Sang so well, too—did not give one earache to listen to her. It was very agreeable. They should spend another evening there soon. It was equally pleasant for the Desmonds, of course.

Captain Crosbie did not coincide with him. It was possible Mrs. Desmond would not care to have her evenings broken in upon so unceremoniously, and, at all events, it was better to wait until they were asked.

Mr. Huntingdon said that was an antiquated idea, peculiar to a brain like Crosbie's. Mrs. Desmond would not ask them. If she did she would think it imperative to have people to meet them, have an entertainment and so forth; she would not invite them alone; it would look too personal; she would be afraid they or others would think there was a design in it. A lady with a pretty, marriageable daughter is looked on with suspicion if she asks any of the male sex who can afford to take unto himself a wife; but if one or two of the male sex adroitly begged an occasional cup of tea, she would be likely to give it with very good grace.

Insensibly they slackened their pace as the beauty of the night stole upon their senses. There were light fleecy clouds through which

the moon shone like a shaded lamp, its light falling through the softly-dashing trees in wavering patches on their pathway. The breath of nature was odorous, and the crisp, fallen leaves rustled pleasantly beneath their footsteps. Suddenly an unaccountable sound attracted their attention.

They paused to listen.

"By Jove!" said Huntingdon, "it must be Miss Desmond's ghost. Shade of the house of De Vigo!"

"Hush," whispered Crosbie, catching his arm and pulling him under the shade of a great oak. "Let us watch here. They are poachers." Footsteps came on through the wood. Now a dry twig would snap, branch would clash against branch, and the low murmuring of voices was audible. There was a pause.

"There are two of them there," said Crosbie. "They are setting traps. Come this way. We will catch them."

"Armed are they?" asked Huntingdon.

Like the generality of men he had plenty of courage, but he liked to know what he had to encounter.

"No, they aren't armed. They are snaring rabbits," answered Crosbie. "Here they are. Now for it." And with a spring he leaped upon a tall man who was directing the actions of a small boy.

"By cripes," said the man, "we're caught. Run, Johnny, run for your life," and the boy like a shot was off through the lower wood.

"I have you at last, my man," said Crosbie, holding him down with all his strength, which was called forth by the powerful struggles of a powerful frame.

"Blast you, you devil, let go your houl't of me," said the poacher, making a violent effort to release his hands.

"Come back, Huntingdon," shouted Crosbie, "let the boy go."

"Ha, Crosbie, I'll mark you for this. Damn you and all your breed; let go your houl't, or 'tis worst for you."

Panting, struggling, wrestling, the two men lay on the ground.

Huntingdon's footsteps were heard rushing back. By an almost superhuman wrench the man disengaged one hand, and grasped Crosbie by the throat. Then rising to his knee he got him under, kneeling on him with all his weight, he lifted his closed fist to give him a crashing blow in the face, when Huntingdon arrived and caught him from behind. The man loosed his hold, leaped to his feet, gave Huntingdon a stinging blow that knocked him against a tree, and with a bound like a deer was out of sight before either had recovered themselves.

Huntingdon raised Crosbie, who was half choked and almost insensible, and held him till he recovered somewhat.

"By Jove, Crosbie, this is exciting work; are you much hurt?"

"No, not hurt, but the fellow nearly choked me," answered Crosbie, gasping for breath.

"Do you know him? Did you see his face?"

"No, I did not see his face, but it was Paddy Daly. I knew his voice."

"We must get him arrested at once."

"What's the use?" said Crosbie; "I couldn't identify him; he is a very troublesome fellow."

"We must get him off the place at all events," said Huntingdon; "I wouldn't have such a blackguard on it for an hour."

"We certainly must," replied Crosbie, "but this is not the time—we must see about it later on; he is an ungrateful ruffian."

They agreed to say as little as possible about their midnight encounter, and, making a detour, called at the gamekeeper's and merely told him that two poachers had escaped them in the wood. Some traps and snares were found, but no one could tell to whom they belonged.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE BOARDROOM.

Next morning there was great excitement about Fintona relative to the affray. It was such a piece of business that the master and Captain Crosbie had seen the poachers; had they been met by the gamekeeper, a man paid for meeting them, it would not be at all so remarkable.

Paddy Daly came down to the Farm to hear all about it, and expressed great surprise at the "daring of people who would risk so much for the sake of a couple of rabbits."

"A couple of rabbits is a couple of shillins'," said Peter, "an' I knew a man who murdered a woman for one-and-sixpence. 'Tis a small sum that some people ax of the divil for their souls; but begor he gives more for 'um than I would."

"Did the Captain see who the man was, I wondher?" said Paddy, interrogatively.

"'Deed, then, I don't know," answered Peter. "I wasn't spakin' to him. They say he has a piece of his coat. Is yours torn at all?"

"Of course, it isn't torn. What would tear it, I'd like to know?" said Paddy. "Drop your thricks now, an' keep your tongue in your jaw. I know right well what you're hintin' at. I was within in bed at the time."

"Iyeh you was, to be sure," said Peter. "After sayin' your prayers devout; the most regular man in the parish; but faith you have a great wakeness for a bit of fresh mate for all that."

"I wish the divil had your bones to pick," replied Paddy. "You're the greatest ould cut-throat that ever wore a head. If any one was to hear you, maybe 'tis to b'lieve you they would, an' think I had a hand in it."

"Yerra, not they," said Peter. "Is it you? Shure your carrather will stand to you. Everyone knows you'd as soon kill a man as trap a rabbit—an' maybe sooner."

"I won't come to you for a carrather, any way," said Paddy, sulkily.

"Ah, then, you ought," answered Peter, persuasively. "It would be the thurst bit of writin' ever was penned. You'd know yourself in the minit."

"I wonder will they be found out?" said Paddy, ignoring the last remarks. "'Tis very odd how they escaped the Captain, an' he the smart hand he is. 'Tis quare if he can't identify wan an' it such a fine night. But it might have been a dark spot, in shure. 'Twas the pity of the world if he didn't get a sketch at their faces."

"I'll tell you where you'll see the face of one of 'em if you aren't afeard to look at it," replied Peter. "'Tisn't a very purty one."

"Where?" asked Paddy.

"Look into the well outside, an' you'll see it at the bottom," was the answer.

With an oath Paddy stood up, and was about to express himself rather warmly, when the little maid's voice was heard.

"Peter, Peter, are you there?"

"No, I'm not," said Peter. "Thry the kitchen garden, or the roof of the house."

"The mistress wants you in a hurry," she said.

"In a hurry, you say," answered Peter composedly, "I wondher what's happenin' ? The cat eatin' the tongs, maybe, or the parlour chimney on fire."

He left the kitchen to attend to his mistress; and Paddy Daly took his departure, satisfied that Captain Crosbie, who he knew had called at the Farm in the morning, had said nothing to implicate him.

Mr. Huntingdon and Captain Crosbie set out about twelve o'clock to attend the board at the workhouse and meet their friends. The latter was vice-chairman, the chairman being a gentleman who was not very solicitous about Poor Law interests, and rarely attended except for some motive such as a piece of jobbery to which he was induced by friendship to give an impetus. It is usually a field-day in

the house when the election of an official is in question. As many as possible of the guardians, local and *ex-officio*, attend; and, as is the case with county representatives, it is not the person who is best fitted but the one who has most influence who is returned. This day there was a full board; a hospital nurse was to be elected; there were several looking for the suitation, and their prospects were freely discussed.

"Mary Roche has the best chance," said one guardian to another. "She has Major O'Leary's interest; her aunt is nurse there."

"And Dan Finucane will vote for her. Her uncle voted for Dan's brother when he was elected schoolmaster. One good turn deserves another."

"I don't think she is fit for it," said a third. "She is too young. I think Mrs. Brady would be a better person. However, I promised Jerry Conway, her cousin, to stand to her. I couldn't refuse him; he is always civil, and I might want a turn from him by and by."

"True enough; a man must keep those fellows on his hands; no use in making enemies of one's neighbours. I wonder who will Crosbie go for?"

"Very likely for Miss Roche, too; she has a string of connections having votes; he'll do the conciliatory now; there's no doubt but there will be a general election soon, and Huntingdon will try to get in."

"Pahaw! The ass has no more chance than I have. I wonder a sensible fellow like Crosbie wouldn't put a stop to him at once. Bribery is no use now-a-days. They may take your money, but they'll do what they like. However, I wouldn't like to refuse Crosbie myself. He is a decent fellow. When my nephew was going in for the the constabulary, he got him his nomination. I couldn't go against him after that."

"No, indeed, you couldn't. Huntingdon will get a good many votes through Crosbie. He has done many a one a good turn. He'll have all Kisby's interest, I suppose. He helped him well to get the commission of the peace. For all we know, Huntingdon may be as good as another. I have no faith in those Home Rule fellows, but the people are rabid on them. I wonder who will Nesbit go for."

"Oh, for whoever he thinks the best man, you may be sure. Nesbit is one of those lucky dogs who want nothing from nobody. He is at the top of the ladder, and can afford to do as he likes. Well for him, faith; the man on the lower rungs must hang on to those above him and stand on those below him, and can't do as he wishes. Ha! there's Huntingdon's carriage turning the hill."

"What a fine looking fellow he is; if he was less affected," said a gentleman standing at the window.

"They say Lord Rosroe's daughter is in love with him," said

another, "and her father won't hear of the match until he gets into Parliament. She's enormously rich—that's why he is anxious to get in."

"Is it true she is humpbacked?"

"I didn't hear that; but they say she is as deaf as a post."

"So much the better for her, perhaps. She will hear the less to fret her."

The group of men continued chatting and chaffing each other while they were waiting. They knew each other's weak point, and had not the least regard for sensitiveness.

At length Mr. Huntingdon entered with Crosbie. Those who knew him greeted him with great cordiality, and those who did not were introduced. All felt somewhat deferential and interested, unconsciously influenced by the man's wealth and rank. They did not want anything from him; on the contrary, he wanted something from them; something he was powerless to get without their co-operation; yet they were glad of his notice, and would think him a very agreeable sort of fellow if he shook hands with them in public.

It is one in a thousand who remains unimpressed, or whose judgment is not slightly biassed, by surroundings. Money and rank emit a radiance by whose light perfections are discovered and good qualities are exaggerated. What an extraordinary difference there is between a rich scamp and a poor one! The former is expected to be a sensible fellow when his wild oats are sown; it so happens that those reckless young men turn out the steadiest—just like Henry V.—their spirits are so high and uncontrollable they run away with them, but their hearts are in the right place. The prophetic utterances concerning the latter roisterer are gloomy. No good is expected to come of such a worthless wretch.

A little notice disarms a man, and makes him more observant of the law of charity. If you have an acquaintance who might make damaging remarks on some intended course of action of yours, take him into your confidence.

When the guardians had bent sufficiently before the golden calf, and listened with the deepest attention to the words of the "Ass" of ten minutes ago, the business of the board commenced. Miss Roche was duly elected as nurse by a large majority. Then there were the usual applicants for outdoor relief, and the usual contest to put some vagabond pauper on the union at large, examination of samples, and various other incidental matters appertaining to workhouse existence.

When all was over, the board broke up. Mr. Huntingdon and Captain Crosbie drove Dr. Hayden home to Drumquin, and lunched with him; the guardians departed to their respective abodes, and an

old woman who succeeded in getting one-and-sixpence a week outdoor relief set out for her little cabin with a thankful heart. She could keep her little corner now and her few hens, and be happy for the rest of her life. One-and-sixpence a week was a grand sum. She had no one to spend it on but herself, unless a beggar or a neighbour's child came in to her for a bit. She envied no one since the gentlemen gave her that little pension.

It was quite true, and she will manage, like many others, to make it quite enough. A few neighbours will come some day and cut a handful of turf in some waste corner of a bog for her. She, and perhaps some poor woman to whom she has given lodging, will save it in the fine summer mornings. The kindly farmer who gave her the bog may send her a horse too, and one of his little boys to draw it home for her, enabling her to look forward to frosty nights without a shudder. She is more content than many an occupant of a palace; her wants are few; her appetites did not grow by being fed—necessity had successfully repressed them; out of her one-and-sixpence a week she will contrive to spare a little until she has achieved her one ambition—the purchase of her “habit.” When she has that made, blessed, and in her box, the “blessed” candle near it, she has no desire for superfluities.

The faith, the detachment, the unworldliness of the Irish poor is something wonderfully beautiful—their perfect resignation in poverty, their calm trust in God's goodness. Death has no horrors for them, it is but going from one room into the next; they see their children go before them, and the prevailing thought is they are gone to a better place; they lie down to die with simple confidence, without disturbing fears for the little ones they leave behind. God is for ever on their lips, so habitually that they are often unconscious of it. One cannot speak to them for ten minutes without hearing the holy name in various forms of expression in praise, and in thanksgiving. They salute you with a prayer, “God save you.” They bid you farewell in prayer, “God speed you, God be with you.” Everything they remark they call a blessing on. Every house they enter they ask God to defend. They have a natural instinct for holy things. They will scramble and struggle for the blessed palm on Palm Sunday as eagerly as if it were pieces of gold. They like religious books. The greatest miracle recorded of the saints calls forth no questioning spirit or no surprise, so accustomed are their minds to the supernatural. They delight in holy pictures; the crudest representation of their Blessed Saviour touches their open hearts, and brings the adorable Man of Sorrows vividly before them. They will gaze with tears and sighs upon a crucifix, realising profoundly in a quite unexplainable

manner the great pathos and mystery of their redemption. Their love of the Blessed Virgin is exquisitely touching—the Son and the Mother are together in their thoughts; they comprehend the divine bond that is between them, and without the least confusion worship and adore Him, pray to and love her. If an old woman be unable to express herself in a strictly orthodox manner, any one familiar with her mode of thought will perceive that her comprehension of the great truths of her religion is accurate.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. WISEMAN VENTILATES HER OPINIONS.

"Mrs. Wiseman," said Dr. Hayden standing up from the breakfast-table to put on an Ulster Amy was holding for him, "I forgot to tell you Huntingdon and Crosbie will dine here on Thursday."

"Mr. Huntingdon!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiseman aghast. "You don't mean to tell me you asked him, and only give me two days' notice."

"Of course I did," said the doctor. "The English are great feeders, I know; ruin their constitutions; but surely, even if he was an elephant, it wouldn't take you two whole days to cook food for him. And such a good cook as you are, besides!" The doctor winked slyly at Amy.

"Oh, it isn't the quantity at all," said Mrs. Wiseman, "but the quality. What on earth are we to give him to eat?"

"Why, potatoes and meat, of course," replied the doctor. "A goose is a very nice thing. I like a goose. Don't you, Amy?"

"A goose!" said Mrs. Wiseman. "To think of setting a goose before Mr. Huntingdon!"

"Well if he would not like it, he doesn't know what is good for him; but have what you like, and don't bother about it."

"That's so like men—'don't bother about it;' but if we didn't bother about it, we'd be scandalised, and all the blame would be on the ladies of the family. Every man thinks he doesn't care a pin about eating, but give him only tea and eggs for a day, and see if he does. My belief is you can't keep any man in humour if you don't feed him well."

"Granted," said the Doctor, "granted. I give in quietly at once. I shudder at the notion of tea and eggs about six o'clock; but you can treat Mr. Huntingdon more kindly; you have meat, game, and everything else in moderation."

"Of course I have, but he is used to the best of everything, served up in the best style; splendid servants, and every luxury."

"Oh, give him a comfortable dinner," said the Doctor, "that won't poison him, or give him a fit of indigestion; but leave style alone. *Entrées* and dinners *à la Russe* are culinary innovations not to be countenanced by dispensary doctors. Give one of your usual nice dinners, and they'll all enjoy it as usual."

"Who are all?" asked Mrs. Wiseman. "Have you asked others?"

"No, but I will ask them to-day—the priests and a few more."

"A regular electioneering dinner, then?"

"Oh, I don't know what you call an electioneering dinner. You don't suppose I'm going to support Huntingdon, do you? But if a man's political principles differ from mine, that's no reason I'm to ostracise him. Faith, if we were to carry that law into active force, and had no social relations with any but those who thought alike with us, we would find ourselves in as lively a position as Robinsoe Crusoe. No doubt Friday and he had their differences."

"There would be no comfort in their falling out," said Amy. "They had no one to whom they could backbite each other."

"So you will be satisfied with our usual style of dinner?" said Mrs. Wiseman.

"Most certainly," said the Doctor heartily. "I'll leave it all to you. I withdraw my vulgar suggestion as to goose. We'll enjoy it in private, Amy, stuffing and all, when its odours will not be offensive to aristocratic nostrils. Any commands? I'm off."

"Wait a moment, can't you? Men are always in too great a fuss to be distinct. How many are you to ask? The table will seat twelve."

"Well, then, there is Huntington, Crosbie, Mr. Hill; the two priests; Sir William and his son; ask Mary and Mrs. Desmond, and we shall make up the number."

"You ought to ask Mr. Nugent," she suggested.

"I thought you rejected the idea of a goose," said the Doctor with a sly look at Amy. "That would make thirteen; it would be fatal to have him."

"Perhaps it would be better if we dined early, and asked the Desmonds in the evening," said Mrs. Wiseman, "as it is like an election dinner."

"Faith, you put the political flavor in yourself," answered the Doctor; "but do as you like. If I meet Nugent, I'll ask him; but, if I do, I must ask some one else to talk horses to him. He hasn't another idea in his pate."

"He has a great many ideas," said Mrs. Wiseman, slightly annoyed. "It isn't every one can talk of books and fine subjects. Mr. Nugent is a very nice young man."

"And has a very nice property," said the Doctor; "his chief characteristic except the colour of his nose."

"He can't help his nose," she answered; "it is as God made it."

"I have very strong doubts of it," said the Doctor.

"Mr. Nugent is a good-hearted young man," persisted Mrs. Wiseman, "and you speak of him very uncharitably; a man of excellent prospects, that could give every comfort to his wife. His uncle is never likely to marry, and he is next heir to his property, besides having a thousand a year as it is."

"Why, he isn't going to give me any of it," said the Doctor. "The fellow has such a confoundedly strong constitution, no amount of potations knock him up. When I haven't a chance of a fee out of him, what are his thousands to me?"

"I'm very glad Amy has left the room," said Mrs. Wiseman. "I never saw such a man as you are. You haven't one bit of common sense. You know he admires her greatly, and you are only encouraging her in her folly, as if she had a chance of ever making such a match again."

"His admiring her is the only decent instinct he has," answered the Doctor; "but I'd as soon see her hanged as in the clutch of such a vulgar brute."

"Oh, that's all very fine," said Mrs. Wiseman; "but he'd make her a good husband, and give her every comfort. She'll never get such a chance again."

"I'd prefer she should marry a decent policeman," replied the Doctor. "Nugent is a coarse, bad-tempered fellow, and a sot. I never saw him leave a dinner table that his face wasn't the colour of the window curtain."

"Her policeman might be bad-tempered and inclined to drink as well," said Mrs. Wiseman, "and bring her to poverty in addition. There is nothing so sure as money. You never know a man till you are married, and after the first six months, it is very likely a woman will find anyone else would have done as well. She isn't sure of anything but the means, and I must say I'd rather be married to a bad-tempered rich man than a bad-tempered poor one."

"Good heaven, did anyone ever hear such arguments?" exclaimed the Doctor. "Why need she tie herself to either? Can't she live single all the days of her life if she can't get a good man?"

"Oh, nonsense; a woman likes to have a house and place of her own, not to be pointed at as an old maid that no one would have.

For the life of me, I can't see much difference between one man and another, except that one's appearance may be more pleasing, and, indeed, the colour of a person's eyes isn't of much consequence after people are married."

"No," said the Doctor, "the sight is the thing that stands to them then—sight to detect those faults in all their enormity that before marriage they gently ignored. A nice lot you are; let me out of the house before you send my head through my hat; and be sure to have the Desmonds, whoever you have."

"Of course," said Mrs. Wiseman; "I wouldn't have Mary lose a chance of meeting Mr. Huntingdon. They say he admires her."

"Here's more of it," said the Doctor. "Was there ever such a woman for marrying people in spite of themselves? You set a man better than a pointer ever set a bird. You only look on him as a possible husband, a means of living for a woman. Mary Desmond doesn't want Huntingdon."

"I'd like to see her tempted," said Mrs. Wiseman. "Believe me, Mrs. Desmond knows what she is about, for all her gentle ways. Do you think she would have him turning in there so often if she hadn't some notion of him? Of course she wouldn't; but you are as simple as a child, and see nothing."

"Do you want her to take the man by the collar and turn him out of the door?" said the Doctor. "She doesn't ask him there; and it is a queer thing if one can't give a cup a tea sometimes to a fellow-creature without having some deep design in it. You may put philters in your teapot, but Mrs. Desmond isn't so crafty."

"Ah, appearances are deceitful," answered Mrs. Wiseman. "I'm very bad because I speak out what I think; those that say nothing are a great deal worse."

"Maybe so," said the Doctor. "I won't dispute with you. There is no limit to human depravity; but if a man were to believe you, he'd never walk the world for fear of man-traps. Good-by to you, and mingle your plots and plans with your pots and pans. It is a wonder if I go out in my right mind. Send a note to The Farm, and manage the dinner as best you can."

(To be Continued)

J E T S A M.

LAST night along the sodden coast
The wild wind wandered up and down;
Shrill shrieked the tempest as a ghost,
Or like doomed mariners that drown.

Now soft and sweet the waters smile,
The seagull dips a snowy wing;
And gem-like glows the distant isle
Upon the blue horizon's ring.

And from the fisher's open door
With happy laughter children run,
And patter barefoot on the shore,
Where shines the ripple in the sun.

Last night they saw their father's sail
Sink seaward 'neath a stormy moon.
They recked not of the rising gale,
Nor of the billow's boding croon.

Now might they know why sad at home
Their mother sobs with eyelids wet!
Or what is floating in the foam,
Where hardy fishers haul the net!

Oh! might they know what jetsam dire
The cruel sea hath cast ashore—
The sea, that gives to them a sire,
To her a husband, nevermore

And earth is green and sea serene,
For light this golden summer morn
And blithe and gay the children play,
In orphan innocence forlorn.

And in the village one is glad
For lover safe at home on shore,
And one in widowed youth is sad
And sorrowful for evermore!

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

ST. ALOYSIUS, MODEL OF YOUTH.*

A MODEL is something to be imitated in any kind of work. It is perfection of some kind, or absence of defect, which constitutes fitness for a model ; hence a thing is a model by reason of its perfection, not on account of its imperfections. In music, in painting, in literature, the best works of the best masters are taken as the standards of excellence. It is the careful, practical study of them that gradually produces in the student the perfection he desires to acquire. Great artists, great writers, great exemplars in every line, have been possessed from the beginning of their intellectual life by the love of what they became great in, so that they concerned themselves comparatively little with other matters. The absorbing pursuit of art or science is admired by all, even if it is carried to excess. In the case of a great artist or great man of any kind we are not surprised if we learn that, from a boy, he cared for nothing except what tended to perfect him in his greatness. "To scorn delights and live laborious days" is the way to become great even in the world's eyes. Mere worldly greatness is not true greatness, but great vanity. Art and science are vain too, if not referred to God and His glory and service. Still more are riches and earthly pleasures and fame vanity and shams.

It is easy enough to preach and write these truths, and to repeat and believe them in a kind of way ; *that* does not prevent us living and acting just as if they were not true at all. Example is quite a different way of teaching. The lesson we have to learn is that the world and its goods are not to be loved but hated, so far as they are an obstacle to the service of God, wherein alone solid content is to be found. The sooner we learn this the better. "It is good for a man to have borne the yoke from his youth." Youth is precisely the time we are most deceived. "The bewitching of vanity obscureth good things, and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind." God by His grace made Aloysius a most striking example of one whose whole life bore testimony to the reality and truth of unseen things, and of the vanity and fleetingness of all temporal possessions and enjoyments.

* The three hundredth anniversary of his death has just been celebrated with extraordinary enthusiasm over the entire Catholic world.

He was born of a princely family, the eldest son of a great nobleman, a distinguished soldier, courtier, and statesman. He was related or allied to most of the royal families of Europe. He was endowed with bodily and mental qualities which would have made him—because of the “soldier’s, scholar’s, courtier’s” eye, tongue, sword—the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers. But grace and wisdom were beforehand with Aloysius. They possessed him almost from the beginning of his existence. Scarcely was he born when, out of necessity, he was baptized. He had learnt to pray before he knew what prayer was. Such was the care his mother took to form his ear and tongue to holy sounds. With the use of reason came such knowledge of God, such wisdom, that he despised all else. At the age of ten he bound himself by vow, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, ever to lead a virginal life. So pleasing was this offering to God and His Blessed Mother, that Aloysius was always preserved from the assaults of the flesh. And yet he did penance that would have been excessive had he been a great penitent saint. His love for his crucified Redeemer made him long to be like Him in every way. Though free from the fascinations of simple pleasure, he knew that it was not of himself that he was so, and consequently he took as much pains to keep out all dangerous images and impressions as if he had specially to guard against these most seductive and importunate temptations so dangerous to youth, and above all, to careless youth. He had, indeed, made a covenant with his eyes. He is said never to have looked on the face of a woman.

All the honours of the world lay at his feet. He had but to stoop, to put out his hand, and they would have been his. His princely patrimony, his graceful bearing, noble countenance and ardent spirit, his brilliant mental endowments and attainments, would have given him great and lasting fame among the great ones of the earth. But his eyes had seen the King in his beauty, he had caught a glimpse of the land far off—and all other beauty, all other delights of the children of men, had no attraction for him. His father positively doted on him. Himself a soldier of distinction and a ruler, he recognized in his son one who could render his name and family more illustrious than ever it was before, and so for long years he exhausted all that love and human wisdom could suggest to induce him to serve God as a wise and holy prince rather than as a poor religious.

But God had destined Aloysius for greater things. He was to be more than one of the great men of a great age. He was to be the model and patron of youth, above all of students for all ages to come. He was to teach them by his example what they ought to value, that all the world has is to be despised in comparison to God's service and our soul's salvation. At the age of seventeen he became a novice of the Society of Jesus. After his noviceship, most holily gone through, he continued his studies with brilliant success, and gave certain promise of becoming one of the great intellectual lights and saints of the Society. At the age of twenty-three he sacrificed his life in attending on the plague-stricken, and died at Rome full of years and merits on the 21st of June, 1591. "Venerable old age is not that of long time nor counted by the number of years, but the understanding of a man is grey hairs, and a spotless life is old age."

The whole life of St. Aloysius teaches what things are worth setting our hearts on, what we ought to prize and preserve at all costs, or if we have lost them, regain at all costs. The innocent and the guilty may turn to him to get them grace to imitate him. Those who have lost their innocence have all the more need of studying his life, that they may understand what fools they have been in flinging away the priceless jewel. The innocent will learn how jealously they should guard what he took such infinite pains about.

Everything in Aloysius is admirable and worthy of our deepest veneration. Everything in him is not proposed for imitation. We are not asked to aim at performing great penance, such as he heroically did. Except under the clear guidance of the Holy Ghost, such things are forbidden. The mortification and penance prescribed, or advised, for those who are led by ordinary ways, are well within the power of all to practise. Boys at school and students at universities are not encouraged to abstain from games and reasonable amusement, in order to give themselves to prayer. Quite the contrary. In their proper time and place, games and exercise are excellent and indispensable. Courage and endurance, patience and good temper and manliness, are all developed by outdoor games.

But, though the exterior lives of Christians are very different, the essential interior characteristics are the same. The love of God for His own sake, the love of others for God's sake—that is

Christian perfection. The world, the flesh and the devil, "the concupiscence of the eyes, the concupiscence of the flesh, and the pride of life," these are our enemies. In the war against them Aloysius has been among the most heroic. To the young he says in a special manner what St. Paul said to his disciples:—"Be ye imitators of me, as I also am of Christ." To the young of all classes, but especially to students, God will give graces through St. Aloysius, since it is God's will expressed by the voice of the Church that he should be their special patron and model.

The more we feel and acknowledge how unworthy we are of association with him, the more will he help us. His Lord and ours came to call sinners. His heavenly Mother and ours is the Refuge of Sinners and Mother of Mercy. We have not imitated him in his innocence in the past, we may with God's grace aim at it for the future. We cannot, we are not asked, we are not allowed to imitate his heroic external mortifications; we *are* able to resist and mortify our evil inclinations, to subdue our pride, worldliness and sensuality, to restrain our eyes, ears and tongues, as becomes Christians and reasonable beings. Thus we shall take to heart, and put in practice, the words of the Church that express the will of the Holy Ghost in proposing St. Aloysius as the model and patron of youth: *innocentem non secuti, pœnitentem imitemur.*

WILLIAM ALOYSIUS SUTTON, S.J.

GLENISMOLE.

IN the the heart of high blue hills,
Where the silence thrills and thrills,
Is the Valley of the Thrushes; *
From the golden low furze-bushes
On the mountain wind's light feet
Comes a perfume faint and sweet.

* About eight miles from Dublin, and near the village of Tallaght, there lies in the Dublin Mountains the beautiful Valley of Glenismole, in which Thomas Davis lays the scene of his ballad, "Emmeline Talbot." A few years ago it was in the undisputed possession of the thrushes, from whom it takes its name [Glan-na-Smoel, Vale of Thrushes], and a wayward mountain stream, the Dodder. But now, after the expenditure of much money and the labour of half a dozen years, during which its beauty was disfigured by ugly earthworks and the huts of the navvies, it is almost filled with two large sheets of water: the upper one supplying the Rathmines Township, and the lower the mills between Tallaght and Dublin. The navvies and their huts have disappeared, and so have also the ugly earthworks; and the valley has grown more beautiful, perhaps, than it ever was before.

Where the hills stand blue and grey
 In the sunshine miles away,
 Rises a small streamlet brawling
 O'er the grey stones, calling, callin' :
 On the ferns and foxgloves tall,
 And the mosses curled and small.

Through the valley it goes swift,
 'Tis the mountain's wayward gift.
 Rushing onward, laughing, leaping
 In brown eddies gaily sweeping
 Round the big stones greyly white,
 In the summer noonday's light.

In the thrushes' mystic glen
 Are the only dwellers men ?
 When the ghostly moonlight glimmers,
 And the singing river shimmers,
 Do the Fairies never come ?
 Are their nimble feet grown numb ?

Shall they never more be seen
 Round their magic rings of green ?
 Small hands joined and light feet dancing,
 Their bright gossamer wings glancing,
 Mystic monlight, clear and chill,
 Turning silver vale and hill !

Ah, I think the Fairies fled
 When the mountain people said—
 " In this crystal watered valley
 Skill and labour here shall rally,
 Mighty earthen walls shall build,
 And the valley shall be filled

" With the clear pellucid rills
 That are born within the hills.
 They shall gather all these fountains
 Flowing sweetly from the mountains—
 Cunningly shall bear them down
 To the distant thirsty town."

No green rushes grow beside
 These dark waters as they glide
 From the Valley of the Thrushes,
 But the scent of the furze-bushes
 And the breath of heath-clad hill
 Dwell within their waters still.

HOLIDAY TIME.

ONCE the Baal fires have been lighted on St. John's Eve, and the summer's noon is over, holiday time has come, and visions of watering-places, and health resorts, and trips by sea and land arise. The clerk, chained to his desk, pores over Gaze's or Cook's advertisements, and ponders as to how he will dispose of his few weeks' leisure; the busy merchant begins to think he needs a mouthful of fresh air; mamma economizes and contrives, that she may bring her young people for their summer outing, and papa grumbles at the additional expenses. Linen suits, and white frocks, and wide-brimmed hats appear after their winter's rest, yellow, alas! and a bit behind the latest mandate of Dame Fashion, that powerful personage whom we pretend to laugh at and yet follow in many things as well as in dress. Bray and white-stranded Tramore receive their quota of visitors, and Portrush, the most forward of northern watering places, prepares for its season. Priests from Ulster parishes spend their well-earned fortnight of vocation in remote Bundoran, where the breeze comes freshly across the wide Atlantic; and here I may say that none of these has the charm—and their charm, let me truthfully add, consists, maybe, in that I know little of them—none of them has the charm for me that the village of Rostrevor, situated at the base of the Mourne mountains, has. That charm was woven longer ago that I care to say, when more than one poet sang the praises of the hamlet that lies

“ ——— 'Twixt the sea and the mountain,
Or rather the bay and the hill,”

and when I first read how Thomas Caulfield Irwin, “with eyes by the glory made blind,” contrasted the springtime freshness of Erin with the more florid beauty of Italy. But all this is by the way.

Holiday time has its own particular charm for country folk as well as for their city brethren, though it brings but little alleviation of their toil. The hardy sons and smiling daughters of the country require no sea breezes to bring back their roses. Sometimes an ancient lady suffering from “rheumatics” prepares with great

trepidation and much anxiety for her annual visitation to the "salt water." It is to her an undertaking of moment, involving grave thought and much consideration, for she must snatch her couple of weeks when work is "slack," when the hay is out on the uplands and the meadows still unripe. Have you ever, my reader, seen any of these good people start on their pilgrimage? If you saw the number of fresh eggs, and the bulk of oaten cake, and the rolls of butter she takes with her, you would think she was bound for a desert island instead of a town only some thirty or forty miles away, where provisions are not so very scarce nor so highly priced; but then our dear old lady likes the butter that she herself has made, and the scones she herself has baked, very much better than those of any other person's manipulation; and the eggs from the nests in the barn are much more edible than those to be had elsewhere; and so she departs at length, with many injunctions to the persons she leaves behind, and half fearful as to how things may go on in her absence; with a holy horror of trains, and a disbelief in landladies, and a dread that the purse fastened around her neck may be spirited off in some occult way, that spoil much of her pleasure.

Yet it is not she either who knows the real joy of the holidays. It belongs *par excellence* to some of the "stay-at-homes," who wait eagerly, it may be, for the day when the big schools and colleges send the boys home—home for the holidays; when the girls return from the gentle nuns who train them so carefully, laden with premiums to gladden their mother's eyes; when lads making, or trying to make, their fortunes in far-off cities turn homewards. There is a joy and a briskness about the old homesteads that not even the bright summer weather can account for, nor the wealth of flowers and blossoms over the land, nor the beauty of the waving meadows, nor the golden sunbeams dancing all day long in the open spaces and playing at hide-and-seek among the branches, nor the bright blue sky, nor the glad fluttering of young wings in the light, nor the thousand and one things that go to make God's summer so beautiful, that make us wonder what that land must be like where there is eternal summer "and health and joy and bliss." Rover, the old dog, catches the infection and tries to express his joy. Does he know that the young master with whom he rambled over mountain and moorland, in the days of his youth, is coming? Does he know that that explains why the house has been swept and

garnished, and sundry delicacies prepared—why the mother grows young again, and the girls sing over their work? And then to see how my young man is received and fêted! how, if he chanced to come from a city, the household and the neighbourhood sit, figuratively speaking, at his feet; how proud his folk are of him, though they try to conceal it! God grant he may long find his pleasure in this simple home-coming. God grant his experiences of the city may be such as he can still tell to his people.

But when the schoolboys come, what a joyous racket there is! How they sing, and laugh, and shout, as if their chief business for two months was to make as much noise as possible, and to forget there are such things in this pleasant world as professors and Greek declensions, and Latin prosody, and—all honour to Mrs. Euclid—only six books of her husband's work, and old bores like Cæsar and Horace and Homer to bother youthful brains. And who among us would desire them other than what they are? Who would wish to miss their merry laughter that makes us smile in sympathy, their innocent jests, and mischievous tricks? Don't we all know that joyous home-coming in the purple summer gloaming, when the time is nicely calculated in which good old Jack can cover the six odd miles that lie between us and the station, when the table is laid, and the teapot rinsed, and the tea just ready for the wetting? Don't we know the cry of "They are coming?" and the exclamations of wonder at Dick's growth, and the happy, tremulous expression in Dick's eyes despite his mannish air and rather superior ways to his woman-kind? Oh, yes, we know it all, and of the repast that takes such a while in consuming because so many questions have to be asked and answered, and the general air of serene confusion that pervades the place till at length Master Dick goes off to bed long after regulation hours, in the old room where the sound of the cricket's chirrup is distinctly audible from the kitchen, and the rose-bush flaps against the window pane. And then the awakening late next morning at Nature's sweet will, unforced by any bell or caller, when a tour of the place has to be made with a younger brother or sister, very proud of their position as cicerone; round the fields, where he is introduced to the new calves and renews his acquaintance with the more ancient animals; through the fragrant meadows and down to the river side, where he will spend many an hour with rod and line; past the hills where turnips are "branding" and the potatoes bloom; and back to the

old-fashioned garden and orchard, where a minute inspection of the fruit trees is necessary, and only a half contemplative glance given to the corner where pansies and mignonette thrive. Oh, glad, happy time of youth and summer, can anything equal it? I think not. Not even when Dick gets on in the world will he find such pleasure in doing the Rhine, or in a hurried trip to Paris, that he finds now in coming home; and certainly never again will Dick's mother be so happy as when she has her hands full of work and her tribe around her. Never, though Dick should rise to be prime minister, or the designer of a bridge across the Channel, or the fertilizer of the Sahara, or should benefit or bother his kind in some unheard of way. She may, by a chance, be prouder of him, but never so happy again.

And the summer brings wanderers back to Erin. From the big, overgrown eastern cities of America they come, changed, alas! very much since they first left their motherland, and physically for the worse. Hard work and the American climate are fatal, generally, to the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of our Irish girls; fatal, too, to the splendid physique and robust health of their brothers as well. They come from the midland states, but not in such numbers, and from California, and yet more rarely an exile from beneath the Southern Cross comes for a glimpse of the old land. Wonderful old land, still to keep the love of her children and children's children through years and distance! Is it a recompense—and a generous recompense—for the loss she sustains as a nation that in the uttermost ends of the earth her name should be sung, and the faith that St. Patrick brought to her spread by her exiles? Her ancient foe has benefitted by the exodus of her people, and Columbia chiefly owes her Catholicity, the number of her schools and colleges, her abundance of Catholic literature, to the “sea-divided Gael.” I wish these returning exiles would bring with them, if possible, the brogue of Kerry, or the harsh Ulster *patois*, after a decade of years in America. The “I guess” and “I reckon,” and more modern phrases of Yankee land are unbecoming a country where new ideas and strange doctrines, happily, do not prosper; where we cling lovingly to old things, even to the venerable hawthorn, sacred to the midnight revels of the fairies, to the old song, and the old legends.

When these visitors come, they belong in a way to an entire district. Generally they come unannounced, stealing a march on

their people ; but when some fine summer evening a car from the neighbouring town pauses at Widow Cassidy's, everyone surmises who has chanced to see the unwonted spectacle "that Mary Cassidy is home from America," with a couple of trunks big enough to contain the entire wardrobes of half a dozen families, filled not merely with her own belongings, but with presents from toilers in the States to their kin at home. When the first half-delirious joy is over and the girl rested, the distribution comes, and the neighbouring lasses catch a glimpse of her wonderful gowns and bonnets. She has plenty of news to tell and to hear ; and when she goes to Mass on the first Sunday after her home-coming, she is surrounded on all sides by people anxious for news of their relatives. The church to which she goes will very probably be the one in which she was baptized, and where she first heard Mass and made her first Communion—very different, no doubt, to the churches that she has seen meanwhile, and yet not without attractions of its own.

All too quickly the short summer months glide away : and, while the strangers are made much of, the time draws near when the burden of life must be taken up again ; when college doors will open again, and girls go back to their convents ; when young men return to the cities, the long hours of work, and the lodgings they vainly try to make home ; when our Irish-Americans take their passages on fast sailing transatlantic liners for the land of their exile, and southern colonists fly from the frosts and mists of a northern winter to a more genial climate ; when life resumes its normal quietness in the homes that the holidays enlivened for a little time.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

A GIRL'S THOUGHT.

IF to my poor unspeaking lips were given
 The gift of song, the poet's thrilling words,
 Would I not sing of all things beautiful!
 Of dawn-fires burning in the holy East
 Whence the Man God shall come some wondrous morn
 To judge the ended world; of set of sun
 Among the piles of gold and crimson clouds,
 When the long summer-day is at its close;
 Of cloudlets, rose and pearl, that float sun-kissed
 In the blue deeps of sky; of stars that wheel
 In the unmeasured space where only God
 Walks in the might of His immensity.
 Nor would my lips be mute of this fair earth,
 Of the green lands, and moving moon-ruled seas,
 And fresh world-sweeping wind; the smaller things,
 Young singing-birds, and fragile flowers that grow
 Unheeded 'neath green shades of forest trees,
 And small streams, clear as little children's eyes,
 That babble musically all day long
 In leafy places, holding chorus rare
 With bright-eyed birds who from the moss-edged brinks
 Of these babe-streams that darkle in the woods,
 Haply drink in their silver voices sweet.
 Of such as these and other happy things
 Would my lips sing, but not of human hearts
 That lie all seared and broken in the crush,
 And bared realities of bitter life.
 Such high, sad mysteries as these to touch,
 The lips must meet Isaiah's burning coal,
 Or like the Christlike soul of patient Job
 Five times be purified; for such as me
 These things are not. I am but a poor child
 Whose heart is very full but whose young lips
 Are chained in silence. In the coming years,
 My Lord, oh! wilt thou lay thy hand upon
 These poor dumb lips of mine?—and I shall sing.

ALICE FURLONG.

THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

AN EPISODE IN THE NIGHT OF "THE BIG WIND," JAN. 6, 1839.

THE winter season of 1838-39 was in many respects an eventful one. To me it brought the completion of my medical curriculum, and an end to my daily perambulations of old Jervis-street Hospital.

Dublin was at that time in full swing, and presented all the characteristics of a gay metropolis. The Marquis of Normanby, then in the height of his popularity, was at the Castle; from which, like his predecessor, Lord Fitzwilliam, he was but too soon to be as peremptorily recalled. Indeed it was my sad privilege, ere the season was over, to accompany his Excellency to Kingstown,* and to witness his final departure from our shores.

The Liberator, when not in attendance at his Parliamentary duties, was thundering away every week at Burgh Quay, and the Corn Exchange was then the cynosure of every eye.

The courts of law were presided over by judges eminent for learning and judicial capacity, and Whiteside and Thomas O'Hagan were already maintaining the best traditions of forensic eloquence at the Irish Bar. Isaac Butt, for some years Whately Professor of Political Economy, and recently called to the Bar, had already given evidence of that Demosthenic fire which afterwards shook the forum and the senate, and finally raised him to the position of tribune of the people.

The tragic muse was well represented by Macready and Kean the younger, and other histrionic celebrities, at the Theatre Royal, in Hawkins-street; and periodical literature by Charles Lever and Clarence Mangan in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. The *Dublin* and *Irish Penny Journals* were successfully cultivating the taste of the citizens in archæological and historical research;

* On 15th February I joined a deputation from Belfast in presenting a valedictory address to Lord Normanby, and heard him, in replying, say how keenly he felt his recall, but that, however painful, it was perhaps best for the people of Ireland. "I have formed friendships," he said, "that time cannot sever, personal attachments that no separation can weaken." Next day I attended an undress levée in St. Patrick's Hall, from which, escorted by military and police, and a splendid entourage of general officers and public officials, he rode on horseback to Kingstown.

while *Paddy Kelly's Budget* and the antics and songs of *Zozimus* afforded amusement to the less refined population.

But it was chiefly on account of its celebrity as a medical school that the Dublin of those days claimed pre-eminence among the capital cities of Europe; and, without any disparagement of the merits and abilities of their successors, the medical faculty of the present day, that period might safely be styled the Augustan Era of medical science in Ireland. The genius of Graves and Stokes, and their fame as clinical teachers at the Meath Hospital, had attracted students from the most distant shores; Corrigan, by his elucidation of the dynamics of cardiac phenomena, had electrified the medical section of the British Association, and established his name as one of the most scientific and original observers of the day; Sir Robert Kane (then Dr. Kane) had just begun his first course of lectures in Ireland on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy at the opening of the Cecilia-street School of Medicine; and Colles and Cusack, and Crampton, Carmichael, Harrison, Kirby, Marsh, Montgomery, O'Reilly, and John Macdonnell, with many other stars of the first magnitude, had combined to form a galaxy of talent that could not be equalled in any contemporary school in Europe.

It was at this time—to descend from great things to a very small thing—that I was invited to partake of a friendly cup of tea on the first Sunday evening of the New Year, with an old married couple, who had received some kindness from my friends in Belfast, and who felt called upon in return to show a little polite attention to the student far from home. As I knew from previous acquaintance that my host and hostess, one being a Poet and the other a Painter, were touched with the divine afflatus of genius, even to eccentricity, and as, unlike George II., I loved both “Boetry and Bainting,” I willingly accepted their invitation, and arrived at their apartments in Capel-street, at the appointed hour.

The simple repast was soon over, and after many libations poured out at the shrine of the “Chinese nymph of tears, green tea,” as Byron calls it, the table was cleared, and the business of the evening began. On further examination I perceived that the room served alternately as reception room, studio and art gallery. The walls were adorned with portraits, and works of fancy; the easel, relegated to a corner with a half-finished subject, was doing its best to stand erect, and the palette garnished with oils of many

colours, apparently taking its rest after a week's devotion to duty. *Place aux dames* ; the lady took the lead by inviting my attention to the portraits and paintings, all the work of her hands—

“ The artist showed what she had painted
And begged me just to look them o'er,
And freely pass as candid strictures
On those as I had passed before
On sundry other previous pictures.”

As a matter of course, independent of their intrinsic excellence, I felt bound in all courtesy to express my admiration of the various exhibits. I was then exhorted as a connoisseur to give my opinion of the portrait of a gentleman, which was evidently regarded as a masterpiece of art.

Oh yes, I said, that is exquisitely done ; the original must have afforded an excellent subject for a painter ; what natural flesh tints ! such a graceful pose !

“ Those eyes indeed, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require
To give them all their native fire ! ”

But pardon me, I much prefer the gipsy girl in the corner, with her eastern contour, her nut brown cheek, and luxuriant hair, and the very becoming spotted handkerchief enveloping her head and neck.

Meantime, the poet could with difficulty repress his anxiety to entertain me with some of his favorite compositions, and at last broke out, “ Doctor,”—he gave me brevet rank—“ I claim your attention.”

The lady rejoined : “ Sure the Doctor has already heard all your old ballads ; don't tease him so early in the evening ; just look at this Ariadne, this Mars in armour.”

“ They are truly magnificent,” I said.

“ But you have not even glanced at my favorite family group.”

“ Hear me for a moment,” cried the Poet.

“ Presently, presently,” said I. “ Permit me to admire this group, the chef d'œuvre of your wife.”

I had barely scanned the figures when he again interposed. This bye-play continued for some time longer, until at last my slender stock of diplomacy became well nigh exhausted. But now another, an unwelcome and uninvited visitor, appeared upon the

scene, for the whistling of the wind, and the rattling of the window sashes, gave unmistakeable evidence of an approaching storm ; yet

“ Despite the elemental rage
Again they hurried to engage ”

my exclusive attention. At last, by dint of perseverance, the Poet asserted his position, and, after a final survey of the mural adornments, we sat down to enjoy the promised treat.

“ And now,” said monsieur, “ shall I give you ‘ The drear Isle of St. Helena ? ’ ”

“ Oh ! pray do not,” said I. “ I think that I remember the climax of the ode. Was it not

“ On Empire’s height thy reason reeled,
And nations wept the ecstasy ! ”

“ Quite correct,” said he, “ and you will perceive how closely in this quotation I have observed the rule that a true poet always writes on the verge of meaning.”

“ Certainly,” I replied. “ You have religiously followed the rule in this instance, and successfully established your claim, *pro tanto*, to the distinction.”

I was next favored with a prologue of the tragedy of Douglas, as performed by himself and friends for a charitable purpose many years previously in a northern town.

The Poet then recited, with true northern intonation, and suitable emphasis, an amusing ballad called “ Sweet Ballymore town,” in which, in mock heroic style, he described a domestic encounter between a certain man and wife ; Bellona and Mars almost appeared to have inspired the combatants, and while the conflict was undecided, and the honours of war were divided, the battle was very ignominiously terminated by the sudden interposition of the cow Hawkey, who charged the belligerents promiscuously, and caused them to seek safety in flight.

After this effusion I was treated to a number of original verses and songs on various subjects, amusing parodies, epitaphs and epithalamiums, and even some “ flirtations with the muse of Moore.”

The night was now advancing, and I grew anxious to retire, but my kind friends, never wearying in their attention, prolonged the seance till near midnight. At length I bade them good-bye.

and I regained my liberty ; but, on reaching the door, I was at once confronted with a howling wind that almost made me breathless. I had stepped out of a comfortable, well-lighted apartment, into almost cimmerian darkness, only varied at intervals by the lurid glare of flames from the Bethesda Church, which was on fire, and which made still more striking the pall of gloom which overhung the city.

Instead of the importunities of hospitable friends, I had to encounter a furious tempest that, but for the parapets that guarded its bank, would have flung me headlong into the Liffey ; the lamps were all extinguished, and the snow, which had fallen heavily in the morning, made one's footing very insecure.

It was incumbent on me, however, to make my way to Wentworth Place, on the south side of the city, and the effort to reach it soon assumed the character of a struggle for life. Fighting my way by Bachelors' Walk, over Carlisle Bridge, by Westmoreland Street, Nassau Street, Park Street, and Erne Street, I encountered great numbers of people flying from their roofless houses for shelter in the police stations ; the air was thick with the débris of falling mortar and bricks from toppling chimneys, and tiles and detached slates appeared thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa.

By dint of perseverance I gained my lodgings, exhausted, but happily unharmed, and retired to rest, but not to sleep ; for a continuous fusillade of slates and other missiles from the neighbouring houses, falling on the roofs of the small cottages where I resided, made slumber an impossibility.

When morning broke, the scene was most appalling. The hurricane had partially subsided, but a stiff gale was still sweeping the deserted streets. The storm, originally from the S. S. East, had veered round to S. S. West, and in its fury had scarcely left a single house uninjured. Dublin resembled a city that had been sacked and bombarded, and its chief edifices riddled with shot and shell, while the fires still raged, and the constant hurrying to and fro, the cries of firemen, police and soldiery, and the " cars rattling o'er the stony street," and the hospitals filled with the wounded and dying, presented still more vividly the aspects of a beleagured town. During the height of the tornádo the larger buildings swayed and rocked, as if an earthquake shook the ground ; tall chimneys were everywhere overthrown, too often crashing through

the roofs of neighbouring tenements and taking the lives of the poor inmates. In Clare-street a poor woman was killed in her bed by a stack of chimneys falling through the roof. The Bethesda and neighbouring houses were reduced to ashes, including the residence of Mr. James Whiteside; that eminent lawyer had just returned from the north on the previous morning, and was enabled with great difficulty to have his family saved from the flames; his books and furniture were thrown into the street. From the violence of the storm, it was with great danger and trouble that a sufficient number of friends could be assembled for his deliverance.*

Consternation was everywhere. Unroofed houses met your eyes at every step. In Leinster Lawn the trees lay like prostrate giants. Perhaps the Royal Hospital suffered most of all in its trees and buildings. The Phoenix Park presented a strange scene of devastation, its stalwart oaks cut down by the hundred.

Of course the ravages of the hurricane were by no means confined to the metropolis. The daily press teemed with accounts of its disastrous effects over the whole island: not the British Islands, for, with the exception of Liverpool, Manchester, and some parts of Wales, England escaped with comparative impunity. In Belfast the full violence of the hurricane was experienced; in a few hours the principal streets were almost choked up with ruins. A chimney 180 feet high, attached to Mulholland's Mill, fell when the storm was at its worst, levelling a great portion of the building. Ledwich and Dixon's Mill was totally destroyed. Many lives were lost here, and in various parts of the country. In Lurgan demesne the storm operated like a cyclone, cutting lanes through the forest, while leaving the trees on either side uninjured. At Seaford 60,000 trees were uprooted.

It was the most extraordinary calamity of the kind that has ever befallen our country. Trees twenty, or even a hundred, miles distant from the sea, were found covered with the salt brine. It would be impossible here to describe "the woes and horrors of

* Among these friends was the late Father Joseph Lentaigne, S.J., then a young barrister himself. I often heard him describing the exertions made to save Whiteside's effects during the fire on that dreadful night. Fragments of burning wood were carried far across the city. I may add here that my contributor really spent the hours before the storm in the manner he has here described, and that I am responsible for any want of artistic symmetry in the article: for I suggested that the poet's verses should be suppressed to make room for more details about the storm, which at first had only been referred to incidentally.—*Ed. I. M.*

that dreadful night." The Storm of January 6th, 1839, is an event in our history ; it has become an epoch in Irish Chronology, furnishing a comparative date for many a story in fair and market, and at the peasant's fireside ; and often in after years, in the sacred tribunal of confession, to the important query " When were you last at your duty ? " the tardy penitent has made answer : " Not since the night of the Big Wind."

M. D., BELFAST.

CHILD-LIFE IN SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

SHAKSPERE has given us thirty-five plays, unquestionably the work of his hand. Out of this number five only contain child-life pictured, and the children are ten in number. Taking them in the order in which they were written we have—

Moth—Page to Armado in *Love's Labour Lost*.

Edward, Prince of Wales.

Richard, Duke of York } RICHARD III.

Son of Clarence

Daughters of Clarence.

Arthur of Brittany—KING JOHN.

Page to Sir J. Falstaff—2 HENRY IV. and HENRY V.

Son of Macduff } MACBETH.
Fleance.

Mamillius—WINTER'S TALE.

These are the child-characters of Shakspeare, and with the exception of the first-named, it is through their tragedy they affect us. This is a very terrible truth to have to face. What was it in Shakspeare's soul—so sane, and so profound—that brought forth the sadness of their lives ? Here are we met by the inevitable question, if we knew how Shakspeare spent his own boyhood would it give us an insight into the cause why nothing but sorrow seizes the children of the plays ? We are told that David Copperfield's child-griefs are, many of them at least, but a reproduction of Dickens' own childhood. What sorrows had the boy Shakspeare to endure ? We know nothing beyond the fact that the rules of the time were hard upon the schoolboy. Seager, in that terrible book of wisdom, " Ye Schoole of Vertue and book of good Nourture for Chyldren," A.D. 1577, gives us a picture of what he

conceives the model schoolboy should be. He was, among other strictures, to walk orderly home from school :—

“ Not runnyng on heapes as a swarme of bees,
As at this daye every man it now sees ;
Not usyng but refusyng such foulyshe toyes,
As commonly are vsed in these dayes of boyes ;
As whoopyng, and hallowyng, as in huntynge ye foxe,
That men it hearyng deryde them with mocks.”

This model youth is not to chatter or talk on the way, or to gaze at each novelty ; but he must go soberly, and be full of off-capping salutes to every senior he meets. Then he is to wait on his parents at dinner. Picture the poor hungry little chap bearing the trencher—the fragrant garlic which stimulates the pangs caused by an early breakfast—and dutifully watching his elders regaling themselves on the good beef and mutton. When they have finished, he must not fall to at once ; no, he must “ pause a space, for that is a sygne of nourture and goode grace.” He must be polite at table (this, of course, well and good) ; he must not “ speake to any his head in the cup,”

“ Not smackynge thy lippes as commonly do hogges,
Nor gnawinge thy bones as it were dogges ;
Nouche roudeness abhorre, such beastlynesse flie,
At ye table behave thyself mannerly.
Temper thy tongue and thy stomach alwaye,
For ‘measure is treasure’ ye proverbe doth saye.”

Furthermore, he is to restrain his laughter, and is to learn as much good manners as he can.

“ Aristotle the philosopher this worthy sayinge writ,
That manners in a chyld were more requisit
Than playnge on instrumentes and other vague pleasures,
For vertuous manners is a most precious treasure.”

I fear we cannot imagine “ Will ” a perfect youth altogether after the virtuous Seager’s heart ; but yet, without this extraordinary height of perfection, I think of the child as father to the man. It is even possible that he was like Jaques’ “ schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.” I think that “ unlike the blessed sun in heaven ” he often “ proved micher and eat blackberries ” (1 Henry IV., act ii., sc. 4, 451), losing thereby much knowledge of Latin and more of Greek, as learned Ben Jonson twitted him with. But if Tom

Tulliver failed before the abstractions of the Eton Latin Grammar, he yet proved himself worthy of regard in mental attainments; and if Shakspeare felt the maxims of "Aristotle ye philosopher" heavy upon his boyish soul, yet he wrote *King Lear* and the *Tempest*. Like all healthy boys, he loved the open air; he played at "nine men's morris" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii., sc. 1, 98), "more sacks to the mill" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv., sc. 3, 78), bird-nested, joined in Mayday, New Year, and Christmas games, helped to make hay, and went to many a harvest home and sheep shearing (*Winter's Tale*, act iv., sc. 3). By the quiet Avon side he fished (*Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii., sc. 1, 26-8), gazing upwards in wonder at the evening sky "fretted with golden fire"—"thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;" or watching the solemn rise of "the visiting moon" from behind the church, where, his life accomplished, he should take his rest—unwitting that, through much sorrow and sin and final conquest, he should leave behind a name to hallow the fields his boyhood's feet had trod—

" 'Tis little but it looks in truth
As though the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

So far, then, from searching for sorrow, it is good to think of that bright young soul's boy-life, the memory of which, I believe, was saving to him in many a darker hour. Ruddy-cheeked, hazel-eyed, auburn-haired, lithe and active of form, full of life and ardour, impulsive, falling into many a scrape, yet never, through baseness, quenching the light that was within him, and, above all, incapable of cruelty: such I picture the boy to have been.

Moth, his first child-character, belongs to a play that bears all the marks of a youthful, joyous hand. It is a frolic of satire upon the superficialities of life which Shakspeare, now in London, saw passing before him, in a pageantry that, to his fresh soul, nourished amidst the more direct utterances of the country, must have seemed ridiculous, and which a smaller mind would have despised. In his impish piece of boyhood we have a specimen of "that wise unchildish elf," which Rossetti gives us as part of London evils, bearing in his child-soul no sacred ignorance of sin. But, amid the nonsense of his surroundings, the fresh boy-soul shines out sane and sound. Like what I believe the boy Shakspeare to have been,

this fluttering spirit flits about the glitter of the court, scorching his wings somewhat perhaps in vanity when his wit is praised, but a favourite wherever he goes, even with the prigs and fools he mooks ; full of quaint legend and mythical romance, from which you will notice he takes most of his illustrations ; and promising at the same time a depth of wisdom that startles us when we get a glimpse down into it. *Moth* : . . . Have you forgot your love ? *Armado* : Almost I had. *Moth* : Negligent student ! learn her by heart. *Armado* : By heart, and in heart, boy. *Moth* : And out of heart, master : all those three will I prove. *Armado* : What wilt thou prove ? *Moth* : *A man, if I live.*" He has lighted for a second upon a truth, to flutter from it the next moment. He is full of a spoilt child's vanity, and cannot display it if he be not applauded. When he is sent ambassador to the princess and her court, with well-conned embassy of verse, the ladies turn their backs upon him, and he breaks down partly through mischief and partly through petulance (act v., sc. 2, 158-173). Perhaps he is happiest when he is chaffing that benignant old bundle of phrases, Holofernes, the schoolmaster. If Shakspeare had nothing worse than this to say of schoolmasters, he could not have had a very bad time of it as a schoolboy. Indeed, Holofernes might be a portrait of the old Stratford teacher to whom Shakspeare declined his noun substantive, and eluded the meshes of an irregular verb with some quip of wit, whose audacity would so bewilder the old gentleman that he would have nothing left to say but the weak retort—"Thou disputest like an infant, go, whip thy gig !" (act v., sc. 1). This is Shakspeare's one happy child, the first of his creation : from thence forward all is bitterness and gloom.

The next group are the four children in Richard III. But between the happy comedy, "Love's Labours Lost," and these fated children of the Plantagenets, the curtain had fallen on the dead bodies of Romeo and Juliet. The mystery of life had seized Shakspeare's soul ; Moth had lived to be a man ; Romeo had cast off his boyhood and defied his stars. When we look at the child-life in the historical plays, Macbeth included, we must, I think, be struck by the fact that they are elaborated, chiefly to intensify the gloom and turmoil which surrounds them, or to echo, in minor chords, the "*motives*" which the women wail out against the despotism of fate. "There is," says Professor Dowden,* "a Blake-

* Shakspeare, his Mind and Art.

like beauty and terror" in the scene (Richard III., act iv., sc. 4), where the three queens seat themselves, one after the other, on the ground against the palace wall. Those who know Blake's illustrations to the Book of Job will remember the effect he produces by throwing three or more figures into the same position of terror or astonishment. This same element is given in lesser degree in the scene between Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of York, and her grandchildren, the son and daughter of Clarence. They are placed in the play for that purpose, and never appear again.

Queen Elizabeth : What stay had I but Edward, and he's gone ?

Children : What stay had we but Clarence, and he's gone ?

Duchess : What stays had I but they, and they are gone ?

Queen Elizabeth : Was never widow had so dear a loss !

Children : Was never orphans had so dear a loss !

Duchess : Was never mother had so dear a loss !—Act ii., sc. 2.

The two children of Edward are a direct contrast. The eldest frank, noble, unsuspecting, except where mysterious presentiment prompts him—the grandson of old York. The other, shrewd, subtle, full of repartee upon the surface, foolish and slight of character beneath. He begs for Richard's dagger as a present, and having got it taunts him with his deformity. He is the childish counterpart of his mother, and the far-seeing Richard knows it—"Tis a parlous boy, bold, quick, ingenious, capable ; he's all the mother from the top to toe." For a brief scene we see them, and then the Tower walls hide them for ever—two more victims of Richard, the embodiment of mighty evil. In the silent night upon the plains of Tewkesbury their wan pathetic ghosts rise up before the tossing dreamer, and add their unimpassioned voices to the prophecies of his doom.

In the play of King John we have a marked advance of treatment in all respects ; but upon *Arthur* Shakspeare seems to have concentrated his best powers of tenderness. Mr. Swinburne, in his study of Shakspeare, puts this character on a level with Cordelia, chiefly, no doubt, from the ethical force which this child-figure originates. Whatever is gentle, beautiful, noble, or base, centres round him. He is not more a character in the play than a motive. He is the victim, and yet he is not the chief figure ; relieved by his noble child-like patience, the wild but sacred protest of the maternal is uppermost throughout ; and when, through the wrangling of the

women, the scene verges upon bathos, the patient interposition of *Arthur*—

“ Good my mother, peace ;
I would that I were laid low in my grave—
I am not worth this coil that's made for me,”

raises Constance to her splendid outburst of ethical truth and condemnation upon the wicked Elinor. The pure ardour of his soul saves Hubert from utter villainy ; his supposed murder by Hubert raises Falconbridge's denunciation to the height of chivalry ; and the sight of his dead crushed form sends the hitherto material man into thoughts which reach the Infinite—

“ I am amazed methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost Thou take all England up !
From forth this morsel of dead Royalty.
The life, the right and truth of all its realm
Is fled to heaven.”—(Act iv., sc. 3).

The Page of Sir John Falstaff is a coarser repetition of *Moth*—a boy of *Moth*'s quick wit placed in the companionship of the tavern haunters. Still he remains the best of the company that circle round the Prince ; and I think that his young soul is not too debased to recognise the noble ardour that lurks under the madcap's disguise. Look at his criticism of his associates when, Falstaff dead, he follows the fortunes of Henry V. in France (Act iii., sc. 2). When at the battle of Agincourt he tells us that there is none left to guard the baggage but boys, he goes off cheerfully to take his place there and meets his death. His poor little life is accomplished ; and better thus than that he should maim himself, as Pistol does, to swear he got his wounds in the war, and so gain a livelihood by begging, or be hanged for stealing like Bardolf, who strove to force him into his malpractices.

In the play of *Macbeth* *Fleance* is an historical entity we may pass over, noting only how constant a companion he is to his father ; but in the short scene between Lady Macduff and her son we have another glimpse into child-life fresh and sweet, to be extinguished the next moment. And yet Shakspeare will not allow this little soul to be liberated from earth before he has raised his child-voice in vindication of his father's honour. “ He's a traitor !” says the hireling murderer, and shrill and clear the child's voice rings out,

"Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!" and the ruffian's steel is driven home—yet he finds strength left to call out, "He has killed me, mother: run away, I pray you!" He dies as the son of a noble house should die (Act iv., sc. 2).

And last, there is *Mamillius* in the *Winter's Tale*. I will not desecrate this child-soul by praise. One slight word from him has given this play its name—"a sad tale's best for winter"—and his tale is the saddest of all. Here is Shakspeare—a conqueror, calm and sane, in middle life, among the places of his youth—bending in loving delight over the woman-soul of Perdita bursting into full blossom like the field flowers that drench her hands with the dews of the morning, laughing with Autolycus and his rogueries, or strongly serene before the oppression of pure womanhood; but inexorable before the presence of the child. Death—and for the father's sin! And so it is, I think, we have found the clue at last.

In that wild outburst of Constance at Queen Elinor it is partly told—

"Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy . . .
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation . . .

King John : Beldam, have done !

I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God had made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague ; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin—
All punished in the person of this child."

It is an old story. The little child of David, vainly prayed for—the child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's slip upon the threshold—the little piece of piteous clay before the judgment seat of Solomon—these victims tell us the truth. And Shakspeare knew that under certain conditions it is impossible for the child to live. A lily will not hold its head against an October gale, and it is impossible for the child-soul to live unpropped in the fierce elements that such as Richard III. rages through, or the distractions of faction wrought by Elinor and Constance, or the pestilent horrors of blood created by Macbeth. And when the child-soul is sullied by such as Bardolf, it is better for him, having recognised that he

is sullied, to die in performing some simple act of duty. And least of all can the true child live when his mother's purity is assailed. The life of Mamillius in the presence of his guilty father would be an impossibility, and by his death his mother's fame is redeemed. Perdita lives, banished as an infant from the poison of gross suspicion, and nurtured by those of simple faith and kindliness; Miranda grows into glorious womanhood, sheltered by large wisdom, in the presence of Caliban; and Moth may live to be a man in an atmosphere that at the worst is but impractical; but no child can live as such in the midst of crime. That is what Shakspeare seems to me to say. And we, perhaps, propped up with nineteenth century philosophy, can smile at this. We can tell our hearts that we know it to be otherwise; we can point to our ragged schools and poorhouses, crammed with elfish faces and distorted limbs, as a direct contradiction to Shakspeare's wisdom, and Another's wisdom, too; and while, in rapt voices, we reckon our pheasants at the cost of a guinea a bird, and our foxes at £1,000 a year, we drop our voices something lower when we reckon the cost of our crossing-sweeper—making it, indeed, no poetic figure for Him when He said that the birds of the air had their coverts and the foxes their dens, but that He had no place whereon to lay His head. And Justice—she is somewhat old and careworn now—sometimes does stoop down and whisper these facts into our ears, till, driven to desperation at last, we turn upon her with her own argument—“What! don't you know that these children are suffering for their parents' sins?” But Justice is not convinced; she is still as obstinate as ever, and replies: “My friend, are you quite sure they are not suffering for yours?”

But what has all this got to do with Shakspeare? Well, it has just everything to do with him. We are very fond of saying that Shakspeare wrote for all time. I am not sure, prophet and seer though he was, that there are not certain theories of modern political economy he failed to anticipate—workhouses and crossing-sweepers, for instance. But believe me, if you could bring Shakspeare to-day into the slums of our cities, or the children's wards of your Hospitals, and could show him the vice and degradation into which these souls, fresh from the hands of God, are born, and the deformity into which their little bones are tortured for want of the one child's food, he would tell you still, as he told you three hundred years ago, that, under such conditions, they had

better die. You cannot always have Richards and Macbeths to make Shakspeare's wisdom eternal ; but you still have children, and you can have the forces at work that degrade their lives to slay them. You can shield them in your wisdom from the contaminating influence of the brute-souled Caliban, or, careful only of yourselves, you can depart, as Macduff did, and learn that the slayer has been upon them whilst you are away. The choice is in your hands. Either Shakspeare's works are of value to drive them to such conclusions as these, or they are only the works of a wild poet who wrought without a conscience or an aim ; and if the latter be the case, you can drive them to no conclusions at all, and had best leave them alone. You like to believe that Shakspeare loved the noble women he created with a wise and discriminating love, and you know no more gracious praise you can give to one of your own women kind than to say, "She is like one of Shakspeare's best women." And indeed, in like manner, you can give your child no better praise than to say he is like *Arthur* or *Mamillius* ; for Shakspeare loved them too. He has put it beyond all question that childhood to him was the most sacred portion of man's life. He makes you live some years in the company of Falstaff, and laugh, and tolerate the old sinner's humour ; but he has to kill him at last. Now, Falstaff was not all villainy : he loved the Prince in his blind, besotted way, and when cast off, the pension which the new made king decreed him did not satisfy his heart, as it would have done that of a worse man, and so he died, heart-broken. And Shakspeare rescues him on his death-bed from our utter condemnation by giving us one glimpse of him as a happy child in the sunlit meadows, playing with flowers : "And then he fumbled with the sheets, and babbled o' green fields." The sinner's soul, however weary-laden and old in iniquity, that, drifting out into Eternity, meets visions of his childhood, has not quite quenched the better light that in those early days burnt strong and clear within him.

MONTAGU L. GRIFFIN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. This month it is only possible for us to announce a book to which it will be our pleasure to devote due attention hereafter—"Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems," by E. H. Hickey, author of "Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations," "A Sculptor and other Poems," and editor of Browning's "Strafford" (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.) We are glad to claim Miss Emily Hickey as an Irishwoman, though we believe her life has been spent chiefly in London. Her Irish heart betrays itself, or rather displays itself, in many parts of the remarkable poem which fills half of these two hundred pages. Many of the pieces which occupy the latter half of the book are very striking and effective, and very much more indeed than clever exercises in verse-making. The poet thinks and feels deeply, has much that is good to say, and says it with unaffected grace and power, while attending duly to all the technical exigencies of her art. *The Spectator* saw in her first book "much that reminded them, without suggesting imitation, of Mrs. Browning," and *The Athenæum* recognized in her lyrics "a high level of finish and completeness." Miss Hickey in her new work has been inspired by a much nobler ambition, and she has, we think, succeeded fully in her aims. But, as we said, we can only at present name a volume of poetry which stands out from the common.

2. The Rev. Michael F. Glancey, Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of Birmingham, and the Rev. Victor Schobel, D.D., professor of dogmatic theology at St. Mary's, Oscott, have published the second volume of their translation of "A Christian Apology," by Paul Schanz, D.D., D. Ph. professor of theology in the University of Tübingen (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; New York: Frederick Pustet). This second part is a splendid octavo of more than six hundred pages, the typography of which is very creditable to the Birmingham printers. After a valuable preface, in which the translators describe the attitude of Protestant controversialists, with regard to the questions under discussion, a minutely analytical table of contents is prefixed, which renders the want of an index less grievous; but for all that, we hope the third volume will contain a copious index of the whole work. The general subjects of these chapters are Christianity and the history of religion, the Indo-Germanic Race, the Hamites and Semites, uncivilized peoples, the people of Israel, non-Christian religions, the origin of Christianity, reason and revelation, miracles, prophecy, the trustworthiness of Holy

Scripture, inspiration, the interpretation of Holy Scripture, the Gospel and the Gospels, the life of Jesus, the person and nature of Jesus, Christ's doctrine and work, the God-man. These subjects are discussed with German thoroughness in an orthodox spirit; and in its English dress the work has received hearty praise from *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, *The Month*, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, &c.

3. Another batch of booklets from the indefatigable Catholic Truth Society, among them a new penny Life of St. Aloysius, by the Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J., which summarises admirably the old Lives and adds a few modern touches of historical research and local colour. Two new penny tracts by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J., namely "The Game of Speculation," and "The Empire of Man," combating very skilfully, and in a very fresh, attractive style, some of the more dangerous speculations of the Evolutionists. Another of these penny publications is a refutation of Anglicanism, by "J. M." under the title of "The Three Claims,"—namely, the Branch theory, the Continuity theory, and the claim of Apostolical Succession. Another is "Woman's Work in the African Mission," by Edith Renouf—a daughter probably of the learned Egyptologist, Mr. P. le Page Renouf, through whom help may be sent to the work sketched, very gracefully sketched, in these edifying pages. The newest addition to the biographical series is "St. Catherine of Siena," written in an agreeable style, and printed in a type pleasantly large.

4. The pleasant worries of summer will not allow us yet to devote adequate space to our notice of "The Life of the Rev. John Curtis, S.J." by the author of *Tyborne* (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. New York: Catholic Publication Society). Father Curtis ended his holy life of ninety-one years, on the 9th of November, 1885. Many, therefore, will feel a personal interest in all that is told to us in this deeply edifying book, which of course mentions a great many other interesting names. But even those who never came under the influence of this saintly man, cannot fail to be interested and edified by the glimpses of his life and the fragments of his letters. We are not sure that even the filial piety of Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell has, in her pleasant *Life of Charles Bianconi*, given as high an impression of her father's charity and generosity as one draws from his relations with Father Curtis.

A BAKER'S DOZEN OF WINGED WORDS.

1. The workman who wants work and cannot get it is to me a more tragic figure than any Hamlet, than any Oedipus. It is not low wages that is the terror of workmen, but unsteady wages.—*John Morley.*

2. The best way to do a thing is just to do it.—*David Stow.*

3. Life would be tolerable enough if it were not for its amusements.—*George Cornwall Lewis.*

4. There is no page of a book so difficult to write as the title-page; and at the same time there is probably no one page taken singly which is of equal importance to its fortunes.—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

5. Idleness is a common very pleasant to stroll over, but on which only geese and donkeys live.—*Tomahawk.*

6. There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty.—*Abraham Cowley.*

7. Persistency in wrong-doing is poor consistency.—*Judge Christian.*

8. As a rule, truisms are not things that are superfluous to say, but things that need constant reiteration.—*Canon Alfred Ainger.*

9. We never lose those whom we love in Him whom we can never lose.—*St. Augustine.*

10. The habit of looking at the bright side of things is worth a thousand a year.—*Dr. Johnson.*

11. Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.—*Anon.*

12. Silence makes us great-hearted, and judging makes us little-minded.—*Faber.*

13. That soul is never quite unhappy which can take a healthy pleasure in work for its own sake.—*Besant and Rice.*

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

The miniature essays that fill some of these pigeonholes are supposed to be written by the present writer, unless a warning is given to the contrary. Such a warning is hardly needed with regard to the following thoughts on spring, which are the opening of "*A Saint among Saints*,"—a book of which Cardinal Newman said in a note printed in the preface of the third edition: "It is beautifully written and full of interest." Here is a proof of the first part of the Cardinal's statement.

* * *

Spring! It is not much of a word, this little homely knot of five commonplace consonants, and one insignificant vowel; yet, talk of instantaneous photography! this monosyllable sets before us, like a flash of lightning, a picture more truthful in outline than any ever sent forth from his camera by that master artist, the Sun, and glowing, moreover, with all that rich natural colouring which this art, in its present stage, has no means of reproducing. The picture, too, though purely mental, appeals to the other senses as well as to the sight. There distinctly before us is the pale, delicate verdure of the trees and hedgerows, the fresh brightness of the grass, the sparkle of the merry little stream, tripping along over the shining pebbles; while in our ears is the first joyous song of "nature's choristers," half surprise, half ecstasy, as if they never could get over the delightful wonder of finding themselves alive, nor grow weary of the thrills of delicious melody in which they pour forth their gratitude to their Creator for the gift of being. And the breeze—here it comes fragrant of hawthorn and apple-trees, or strewing upon our path the blossoms of the prodigal laburnum, or the early lilac. What though it be somewhat wild and boisterous, addicted to pranks and gambols that would seem incredible to the languid summer zephyrs, or to the dignity of those melancholy winds that rustle through the mellow autumn leaves—no matter, it is rousing, cheering, invigorating. Down come the light showers, at a moment's warning; but how glorious are the gleams of returning sunshine on the fresh, dripping foliage, every leaf and blade of grass alight with precious diamond tears! Luxuriant June roses and other gorgeous summer flowers will claim our admiration in due season; but can they ever receive the welcome with which we hail the first fragile snowdrops, the gold and purple crocuses, or even our old childish friends, the buttercups and cowslips of spring?

You see we have wandered from our picture into the actual spring but it only shows how faithful the portraiture in our mind is. Is there any season like it? Spring, youth, morning : they have ever been grouped together. Through all of them, beneath their own many beauties and special joys, there runs, sometimes unsuspected, a throbbing under-current, which is, after all, the hidden source of half their brightness—the happiness of expectation. Johnson said long ago, “We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.” Ah, is it not that this world was made for expectancy, not for fruition? The longest life here is, after all, only the brief spring-tide which precedes the summer of eternity. God makes our earthly spring, in many ways, bright and happy. He sprinkles fresh blossoms in our path, and cheers us on with the sunshine of His grace; but we must not be surprised if harsh winds and showers succeed. Nothing is finished, nothing is completed, nothing is brought to its perfection here. “*Expectans, expectari*” is our cry from youth to age, and this is one of the reasons why those seasons in time and nature, which correspond most fully to this sentiment of our hearts, possess such unfailing attractions for us.

* * *

When a gentleman taking part in some more or less public banquet gets warning at an early stage that he will be expected to respond to such or such a toast, his own health, or something equally important—the effect of such an intimation on his comfort and enjoyment is very remarkable. I have often applied to a victim of this kind a line which occurs somewhere in “The Biglow Papers”:

“The subsequent proceedings interested *him* no more.”

The *him* referred to was, I think, taking part in an election meeting in the Land of Freedom, and was doubled up by a brickbat flung by an enthusiastic opponent. I am not sure whether he was killed outright or only “kilt entirely,” but at any rate

“The subsequent proceedings interested *him* no more.”

And so for the gentleman with a speech weighing heavily on his conscience, his appetite is seriously impaired, his efforts to take a consecutive interest in the conversation of his neighbour are ghastly, and his whole condition is deplorable. He furnishes a parallel or a contrast for Pope’s pathetic couplet, known to us probably from Lindley Murray’s grammar :

“The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day—
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?”

Not if he knew what was before him, as our friend the speechmaker does :

"The friend who at thy bounteous board is fed,
What *can* he relish with a speech ahead?"

* * *

Nuns and others who print with their skilful pens, and sometimes with illuminated letters (if that be the correct phrase), some striking little piece of verse or prose, ought, I think, to give in a corner the name of the author thereof. I find this printed ornamentally as a marker :

"Blessed he who waits
In patience calm and still,
And bravely bears the aching void
That God alone can fill."

I do not recognise the writer of this nor of the following, which I find also hand-printed ornamentally on a little card :

Sacerdos alter Christus. Thought sublime
That leads to heights no human mind may climb !
A thought to cherish in thy inmost heart :
Another Christ, anointed priest, thou art—
In rank above all men, so near divine
Archangels claim a lower throne than thine.
In power greater than the king who sways
Earth's mightiest realm, for thee e'en God obeys :
He quits high heaven's court at thy command,
Descending swift into thy outstretched hand.
A Christ in rank and power, ah ! 'tis meet
That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.
Be thine His patient pity, love, and zeal ;
Be thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal ;
Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam
And bring them kindly on thy shoulders home.
Be thine thy Master's cross with love to bear,
And thine in endless life His Crown to wear !

* * *

One of the two or three pens combined in the paper "Wanted an Irish Novelist," in our July Number, ought to have supplied a grievous omission. There is no mention of M. W. Brew, author of that excellent Irish novel, "The Chronicles of Castle Cloyne, or Pictures of the Munster People," published by the London publishers, Chapman and Hall, for which even the unsympathetic Saxon critics had nothing but praise : *The Athenæum*, for instance, saying that "one could hardly wish for a better Irish story, more touching, more amusing, more redolent of the soil"; and *The Morning Post* pronouncing it "as rich in 'backbone' as excellent in detail."

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

THE BENEDICTINES IN IRELAND.

WITHIN a century of the death of the patriarch of Western Monasticism, his rule had spread over the greater part of Europe. On the 21st of March, in the year 543, St. Benedict breathed his last, and before the middle of the seventh century his rule was observed in Gaul, Spain, England, Germany and Italy. St. Benedict himself had founded monasteries at Subiaco, Monte Cassino and Terracina ; during his lifetime too, his disciple Placid, who had been brought up at Cassino from his earliest years, was sent into Sicily to establish a colony of monks at Messina, but it was only at a somewhat later date that St. Benedict's rule became more widely known. In the very year of the great patriarch's death, St. Maurus, who had been entrusted to St. Benedict about the same time as St. Placid, set out into Gaul to establish a monastery in that country. Accompanied by four companions, and having in his possession a copy of the rule written out by the hand of St. Benedict himself, Maurus founded, upon the banks of the Loire, the first Benedictine monastery of Gaul—the Abbey of Glanfeuil. It proved to be the seed from which was to spring a mighty tree. In a few years the rule of St. Benedict spread throughout Gaul, so that within fifty years of the death of the great St. Columban, it had been received in all his monasteries, even in the abbeys of Luxeuil and Bobbio.

St. Augustine, a monk of the monastery of St. Gregory the Great, on the Coelian Hill in Rome, introduced, together with the gospel, the Benedictine rule into England A.D. 597. He fixed the archiepiscopal see at Canterbury, and close to the cathedral

built a monastery, where he lived himself, and whence the order spread, with the increase of the faith, till in course of time twelve cathedral churches were served by Canons of the order of St. Benedict. Abbeys and priories sprang up over the face of the land, and such houses as Westminster, Glastonbury, St. Alban's, Tewkesbury and Evesham, became famous throughout christendom as centres of piety and learning.

During the pontificate of Gregory, too, the Benedictine rule penetrated into Spain. No doubt a knowledge of monasticism had existed in that country before, derived in all probability from St. Donatus, who, flying from persecution in Africa with seventy monks, and being hospitably received in Valentia, founded there the monastery of Servitanum. No doubt too, before the time of Gregory, the Benedictine rule had found its way into Spain, but, as Montalembert says,* "the extension of the Benedictine order became a great fact for the Church and Spain, only under the pontificate of Gregory."

From Italy, Gaul and England, the order spread over the east of Europe. "There was no country, however distant and inaccessible, that was not, at one time or another, blessed by the ministrations of these sons of St. Benedict. From England the especial apostolate of St. Benedict, the monk missionary went forth to convert the nations of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, whence in turn even Iceland and Greenland received the knowledge of the truth. Of such apostolic men, St. Austin and his companions, St. Willibrord, and later St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, may be taken as types. Ohrdruf, Friglar, Bischofheim, and Fulda, the cradle and home of so large a number of saintly and learned men, all reckon St. Boniface as their founder."†

Strange to say, there is one country distinguished in the highest degree for its monastic traditions, in which the order of St. Benedict never flourished. Eleven Benedictine monasteries and three Benedictine convents are all that have existed at any time in Ireland, out of thousands of abbeys and priories, peopled by holy men, whose virtues and sanctity have justly earned for the land the name of Island of Saints. We must, however, qualify what we have just said. One branch of the Benedictine body, the

* Monks of the West, vol. ii., p. 168.

† Life and Mission of St. Benedict, p. 16.

disciples of the great Bernard of Clairvaux and Robert of Molesmes, the Cistercians, who observe a very strict interpretation of the rule of St. Benedict, have at different times possessed over thirty monasteries in Ireland. To them belonged the abbeys of Tintern, Dunbrody, and Jerpoint in the south; the abbey of Mellifont in Louth; the abbey of Comber, Inis, Leigh and Newry, in county Down; and many others whose ivy-clad walls, even in decay, fire the heart with enthusiasm for the better days that have passed away. The Cistercians have always been popular in Ireland, but of what is commonly known as the Benedictine order it may be truly said that it never flourished in the land of Erin.

Still, if this be the case, there are not wanting weighty reasons to account for the fact. Monasticism flourished in Ireland from the time of St. Patrick, and it is certain that the great apostle established monasteries in many parts of Ireland. Others followed his example in that holy work, as St. Lugeus, who is said to have founded over 100 monasteries; whilst to Columba, Kieran, Maidoc and others are attributed immense numbers of abbeys throughout the length and breadth of the island. As for the mode of life practised in these houses of God, it is certain that St. Patrick gave a rule to his monks; either that which he had himself seen practised at Tours and Lerins, or, as seems more likely, one drawn up expressly by himself. Nor was he the only legislator. Many of the Irish saints wrote rules for their monasteries; amongst whom eight stand preeminent; viz., Sts. Patrick, Brigid, Comgall, Brendan, Kieran, Columba, Molassius and Adamnan.* One characteristic of all Irish monasteries we must not omit to mention; to each of them was attached a school of learning, among the more noted being those of Clonard, Armagh, Clonfert, Moville, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, Glendalough and Lismore. From these sacred retreats issued forth men of piety and learning; saints innumerable, apostles and teachers for foreign lands; thither flocked for instruction the christian youth of Europe, anxious to imbibe a knowledge of the sacred and profane sciences where they were best taught. In a word, the result of Irish monasticism was that Erin became one great school of learning, a land of saints, a training ground for apostles who went forth to bring the nations to the faith of Christ.

* Lanigan, vol. ii., p. 66.

It was whilst Irish monasticism was thus in full bloom that the Benedictine rule was spreading throughout Europe. Can we be surprised that it made no progress in Ireland? Is it matter for wonder that the Irish saints had no desire to lay aside the traditions they had received from Patrick, from Columba and the rest? Their own system had been attended with the most glorious results; Erin had become the university of the christian world, the centre of religious life; naturally, therefore, it had no desire to adopt a new and untried monastic rule. Perhaps, too, there was something else that held back the Irish monks from adopting the Benedictine rule. A great rigidity and severity was a characteristic belonging to all the Celtic rules of this period, and which was altogether alien from that of St. Benedict. It may be that this element of austerity was more in accord with the Celtic character and had greater attraction for the fervour of the Irish mind; and that the sons of Erin did not feel drawn to the milder rule of the great patriarch, St. Benedict. Be this as it may, it is certain that the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth centuries passed by and the rule of St. Benedict had not yet found its way into Ireland.

The first and last Benedictine monasteries established in Ireland, were founded in Dublin—the first, strange to say, by the Danes. In the year 836 the Ostmen or Danes sailed up the Liffey, in sixty ships, and made themselves masters of Dublin for the first time. They fortified the city, and for a time held their position; but upon the death of their chief Turges, who was defeated and slain by Malachy, king of Ireland in 845, they were driven from it—only for a few months however, since in the following year they succeeded in retaking the capital. Then began a period of fierce conflict between the barbarian Northmen and the native Irish; the one party striving to make good their conquest; the other to expel the invader from the island. Four times in the course of the tenth century was Dublin taken by the Irish, and four times did the Danes regain possession of it. Meanwhile these savage hordes desolated the rest of Ireland, and even lent assistance to their brethren in England, Wales and Scotland. Towards the middle of the tenth century, however, disaster began to overtake the Danes both in England and Ireland, and no doubt contributed not a little to their conversion to christianity, which took place about that time. The Northmen in England had already acquired some knowledge of christian doctrine, for many of them had become christians with

Euthrum at the time of Alfred the Great ; and it is certain that the Danes of Ireland did not remain in ignorance of a religion practised by their countrymen in England, seeing the constant communication that existed between the barbarians in the two countries. At all events we know that, about the middle of the tenth century, the Danes of Dublin gave up idolatry, and determined to embrace the religion of Christ.

Here we are brought across a wonderful instance of the humanizing effects of Divine Grace. The Danes actually establish a Benedictine monastery. The barbarians, whose name is associated with the desecration and plunder of religious houses—the ravagers of Lindisfarne, Coldingham, Jerrow, Croyland, Ely, Bardney and the rest, appear in the character of religious founders. Speaking of their sacrilegious work, Lingard says* :—“ Within the short space of seven years, all the abbeys which ancient piety had founded were swept away.” And again :—“ their route was marked with the mangled carcasses of the nuns, the monks and the priests, whom they had massacred.” And to take one more instance† :—“ each succeeding year was marked by the fall of some celebrated monastery ; the monks, in sorrowful astonishment, bewailed the depopulation of their order.” ‡

All this was now changed, at least as regards the Danes of Dublin : and apparently as a tardy act of reparation for innumerable deeds of sacrilege and spoliation, they decided to establish a Benedictine abbey. Whence the first monks were taken we do not know, but Archdall informs us,§ that the abbey was built upon the north bank of the Liffey, close to the Danish settlement of Dublin, and that it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, about the year 948. Some have imagined that the abbey owes its origin to certain Irish princes,|| but this seems impossible, if for no other reason, because of its close proximity to the Danish settlement, where no Irish chief would have attempted to establish a religious house.

St. Mary's Abbey continued to exist till the suppression of the monasteries in the time of Henry the Eighth ; but it was in the

* Anglo-Saxon Church, Vol. ii., p. 228.

† P. 220.

‡ P. 224.

§ *Monasticon Hibernicum*, p. 183.

|| *Pemburges's Annals*.

hands of the Benedictines less than two hundred years, for in the year 1139, whilst a certain abbot named Andrew presided over the abbey, it was handed over to the Cistercians. The change of owners was effected in the following way : St. Malachy O'Morgair, who was Archbishop of Armagh from 1134-1137, and who, having retired from that see, ruled the diocese of Down till his death in 1148, was a great friend of St. Bernard of Clairvaux.* This friendship seems to have sprung up in the course of a journey which he undertook to Rome in 1139, upon which occasion also he was appointed papal legate in Ireland, by Pope Innocent II. On his return to Ireland, Malachy laboured strenuously for the spread of the Cistercian order ; and amongst other benefits which he conferred upon it, he had the Cistercian rule introduced into St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. In this monastery the staff of Jesus,† which St. Patrick is said to have carried in his hand, was kept for many years, having been taken from the Cathedral of Armagh, as some say by Fitz-Aldhelm, Miles Cogan and Fitz-Stephen, in the year 1180 ; or as others, with more probability assert, by Philip of Worcester, in the year 1184. This precious relic, Lanigan informs us, remained in the Cathedral of the Blessed Trinity, Dublin, till the suppression of the monasteries, when, in the year 1538, it was destroyed by fire.

A word is sufficient in regard to the last Benedictine house founded in Ireland. Its career was a brief one. Founded by the unfortunate James the Second on the sixth of June, 1689, it was suppressed on the first of June in the following year, by William of Orange. Archdall has no reference to this establishment, but it is put down by Ware‡ as having been set up in Sheep-street, near Dublin, by James during his sojourn in Ireland in 1689. It speaks well for the faith and religious feeling of that unfortunate monarch that in the midst of his many cares and anxieties, surrounded as he was by enemies both in England and Ireland, and confronted by a strong Protestant party in Dublin, he should have ventured to establish a convent of religious women. He was always attached to the Benedictine order ; already, indeed, he had assembled a community of Benedictine monks in the Savoy palace, and when he

* c/ Ware, Bishops Armagh.

† For an account of this staff see Jocelin, also Lanigan, vol. iv., p. 241, &c.

‡ History, &c., vol. i., p. 274.

died, he left his heart to be interred in the Benedictine monastery of St. Germain's, near Paris.

In the year 1177 Henry II. sent over to Ireland, together with the Viceroy, William Fitz-Aldhelm de Burgh, Sir John de Courcey, who had for many years previously distinguished himself in wars, both in France and England.* This de Courcey was of the family of Richard de Courcey, who came over from Normandy with the Conqueror,† and is recorded in Domesday Book as holding large estates in Oxfordshire. From Henry II. he obtained, in requital for his services, a grant of the province of Ulster, nor was he slow on his part in endeavouring to gain possession of his new territory. "He is described," says Gilbert,‡ "to have been a fair-complexioned man, of large proportions and great strength, rashly impetuous, shamefully penurious, but professing fervent piety and reverence for the clergy of his paternal Norman race." He was apparently a fierce soldier. "Anyone," says Giraldus Cambrensis, "who had seen John de Courcey wield his sword, lopping off heads and arms, might well have commended the might of this warrior." And indeed he needed all his might and all his powers to make head against the fierce and impetuous valour of the men of Ulster. But then we are not concerned with the wars and battles that drenched with blood the soil of Erin in those days.

During his wars in Ulster, Sir John de Courcey destroyed the Benedictine Abbey of Erynach or Carrig, in the barony of Lecale, about a mile and a half from Downpatrick,§ "being," says Dugdale,|| "a fort, and much infesting him in his wars in Ulster." This abbey, of which very little is known, had been founded in the year 1127 by a prince of Ulster, named Magnell Mackenleff, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is said that the first abbot, St. Evodius, "on the day of his decease, gave directions that his corpse should be interred in the island of Inis, afterwards Iniscourcey, prophesying that his own abbey would in after times be destroyed, and that one should be built on that island."¶ So

* Gilbert's *Viceroy*s, p. 42.

† Dugdale's *Baronage*, p. 451.

‡ P. 43.

§ Archdall, p. 119.

|| *Baronage*, p. 451.

¶ Archdall, p. 119. It would seem that for the last few years of its existence Erynach belonged to the Cistercians.

it came to pass ; for in atonement for his act of sacrilege in destroying the monastery of Carrig, de Courcey founded a Cistercian abbey in the island of Inis, making it a cell to Furnes in Lancashire, and endowing it with the possessions of Erynach.

The abbey of Downpatrick had been founded by St. Patrick in the year 495 under the invocation of the Holy Trinity, and had suffered much during the tenth, eleventh, and even the early part of the twelfth century, from the incursions of the Danes. The regular Canons of this monastery, who served the Cathedral Church of Down, were, in the year 1183, expelled by Sir John de Courcey, a colony of Benedictine Monks from St. Werburgh's of Chester being introduced in their place. It seems clear, however, notwithstanding Alemand's assertion to the contrary, that the monastery continued to be independent of St. Werburgh's,* though the first prior, William de Elteshall, was taken from among the monks of that abbey. Malachy, who was Bishop of Down at the time, reserved for himself and his successors the title of abbot of the monastery, so that only a Cathedral-Prior was elected by the monks, "as is done," says Ware, "in the church of Winchester or Coventry."† Shortly after the Benedictines had come into possession of the abbey, the bodies of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Columba were discovered there with the following epitaph‡:—

Hi tres in Duno tumulto tumultantur in uno
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pios.

Which some one has turned into this rude couplet :

Three saints in Down one grave do fill,
Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille.

"Bishop Malachy and Sir John de Courcey," says Archdall,§ "sent an embassy to Pope Urban III. to obtain a bull for the translation of those sacred reliques ; and on the 5th of June in the same year a solemn translation was accordingly made, by the Pope's nuncio."

This abbey was richly endowed both by Bishop Malachy and Sir John de Courcey, and the Cathedral-Prior sat in parliament as

* Lanigan, vol. iv., p. 255.

† Bishope Down.

‡ Archdall, p. 113.

§ P. 115.

a baron of the kingdom.* At the suppression the large possessions of the monastery were given to Gerald, Earl of Kildare.

"Black Abbey," says Archdall,† "has its situation two miles north of Ballyhalbert, in the Great Ardes, and was founded for Benedictine monks by the celebrated Sir John de Courcey, who made it a cell to the Abbey of St. Mary, at Lonley in Normandy, and in the foundation charter he calls it the Abbey of St. Andrew de Stokes." That was in the year 1180. It will not be a matter of wonder that Black Abbey and other monasteries founded about this time in Ireland were affiliated to Norman abbeys, when one considers that the English nobility of the period were mostly of Norman extraction, and were on intimate terms with religious houses in that duchy, which had been founded by their ancestors. In regard to Black Abbey, however, Lanigan is unwilling to admit that it was at this time made a dependency of Lonley. "Archdall is wrong," he says,‡ "in saying that de Courcey made this house a cell to the Abbey of Lonley in Normandy: for, as Ware states, this was done by de Lacy about the year 1218. De Courcey's charter for the said priory is in the *Monast. Angl.*, vol. 2, p. 1019; but there is not a word in it about the Abbey of Lonley." It is not a matter of much importance whether the abbey became connected with Lonley in 1180 or 1218; but if we might venture an opinion, Lanigan seems to us to have expressed himself too decidedly on the matter. It is, no doubt, true that there is no mention of Lonley in de Courcey's charter, printed in *Dugdale*; but it is also true that no charter of de Lacy's is given there at all; nor does it follow, because Lonley is not mentioned in the extant charter of de Courcey, that there did not exist another charter in which it may have found a place. *Dugdale* certainly was of opinion§ that de Courcey made this abbey a dependency of Lonley; and what seems to increase the likelihood of this view, is the fact that there existed a close connection between the de Courcey family and Lonley Abbey, since only a few years before the de Courceys had founded the priory of Stoke-Courcey in Devonshire as a cell of that Norman abbey. In any case, the abbey was refounded by

* Archdall, p. 116.

† P. 110.

‡ Vol. iv., p. 250.

§ *Monasticon*—also *Baronage of England*, p. 451.

Hugh de Lacy in 1218,* and in the year 1395 it was seized as an alien priory and united to the primatial see. "At the suppression of the religious houses," says Archdall,† "this priory and its possessions were seized by the O'Neills, on whose rebellion the abbey, &c., became vested in the crown, and King James I. granted the same to James Viscount Olandeboys, who assigned them to the Lord Ardes: but in 1639 they were awarded to the see of Armagh."

Another Benedictine monastery, the same Sir John de Courcey established in the island of Neddum. Where that island is we cannot with certainty affirm, but it seems most probable that it is the largest of those islands lying off the coast of Down, known as the Copeland Islands. This conjecture is rendered more likely by the fact that the monastery, which was founded in 1179,‡ was established as a dependency of St. Bee's of Coupland. Little is known of the history of this house: its existence was short, though fresh grants were made to it in the years 1194 and 1202.

The de Lacys were a family that had come over to England from Normandy with William the Conqueror. A member of that illustrious house crossed into Ireland in the time of Henry II., and was rewarded for his services to that monarch with a grant of the royal province of Meath, which he transmitted to his eldest son, Walter, about the same time that his younger son, Hugh, was invested with the kingdom of Ulster, of which the de Courceys had lately been deprived. Though, however, Walter and Hugh de Lacy had held high office in Ireland, both incurred the displeasure of King John, and had to go into exile. Whilst in concealment in Normandy, it is said that the two brothers took refuge in the Monastery of St. Taurin, near Evreux, which was connected with a priory on the Welsh estates of their family. Whilst there, they laboured for some time unknown as bricklayers and gardeners, till, being recognised by the abbot, they were, through his good offices with the king, partially restored to their estates.§

On his return to Ireland, Walter de Lacy, in gratitude to the abbot of St. Taurin's, affiliated to that monastery the abbey of Fobhæ or Tore, in Westmeath.|| Originally built by St. Fechin

* Ware vol. 8, p. 278.

† P. 110.

‡ Archdall, p. 126 (Perhaps 1183. c/ Ware, p. 273).

§ Gilbert's Viceroy, p. 71, et seq. Dugdale's Baronage, p. 97.

|| Archdall, pp. 711, et seq.

in the year 630 for regular canons, it is said that that holy man had ruled no less than 3000 monks in this abbey at the time of his death in 665. Walter de Lacy now, in the year 1209, refounded the monastery as a priory subject to the abbey of Evereux, under the invocation of Sts. Taurin and Fechin, and introduced there a community of Benedictine monks taken from the same abbey. In the year 1369, "this house," says Archdall,* "on account of the war with France, was seized into the king's hands, as an alien priory." It still continued to exist, however, and flourished till the time of the suppression.

About the same time Walter de Lacy also granted to the abbey of Beaubec, in Normandy, all his lands situated in the townland of Killokerran, Co. Meath. Apparently mistaking the abbey of Beaubec, for the famous abbey of Bec, in Normandy, Ware asserts,† that at Beaubec in Ireland, de Lacy established a cell to the Benedictine abbey of Bec. Dugdale, in his *Baronage of England*,‡ falls into the same error. "In the realm of Ireland," he says, "he (Walter de Lacy) founded the abbey of Beaubec, which was a cell to that great abbey of Bec in Normandy." As a matter of fact, the abbey of Beaubec, established by Geoffrey, second abbot of Savigny, in the forest of Brai, in the Paix de Caux, in 1127, and which received the Cistercian rule in 1148, was quite distinct from the abbey of Bec, founded by Herluin in 1034.§ We have no account left of any Benedictine monastery at Beaubec in Ireland, and, on the face of it, it is very unlikely that such a house would have been established as a cell to a foreign Cistercian abbey. What is certain,|| is that Edward III., in the sixth year of his reign, granted a licence to the abbot of Beaubec to assign the manor of Beaubec in Ireland to Furnes abbey in Lancashire; and it was probably at that time, about the year 1333, that a monastery of the Cistercian order was established at Beaubec.

Henry II., before his death, distrusting the loyalty of the nobles in Ireland, determined to send over his youngest son John as lord of that country. The year before John's arrival in Ireland, a certain Philip of Worcester was appointed viceroy in the place

* P. 713.

† Vol. i., p. 274.

‡ P. 98.

§ Dugdale, vol. viii., p. 1067, et seq.

|| Dugdale, vii., p. 1129.

of Hugh de Lacy, who was deposed. The new governor did not improve his reputation either for justice or moderation; and amongst other deeds of violence he signalized his term of office by a shameful attack upon the town of Armagh.* "He extorted," says Gilbert, "by violence large sums of gold from the clergy, whilst his followers despoiled them even to their cooking utensils, despite the maledictions and lamentations of the plundered ecclesiastics of the primatial town." The vengeance of heaven seems to have overtaken him for his sacrilegious conduct. He was himself seized with a sudden and dangerous illness from which he barely escaped, whilst many of his followers were likewise punished. Struck with remorse and apparently in atonement for his crime, Philip now, in the year 1184, determined to found a monastery of Benedictine monks, and the result was the priory of Kilcumin "in the barony of Kilnelongarty, nine miles west of Holy Cross, and thirteen and a half from Thurles."† The monastery, which was supplied with monks from the abbey of Glastonbury in Somersetshire, whence also the first prior James was chosen, was dedicated to Sts. Philip, James and Cumin.

In the next year John came over to Ireland and landed in Waterford. During his stay in the island, amongst other foundations, he established two Benedictine priories, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, one in Waterford and the other in Cork. It is probable that the priory of St. John in Waterford was erected in the year 1185, on the occasion of John's arrival in the city. Lanigan is opposed to that contention. "Archdall," he says,‡ "pretends that John founded the priory there in 1185, because that was the year of his arrival in that city. This is an ill-founded conclusion." Lanigan omits to say why. It is true we have no proof that the priory was founded in that year; but we know that it was founded by John about that time, and surely the fact of John's presence in Waterford in 1185 makes it very likely that that was the year of the foundation. The priory, which was built near the Bristolin Wall, was a cell of the abbey of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Bath. It was endowed by John and other benefactors, and obtained a second charter from King Edward II. Like so

* Gilbert's *Viceroy*s, p. 47.

† Archdall, p. 664.

‡ Vol. iv., p. 239.

many religious houses, it fell a victim to the rapacity of the government at the time of the suppression, and was made over to the Wyse family, in whose hands it still remains.

Archdall makes no mention of any Benedictine house founded by John in Cork; but it is contained in Ware's List, and is alluded to by Lanigan in his *Ecclesiastical History*.^{*} The priory, which was, like that of Waterford, a dependency of Bath abbey, and dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, was built on the south side of the city. Little is known of the history of this priory, and its very site is lost.

We have very little more information regarding the Benedictine Convent at Cork. "This nunnery," says Archdall,[†] "of which there are no remains, was situated near the present market house, and the site was accidentally discovered in digging up some old tombs." The convent, which was founded by Lord John Barry of Heli, a descendant of the de Barrys, who came over into England with the Conqueror, was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and has left its name to the present St. John's-street. Of Lord John Barry we read in Lodge[‡]:—"He gave lands to the value of £20 in Muskerry, Olethan, and Ibawne, to Agnes Hareford and other women to serve God in the habit of nuns, in the house of St. John the Baptist, in St. John's-street, within the city of Cork." Many others were associated with Lord Barry in founding this house, concerning the history of which nothing more is known, nor when it was destroyed.

The Abbey of Glasscarrig, "situated in the Barony of Ballaghkeen, on the sea-side, and six miles south-east of Gorey,"[§] was founded and richly endowed towards the close of the fourteenth century by members of several well known families, as the Condons, the Barrys, the Roches, and the Burkes. Some doubts have been raised as to whether this was a real Benedictine monastery, but apparently without reason. It was erected as a dependency of the Abbey of St. Doqmael in Pembrokeshire, the abbot of which house had the right of nominating the prior of Glasscarrig; the question of the rule followed at Glasscarrig, therefore, practically depends on the observance followed at St. Doqmael's. We are

* Vol. iv., pp. 337-339.

† P. 68.

‡ *Peerage of Ireland*, vol. i., p. 196.

§ Archdall, p. 745.

informed by Dugdale,* that this monastery belonged to the order of Tyron, which was in reality a branch of the Benedictine order, following a strict interpretation of the rule introduced by a certain St. Bernard,† who was born in the year 1046.

"The order of Tyron," says Tanner,‡ "was instituted by St. Bernard, who was born in the territory of Abbecille, in the province of Ponthien, A.D. 1046, and became a disciple of the before-mentioned Robert of Abrisil, yet set up a different sort of monks, who took their name of Tyronenses from their first monastery, which was founded at Tyron about A.D. 1109. They were reformed Benedictines, whose habit was at first a light grey, which was afterwards changed into black. I find no house of this order in England, and only one abbey in Wales, viz., St. Dogmaeli (where they were placed about A.D. 1126), with its dependent priory at Pille, and cell at Caldey." Since the monastery of Glasscarrig, in Co. Wexford, was an offshoot from this abbey, we may safely set it down as a Benedictine priory. It continued to flourish through the middle ages, till the time of the suppression, when part of its possessions was conferred upon Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork.

A word will suffice in regard to the Convent of Kilerennata, in County Galway, situated near the borders of Roscommon. This house, in connection with which cells were afterwards established at Ardcarne and Inchmean, in Roscommon, was founded about the year 1200, for Benedictine nuns, by Cathald O'Connor Crooderg, a name well known in the annals of Ireland. Little is known of the history of this abbey, save the fact that it existed till the suppression, and was then made over to the Earl of Clanricarde.§

Such, in brief, were the monasteries possessed by the Benedictine order in Ireland. They have all passed away: and so, too, alas! have gone the abbeys founded by Patrick, by Columba, by Lugeus and the rest—many of which had survived the ravages of time for a thousand years and more, till they fell a prey to the ruthless despoiler. So, too, have disappeared the famous schools of old, Clonard, Lismore, Glendalough—the glory of Erin—and now it is hard to get from those in power one Catholic University to take their place. There exists, however, in Ireland one abbey that

* Mon., vol. iv., p. 128.

† Not St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

‡ Notitia, preface p. xvi.

§ Archdall, p. 664.

recalls the past—one abbey of the Cistercian order, where the rule of St. Benedict is observed in all its primitive rigour, a home of peace and solitude, of prayer and recollection. The saintly lives of the Monks of Mellerey cannot fail to bring down the blessing of God upon Ireland and its people.

J. A. HOWLETT, O.S.B.

SONNET

ON THE OPENING OF OUR LADY'S GROTTO AT HODDER HOUSE,
JULY 11th, 1891.

Thirty-three years, Immaculate, have flown,
Since in that chosen spot 'neath Southern skies,
Thy voice was heard, and by thy kindly eyes
A child was strengthened and a way was shown
To win God many hearts ; and still has grown
Our love of this thy shrine, where mercy lies
And waits for them that come—the truly wise,
Whose simple faith for e'er makes Lourdes thine own.

And here to-day have hands of children placed
Thy statue in this grotto,—poor attempt
To rival that great shrine ; yet surely thou
Wilt bless them for their deed with love undreamt
And favours, after Time's wings have effaced
The memory in their hearts so vivid now.

J. W. A.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOCTOR'S DINNER PARTY.

It is not very difficult to manage affairs of the cuisine where one has the advantage of having a well-filled larder; yet the fortunate possessor comes in for much more *kudos* as a housekeeper than another who is obliged to expend a considerable amount of mental activity in contriving to make ends meet.

It is easy to have everything admirably got-up where expense is no consideration and where a competent cook reigns over the kitchen. Housekeeping, then, resolves itself into a mere question of method, taste, and prevention of waste; but when a mistress tries to put sixpence to the large uses of a shilling, when her mind is occupied with thoughts not of superfluities to get, but necessities that cannot be done without, when the density of her servant's comprehension weighs heavily on her heart, it is extremely difficult to give a comfortable entertainment and retain fame as a clever housekeeper.

But as is the wont of fame, she oftenest follows fortune, and leaves poor merit's patient endeavours and unceasing brain-work unrecorded and unhonoured.

Mrs. Wiseman was never better pleased than when preparing for company. Lest the Doctor might forget, she wrote an invitation to Mr. Nugent asking him to dinner on Thursday night. She then despatched Amy to the farm to engage the Desmonds for the evening, and gave her various directions about blue bows for her white dress and other matters appertaining to feminine decoration.

Thursday came and found her in quite a glow of housewifely satisfaction—her blancmanges and jellies were a success, the dinner table was as pretty as handsome china, glass, and silver could make it; fresh flowers bent their delicate heads in the slender glass epergnes; and when Mrs. Wiseman had arrayed herself in rich black silk, put on heavy gold ornaments and a white lace headdress, she viewed herself and her surroundings with extreme complacency.

While the gentlemen were at dinner the Desmonds arrived, and went up to Amy's room to put the finishing touch to their decorations.

Mary looked as fresh as an opening rose in a black tulle dress, adorned by a chatelaine of silver leaves; silver leaves in her wavy hair, and silver ornaments. Amy's delicate beauty was in contrast—the dark hair clustering over the low brow, the thoughtful eyes, and tender, closed lips, whose crimson seemed deeper near the pure pale cheeks, and her soft white dress gave additional purity to her appearance. Then the girls descended to the drawingroom, where Mrs. Wiseman had a refreshing cup of tea for them, to make Mary look her best, she said, when the gentlemen came in.

Meanwhile the gentlemen were enjoying themselves, if constant peals of laughter could be taken as evidence of the fact. The Doctor was completely in his element when dispensing hospitality at the head of his table. He had a merry war of words with Mr. Huntingdon on Irish peculiarities, and traced the greater part of Irish faults to an English fountain head, regarding them as the natural outcome of a demoralising foreign yoke.

"Carelessness, sir," said the Doctor; "carelessness comes from poverty, and poverty is hand-maiden to oppression. You can't expect a fine display of clean linen from a man who has only one shirt. We have been ground down in the dust for centuries; it is no wonder some of it sticks to us, to the damage of our appearance. We are allowed to lift our heads at last, and put our feet on the world's race-course, but we are heavily handicapped still. There was never such a nation as Ireland, sir, never; enough was done to utterly destroy in her every noble instinct for mental, political, and religious liberty; yet look at her to day, as vigorous, as full of lofty aspirations and religious ardour as in the old grand days of learning and sanctity. With the little accorded her she has made giant strides, and bids fair to achieve relatively larger ends than any nation of them all. Give her time, sir, to wash her face, give her what she is striving for—leave to look after her own interests, educational equality, protection for the poor against the rich, and see whether after a time the pigs will not be banished to their sty."

When the disputed questions had been settled, or the disputants had agreed to disagree, a proposal was made to join the ladies, and they ascended to the drawingroom.

Mr. Huntingdon sank languidly into a chair between the two girls. Mr. Nugent took possession of one on the other side of Amy. His face was unbecomingly flushed, and as his hair was what a friend would call auburn, and an enemy red, his appearance was unpleasantly fiery. He was a good height, and inclined to be stout, a source of regret to him, as it necessitated "weight carriers," and his hunters often came to grief. He had thick coarse hands with closely bitten

nails, which it was difficult to realise as fitted to hold Amy's—so soft and slender.

"Miss Desmond, it is an age since I saw you," said Huntingdon. "What have you been doing with yourself since?"

"Nothing worthy of an age," said Mary. "My life is made up of trifles."

"Like a piece of tapestry," said Amy smiling, "you can't count the stitches, but when finished the result is beautiful."

"What is beautiful, Miss Amy?" asked Mr. Nugent. "I know something that is," and he looked at her with intense meaning.

Mr. Huntingdon gazed at him quietly from under his drooping lids, then at Amy, and stroked his moustache.

"Are you fond of horses, Miss Hayden?" he asked.

"To be sure she is," answered Mr. Nugent, "can take a fence like a brick, but the Doctor's bay mare isn't fit for a lady, an ill-tempered devil, and she won't use my brown colt that's fit to carry the Empress of Austria. Thoroughbred, got her dam from Pierce Wallace: own sister to Esca. There isn't a better bred one in all Ireland."

"How can you resist such a temptation, Miss Hayden?" said Huntingdon; "to me it would be irresistible."

"Is that a put in?" asked Nugent, with one of his loud laughs. "No go, my boy, can't catch an old bird with chaff; not up to your weight; how much do you ride? fourteen stone or so; you are not as stout as I am, but you have it in height. 'Tis a confounded nuisance to be so beastly big. I'd give a thousand pounds I could knock off a couple of stone."

"I'm quite reconciled to my weight," replied Huntingdon, tranquilly, "and don't see the use of lessening it to suit the animal creation; I prefer to increase the proportions of the animal creation to suit it—far less distressing."

"'Pon my soul, I quite agree with you," said Nugent, "I have no fancy myself for shortening my oats; I relish my grub too well to try it; still 'tis hanged unpleasant. With the class of horses going now, 'tis no easy job to get a decent weight carrier; I broke down two hunters last winter after giving a slapping price for them."

"Will there be a good meet to-morrow, Mr. Nugent?" said Mrs. Wiseman. "I am thinking of driving to it."

"You couldn't do better," he replied. "There will be a great field, as it is the first of the season, and there is a sure find in the Slane covers. Now, Miss Amy, try the colt, and I promise you'll be in at the death."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Amy, "I should not care to be in at the death, and I really should be afraid of a strange horse."

"He's as gentle as a lamb," answered Mr. Nugent. "I'll take my oath he is. Do you think I'd let you on him if he wasn't? Not if I know it, faith. I value you more than that, and I'll stay and mind you myself, and let the hunt go to the deuce."

"Not every young man would be so unselfish as that, Mr. Nugent," said Mrs. Wiseman blandly, "when he has such manly love for sport as you have. I think you ought accept his kind offer, Amy; you would have a delightful day."

"Mr. Nugent is very kind," replied Amy, "but he must escort a bolder horsewoman. I prefer to drive to-morrow."

"You won't do anything I ask you," said Mr. Nugent gloomily, in a low voice. "I'm a cursed fool to ask you at all."

"Don't call yourself names," answered Amie. "It certainly is a species of folly to ask a person to do things when you know she will refuse; and it isn't pleasant to refuse."

"Why do you then?" said he.

"Why? Because it would be more unpleasant to accept," she answered, rising.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOUND UP WITH MUSIC.

When tea was over, Mary sang songs to suit her various listeners. The Doctor applauded vigorously as she concluded "The Irish Brigade."

"Talk of sentiment, sir," said he, "all sentiment is selfish and shallow in comparison with patriotic emotion. That is the feeling you can find sometimes unadulterated in a man's heart. Oh, what a day it was when those gallant Irish troops marched past the Orange Prince and stood beneath the French standard, self-exiled from their land for love of her! And what a heart was Sarsfield's, who caught in his hand his rushing blood, exclaiming, 'Oh, that this was shed for Ireland,'—the ruling passion strong in death."

"Only for those noble examples of the finely-natured few, I think the many would sink to the lowest levels," said Father Nolan; "they elevate mankind in their own despite. They are a mighty aid to religion, as is everything that tends to enlarge a man's views, and takes him out of himself; and it is no easy thing to make a human being walk upright; he gravitates to earth; weary work, sometimes, forcing them into the attitude of men."

"I'd never be patient enough to be a priest," said the Doctor;

"if I had to impel a man to walk in the paths of the Lord, where he is 'bound to walk, I'm afraid I'd give him a kick to quicken his action."

"Such zeal would never do," answered Father Nolan, smiling.

"If I whipped a refractory boy, as I was often tempted to do, my tyranny would be held up as a fresh instance of priestly intolerance. We must be patient, and nothing does as well in the end."

At ten o'clock the priests took their leave.

"An intelligent fellow, Father Nolan," said Mr. Huntingdon.

"Wish I had him on my side."

"Better for you to be on his," replied the Doctor.

"Did you try to grease his palm?" said Nugent, with a coarse laugh. "That's the ticket! Give him something to build a school or a chapel, and you'll draw him."

"You're talking of what you know nothing about," said the Doctor.

"I don't suppose Mr. Huntingdon is capable of bribery; but I'm very certain Father Nolan is incapable of being bribed."

"Faith, 'tisn't my talk," said Nugent, "but I often heard people say—people of your own creed, too—that if the bishop was tipped handsomely, a couple of thousand pounds or so, for charity, or for building a college, he'd make the priests support the donor."

"You need not tell me who said that," answered the Doctor. . . .

"A man's enemies are of his own household, but I think that belief ought to be sufficiently disproved. Don't you think the Scotchman that was put up for Louth the other day would have been very willing to give the bishop a present of ten thousand pounds if he gained his influence by it—a man who didn't know what to do with his money, and a man whom the bishop could have supported without scruple, a Home Ruler, and a Catholic, too; but the bishop didn't—he left the selection of a representative to the people."

"See how they took an organ and money for the nuns in Kilredden from Colonel Vereker," said Nugent.

"I'd like to know why they shouldn't," said the Doctor. "If charity were to be refused from people because their motives might be insufficiently pure, I fear the poor would suffer, and there would be very little charity acceptable. Colonel Vereker's acts may have been the outcome of a charitable spirit, or there may have been mixed with such spirit the desire to make himself popular. We are not bound to analyse motives, and it would be an odd sort of rectitude that should forbid a man to make good use of his money because he might presume on it. If you give me a ten pound note to distribute among my poor patients to-morrow, I'll take it and welcome, but I won't consider myself bound to you in the very least."

"It's a curious thing," said Amy, "that if there be charity given to or anything done for a church, it is looked upon as something personally beneficial to the priest. He can't appropriate the charity; there is far too good an account of it kept by the people. The decoration of a church should be as much to any man as to a priest—the glory of God ought to be the same to him. And surely, as he has only the usual number of ears, he can't get any more value out of the organ than any one of the congregation, so what does he gain?"

"He gains a good deal in the way of a reputation," said the Doctor, "often not of an enviable kind; but we are all abused behind our backs, and as we don't know it, it won't fret us. There is no one who exacts such perfection from others as he who lives badly; no one imputes evil so readily to his neighbours as he who commits it himself."

"It would be better for priests not to meddle in politics at all," said Sir William M'Mahon, "but to keep out of such disputes, as ministers do, and mind their religion."

"I don't agree with you," answered the Doctor. "I don't see why a man should resign all interest in his country because he enters holy orders. Why should not a man with heart and brains, and veins running with Irish blood, use his influence for the good of his country? And what is for the good of his country is good for the Kingdom of Heaven. I shouldn't give a fig for a secular priest, who wouldn't do as much as any man to return a fitting member for his county. Anyone that has power ought to use that power for the general welfare."

"They often go too far," said Sir William.

"Granted," replied the Doctor. "There is a tendency in human nature to do nothing or to do too much. It is hard to keep to the mean when men's feelings get excited; but the world must acknowledge, if it only take the trouble to judge dispassionately, that no body of men ever used their power for larger ends than the Irish priests. They had no personal aims to advance by espousing a cause; they had no worldly gain to attain; the generality of them could never be more than simple parish priests."

"Faith, a fat parish priest is not to be sneezed at," said Nugent. "I don't see any fellow has better times than Father O'Hanlon, or keeps better horses. He has a brown filly now that would make a smashing hunter. I offered him seventy pounds for her."

"Well, indeed, I think priests go a little too far sometimes," said Mrs. Wiseman. "I'm sure they mean very well, but it would be better if they weren't as fond of interfering in things of the world. I'd never care to see a priest except on the altar."

"You'd like to lock him and religion out of the way for the week,"

said the Doctor, "and let him out for a couple of hours on Sunday. Isn't that the way?"

"Oh, I don't want to lock them up," said she.

"Faith, you needn't," replied the Doctor. "I fear there isn't such a mighty value put on them that people would want to steal them."

"'Pon my soul, Mrs. Wiseman is right," said Mr. Nugent. "I like priests and parsons as well as any man, as long as they stop in their place and mind their own business. This new man we have got is a hanged bore; kept talking of Jeremiah and all the rest of them last Sunday for an hour and a quarter; I timed him; takes the bit between his teeth and doesn't know where to stop. I swore I wouldn't be caught again in a hurry doing the soul-saving dodge."

"When sermons are too long, they lose their good effect," said Mrs. Wiseman; "something short and to the purpose I like. I prefer to read them; I think one takes them in better."

"Why don't you indulge your preference?" said the Doctor, laughing. "I never caught you reading a sermon in my life."

"Oh, of course, one is supposed to do those things in private," she replied, calmly. "I don't like people to make a display of their piety."

"Particularly when they haven't it," remarked Sir William innocently.

"Perhaps there is as much meanness in hiding one's devotion as in displaying it," said Captain Crosbie. "Each shows human respect. A man displays it to make others think well of him. He hides it lest they think ill of him. It is unworthy consciousness."

"I often noticed people to neglect to make the sign of the Cross at grace when they were among Protestants," said Mary. "Some wouldn't do it at all, and others would make some feeble movement over the third button of their waistcoats—I thought them intensely mean."

"Well, their motive was good," said Mrs. Wiseman. "A little allowance for the prejudices of those around us makes things smoother. There is no use giving offence, and making one's self unpleasant. What is to be gained by it?"

"I had rather offend man than God," said Mary, "and I wouldn't be at all tender to the prejudices of my neighbours. I'm very hard-hearted."

"Have I not striven to awake your conscience to the unfortunate fact?" said Mr. Huntingdon, in a low tone of mock pathos.

"What shall I be at fifty," answered Mary merrily, "when I'm so hard at twenty? A kind of iron-clad, a woman-of-war."

"Come, Mary," said young M'Mahon, "sing something else for us. Miss Hayden is waiting to play the accompaniment of 'The Brook.' I want you to go on for ever."

Mary complied at once, and sang everything she was asked, concluding with "John Peel," which fine old hunting song got uproariously chorused by Mr. Nugent. When it was twelve o'clock, the party broke up; the M'Mahons returned to Fintona with Mr. Huntington and Captain Crosbie, where they were to remain for the night to be in time for the first meet of the season next morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOO SOON AND TOO LATE.

The days wore away, the leaves were falling more quickly from the moaning trees as the cold breath of a late October breeze touched them and sent them shuddering to decay, shorn of their verdant beauty.

The election was to take place in November. There were three candidates in the field—Mr. Huntington, Colonel O'Donnell, and Mr. Maguire. The two former had the Conservative interest. They promised a good deal in the way of tenant-right, educational questions, railroads, &c.; but were vague and somewhat unsatisfactory in their allusions to self-government. Mr. Maguire went in heart and soul for Home Rule, with that entire belief in it that is so productive of success, and he was, of course, the popular candidate.

As Mr. Huntingdon had resolved, he spent a few more evenings at the farm, and engrossed Mary Desmond's attention. Captain Crosbie did not enjoy those evenings, but he preferred going with him and seeing things for himself to remaining behind in a restless and exaggerative temper. Mrs. Desmond did not like Mr. Huntingdon's engrossing manner; but what could she do? She should be polite in her own house. She was not afraid of his making a dangerous impression on Mary; she was not soft and impressionable, but a very sensible, intelligent girl, who was likely to take Mr. Huntingdon's devotion for what it was worth. Yet one can never be sure in such matters. He was unusually handsome, and, in his languid way, was certainly entertaining. He threw Captain Crosbie quite in the shade. That was the provoking part of it. Though he had not a greater amount of brains, he seemed to be cleverer, he had such an easy utterance and ready comprehension. He was never at a loss for words, but returned Mary's repartees with a sort of deliberate rapidity that was amusing. Crosbie did not look to advantage near him; he usually felt somewhat bitter and uncomfortable, and, perhaps, a little envious. He did not know how to act. Twenty times he made up

his mind to speak to Mary, make known the state of his feelings, and ask her plainly to marry him; fear of rejection caused that impulse to die away again; delay might be better; he might win her by degrees, if some one did not come between them. Ah, there was the danger. Others would come between them just as Huntingdon had now, attracting her attention, amusing her, awaking her ready laughter, so that he hardly got an opportunity to make the most commonplace observation. She did not love him; he knew that quite well. She was too frank and natural. If he held her hand for a few moments as if accidentally, she did not seem to notice it, only continued her unembarrassed pleasant remarks. If he could make her realize how intensely he loved her, her heart might awaken. She cared for him as a friend; she trusted him; that feeling might waken into a wilder and sweeter one, if he only knew how to act, how to touch her womanly nature, how to show her the great depth and beauty of the affection he bore her, but he did know how to act. Instead of asserting himself, he was shy, cold, and constrained, and permitted Mr. Huntingdon to quietly put him aside. He would never win a woman by his tongue, that was certain.

One morning Captain Crosbie was crossing the farm on his way to another part of the estate; he did not intend to go into the house, but Mary was standing in the drawingroom window and his intentions took a different direction.

"Mother is just gone to town," said Mary. "Amy is coming out for a few days. I have written to Harry to tell him so, just to make him home sick. Am I not malicious?"

"Is Harry as faithful as ever?" asked Crosbie. "Such a handsome young fellow will be a good deal tempted, for handsome young fellows have not much competition in country stations where there are usually pretty girls in abundance."

"Oh, indeed, he is. I think it would be impossible for any one who loved Amy ever to desert her; but Mrs. Worldly Wiseman doesn't relish Harry's devotion. It breaks her heart that she won't accept Mr. Nugent. Fancy such a husband for Amy! A union between a bulldog and a butterfly would be as suitable."

"There is no fear she will be argued into such a marriage as that would be," said Crosbie. "Miss Hayden has too fine a nature."

"Do you know she is a great admirer of yours," said Mary laughing. "She was defending your political principles the other day. She said once you saw the right thing to do you would be certain to do it, not like others, who see it but choose the wrong."

"I didn't think any one admired me, or any of my ways," he replied.

They were standing at the window; he had taken her hand as if to examine her rings.

"I wish I could get a little admiration from you," he said, "though I know there is nothing to admire in me."

She looked up to give him a laughing answer, when the expression of his eyes startled her. She blushed suddenly and tried to withdraw her hand.

"Let me hold your hand for a moment," said he "and hear me. There is nothing on the broad earth I covet so much as the right to hold it for ever. I love you, Mary; is it any use to say so?"

The girl stammered confusedly, and tried to laugh it off.

"Mr. Huntingdon is teaching you to make pretty speeches," she said.

"No, I'm a bad hand at making speeches. I never before told a woman I loved her. I tell it to you now; is there any hope for me? Any chance of your caring for me?"

"I do care for you," she answered falteringly; "but, but not in the way——"

"Not in the way I love you. I understand. That's a bitter truth one realises without words; but would you not let me try to win you? I can be very patient. If you only knew how I love you, you couldn't but return it; will you give me a chance?" He pressed her hands to his lips.

"Oh, no, no," she said, shrinking from him. "Indeed I couldn't. I never thought of such a thing."

"You thought me too old."

"Oh, no, it wasn't that."

She blushed as she spoke, feeling there was some truth in the supposition. She did not dream much about an ideal lover; but when she did, certainly he presented himself in a youthful form, ardent, bright-eyed; a slight moustache above the laughing red lips; wavy hair over a smooth brow, upon which time had drawn no lines. Love never appeared in the guise of man no longer young, with hair thin upon his temples, and the traces of thought upon his forehead. She waited for Telemachus, and behold, she was wooed by Mentor.

"You don't care for any one else," he asked, gently.

"No, indeed, I do not," she answered, "I am very happy as I am. I am not sentimental, you know. I didn't give much thought to such things." She tried to laugh off her awkwardness.

"You will care for some one yet," he said. "The day that sees you the wife of another man will be a bitter one for me. Oh, Mary, you don't know how bitter."

"But I'm not going to be any one's wife that I know of," replied

Mary; "I may never be a wife at all. I don't see the absolute necessity for a person's marrying, except they really care for some one with all their heart."

"I never felt the necessity till I met you, Mary; a woman grown out of the little child that cared for me long ago; you have waked a hunger in my heart, and you won't satisfy it."

"I would if I could; indeed, I would." She looked at him with a touching and troubled face. "You will get some one better than I am to care for you."

"I'll never try," he said. "I will never care for another as long as I live. Love came too late to me, and too soon."

"I am grieved for having pained you," said the girl, the tears gathering slowly in her eyes as she saw how pale his face had become. "I would do anything I could to——"

"You would do anything but marry me. Don't offer to be a sister to me, as they do in books," he answered with a painful smile. "I'm not a hero, you know, and I would find it unsatisfying. Come, you mustn't look so fretted." He took her hand again. "You could not help disappointing me, and I must only try to bear it like a man. Don't be afraid that I shall recur to this again. It is all over now. Forget my folly." He put her hand to his lips, turned away, and left the room.

"I wish there wasn't such a thing as love in the world," said Mary, as she looked after him. "In books and out of books it only brings trouble. Who would fancy he wanted to marry me, or, indeed, any one? And he is so good and kind to us. Isn't it a pity? But I suppose he will soon get over it; men don't break their hearts about girls except in novels."

Captain Crosbie passed through the hall, stopped for a few moments to speak to Peter, who was walking about among the flower-beds brushing withered leaves off them here and there, and pulling up any stray weed that ventured to show its unsightly head above the earth. When he had replied to his quaint observations, he went on his way into the wood. He walked on quickly, as one does when under the influence of strong emotion—his eyes bent upon the ground, his brows painfully contracted. It was all over, his dream was dispelled, his witching dream of love, and home, and happiness—sweet domestic love, tender and trustful. The fire was dead on the bright home hearth which he had pictured as a possible reality, and a sense of indescribable desolation fell about him, an intense perception of the emptiness of life. What a fool he had been, what a romantic fool to expect she would care about him! If girls married men like him, it was for wealth or position, not for love, though they might pretend it.

She was not one of those; she would pretend nothing—she was too true-hearted. He did not blame her for rejecting him; why should she tie her fresh young life to his? And yet he still felt so young; it was hard that ten years should, because of their external effects, make such a difference, and take away his chance of earthly happiness. Why might she not love him? How often did men love women much older than they were, which was more unnatural. Men love more truly after all, and look to inner beauty; women are won by outward attractiveness.

How could he get over it and give up his pitiable habit of thinking of her? The past year had woven her completely into his thoughts—at least all of them that had not been given to business. With that unconscious tendency the human mind has to regard a desired possibility as a probability, he looked to no future apart from her. How different the world was since he met her? A strange subtle element had entered it, making all things more sacred and beautiful. The feelings and ties of which he had heretofore taken common-place views, had their hidden and divine excellence made evident. Love was no longer a silly illusion, but a holy emotion. Marriage was not an uncomfortable yoke, but sacramental joy and peace. The laughing voices and pattering footsteps of little children was not noise, but pleasant music. A new sun suddenly shone forth in heaven, giving colour and perfume to his days. Like Icarus he sought it, and like Icarus he found it far unattainable.

He sat down upon a fallen tree in the wood and mechanically took out a cigar. He remembered that spot for ever after, how the shadows waved upon the pathway, the cock crew in the distance, a rabbit looked out of an opposite burrow, and a bird suddenly sang out joyously. He sat there absently, noticing the things about him, trivial, foolish thoughts obtruding in the current of deep painful ones. He broke a bit of the bark off the tree he was sitting on and examined it carefully; how green the moss was, how softly it hid the decayed wood. Oh, what a fool he was, what a dreaming fool to think of love; too late, and yet too soon, had he indulged in Arcadian visions.

It was laughable, a man of his age fixing his fancy on a lovely girl of twenty! What a pity people did not outgrow their inclinations as they do their youth.

A man like Huntingdon would suit her, youthful and graceful. He might fall in love with her too. He was half engaged to Lord Rossroe's daughter, one of the loveliest girls in London, pale and cold as a lily. He might be caught by Mary's animated beauty, and one like him, accustomed to indulge every whim, would not be likely to let anything stand in the way of his wishes.

She did not care for him yet, but if he changed from a languid admirer to an ardent lover, it was not likely she could resist him, personally attractive as he was, with wealth and rank as additional advantages. She would not marry for such considerations, but wealth and rank often give an impetus to love. She was too young to be mercenary, and hers was a nature that was likely to remain simple and unworldly. He himself would be an excellent match for her; he was very well off and she was portionless; her mother's means were limited, yet that he could surround her with luxury, and change her pony trap into a carriage, never occurred to her to make her pause in her rejection. Bulwer Lytton says, "Nought but youth can echo back the soul of youth;" perhaps he read human nature accurately; yet it seemed to him as if his heart would echo her lightest word more faithfully than any other heart in the world. But what was the use? She would not think so. He would have to stand by and see her won away from him by some clever weaver of words who would never care for her as he did. How barren a desert was life to some people—a cruel mirage leading them on with deceptive promise, while others rest and linger in the cool green of an oasis or by the sweet wild rush of running waters.

Well, after all, he had lived until nearly forty without a woman's presence near him; he led a useful and a contented life; he missed nothing from it—if a longing for a fuller domestic existence awoke for a moment in his nature, he only smiled at such sentiment. Why should he not go back to those calm philosophic days and blot out this sweet, painful, delirious year? There was nothing gone that he ever possessed—all things were exactly as they had been; the same duties, occupations, and means of amusement remained to him. He stood up; yes, he had only to go back into the old unemotional days. But how was he to find them? The whole face of things was changed, the sudden celestial radiance that gave a false colour to the past months was gone, and what before was serene, sufficient light, now seemed cold, grey, and shadowed. Well, he should only accustom his vision to such twilight and perform his duties all the same. A man must not give up the world because a woman refuses him. Were that the case, there would be great gatherings in desert places. He must manage the rest of his life as best he may, and bear the punishment of his folly. It was as well he spoke, though he did not intend it when he went in to her. It was as well to have it out and have an end to it; and, ah, heavens! how she shrank from him.

Captain Crosbie walked on; he took another cigar, lighted it, and did not slacken his pace until he reached Fintona. Mr. Huntingdon was waiting for him to drive to town, where he had several visits to

pay. The necessary interests of life presented themselves again, and were not to be set aside because a man had a sentimental grievance; so Captain Crosbie was no longer a pleading lover, but a man of business once more.

(To be Continued.)

LOST AND FOUND.

COME with me, come and see my wood,
 Come with me in the spring;
 And you must stand where I have stood
 To hear the wild birds sing—
 To hear sweet blackbirds whistling shrill,
 The corncrake's whirring cry;
 Whilst cheerful larks with heavenly trill
 Rise quivering in the sky.
 And you will see the hawthorn white,
 In many a wreath and spray,
 Sunk in green bowers of delight,
 Where flickering sunbeams stray.
 Yes, you shall see all tender things
 That in the spring arise—
 Pale orchids with their spotted wings,
 And wind-flowers' starry eyes.
 Then come with me across the grass,
 That waves so long and bright,
 And see my wood:—
 Must all things pass!
 What is it meets our sight?
 A tangled bower of white and green,
 Fresh leaves and blossoms sweet;
 Spring's fairest, most ethereal screen,
 With wind-flowers at its feet?
 Ah, no. Our steps have been too slow,
 The springtime could not stay;
 And summer's warm and rosy glow
 Is driving her away.

Bright summer flowers rise in sweet crowds,
 And summer clothes each tree,
 And swiftly every hedge enshrouds—
 Gay blushing flowers we see.
 Wide-petal'd flowers of beauty rare
 Before us blush and smile ;
 Sweet roses swinging in the air,
 Down every green defile.
 Whilst pink has grown the hawthorn bloom,
 A "lightning before death,"
 Fair petals floating to the tomb
 Slain by the summer's breath.
 The singing birds have silent grown
 Though still their young ones call,
 And tender wood-doves sob and moan
 As the May blossoms fall.
 And drooping now the wind-flower lies,
 But joyful is the rose ;
 For summer touches trees and skies,
 As the white spring-time goes.

C. H.

A LAST WORD ON CALDERON.

IT is notorious and beyond mention that one Calderon did recently stir up the public mind to excess on the matter of his *picture* that you wot of: if, then, any man shall sanely and rightly allude to this *picture*, it shall only be, now, to conclude a foolish discussion, for verily we are quite sick and nauseated of this childish pother, which neither to us, indeed, nor to our fellow countrymen, can bring any profit, but rather brew impious discussions, lying accusations, abominable journalistification, and oh! worst of all, the trotting out and manifesting to the public eye of an unholy and shameful ignorance of Latin.

"How now?" will cry a neighbour. "*Shall I then allow an unannealed and boundless fool to condemn the Saints of God?*" Not so. It were impious that any Catholic should pass such a thing in silence. But if you will listen humbly and receive words of

extreme wisdom, they will soothe your heated minds. Listen. Calderon hath erred, not in matter but in title; for why? He hath not painted *Saint Elizabeth* at all!

What! what! Not painted her? But we have seen his picture with our own eyes!"

You saw his picture? Yes. But make you a great distinction. Look well on it, and then remember what that most holy queen in her quick life on earth arrived to be. For she was surely the most perfect model and exemplar of those for whom our christian chivalry anciently did ride to battle, and with rude arms drive out utterly all foul Turks from Holy Land. In her family serene and honourable, to her Lord tender, to all just, to the poor merciful (and this is of chiefest account before the throne of God) to Holy Church a faithful daughter, observing all things to be observed, and making as it were a divine service of her life, the which to us piteously, but to her gloriously, did end when (as I am told) she was but twenty-four years of age. And if we are in any way to be of Catholic heritage, it behoves us as well ever to know to hold this holiest creation of God's in the most extreme respect and honour, cherishing her, and having her for our unique friend, and in her memory worshipping every other of her kind.

Now what of this is there in our picture? Why, nothing; for here is no saint at all, but one of those poor creatures that must need be painters' models for hire. And here also note, that he you wot of hath not chosen a fair, well-formed and gracious lady, but rather a piteous thing, that ill-fed and cold and wretched appears, and certainly not of noble birth at all. Ho! ho! I hear him now: "*Would you turn somewhat to the right? Pray you, this foot abreast of that. I thank you.*" And so discoursing of the weather and of many things to her in her becramped and constrained position, doth he paint his picture, scraping and daubing, and rubbing and moulding, and making an exact and faithful image of this poor broomstick. And look! it is not *St. Elizabeth* at all.

For, oh! quite otherwise must he go about his business that would paint a saint of God. Far apart from men, in some lonely garden, he must meditate upon divine things, until he understand, however distantly, what it is to be of that holy company; and still retired, with the vision of things more than our temporal things before his eyes, recollecting all that to him was once most pure,

most beautiful and most holy, he must set down, not a gross image of flesh, but an attempt of what his mind's eye has seen. Then peradventure he will add to his picture the gardens of the holy city, and the houses of the blessed; he will put in his colour with much care, filling it up to a certain line, and choosing so his blue and gold that, seeing them, at once his soul shall feel something of what it would portray. For so did he who carved the *Madonna* at Rheims, so did Fra Angelico, so did Cimabue, so did all those who have written down the things of God in such a manner that almost they deserve to be saints themselves.

Then this picture doth not offend us. For why? We are no relatives of what is there put down. Had it shown us a saint, then we could have cried out, but it has shown us none. And let us then forget the rude discussion and futile, remembering how we speak, lest (for a merry conceit) in the *caldron* our angry piety do seethe and boil away.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

O HEAVENLY GRACE!

(RONDEAU.)

O HEAVENLY grace! God's armory of light,
 Where weakest souls are vested for the fight;
 Thou citadel of strength, where we may rest
 More safe than sparrow cradled in its nest—
 My fortress be, my armor dazzling white!
 So shall thy splendor, than the sun more bright,
 Drive back my fallen foes to realms of night;
 For lightnings flash thro' thee from God's own breast,
 O heavenly Grace!

Thy towers of adamant, on virtue's height
 Firm-seated, end my weary upward flight;
 Passion shall beat in vain thy portals blest,
 A thousand joys delicious charm thy guest,
 While gleams of Paradise enchant my sight,
 O heavenly Grace!

MARIAN S. LA PUY.

THE O'CONORS OF CONNAUGHT.*

TIMES have somewhat changed since a judge declared that "to become an O'Brien, in the place of a Wyndham, to exchange an illustrious for a barbarian name, was price enough to pay" for an immense domain in Clare. The real leaders, indeed, of the Irish race have not yet found their true place in our history; few Englishmen are aware that Owen Roe O'Neill was a foeman worthy of Cromwell's steel, and one of the first soldiers of the seventeenth century: and the life of O'Connell remains unwritten. In the case, too, of the ancient Houses of Ireland, the victims of a far nobler cause, no attempt has been made, as in the case of the Scotch Jacobites, to redress the wrongs done pitilessly by spoliation and the sword; their territories and honors continue forfeited; and if some have risen to eminence in strange lands, they have lost their high places in their own country. But the sons of the fallen heads of the Irish Celts have long ceased to be the down-trodden helots which they were held to be in the last century—the despised "swine" of Swift, scorned even by Berkeley, though every virtue under heaven was his; and all but ignored by Arthur Young in his visits to the abodes of their rulers. They have emerged out of ignominious thralldom, and an increasing interest is being felt in the antiquities, the traditions, and the buried annals of the people of which they were once the masters.

We now know that Ireland was an Aryan land, inhabited for ages by an Aryan race, in blood, and even in language, akin to the races which have been preeminent in the human family. Modern research has shown that the primitive type of society in Ireland was almost the same as that formed in the rude communities which have become the civilised states of Europe; nay, that it was passing through the same process of change which, in the instance of more happy lands, has developed nationality, and grown into Empire. It has been clearly proved that the institutions of the Irish clans and septs, at the first Norman conquest, and down to a much later period, were, with some differences, closely akin to those of the

* The O'Conors of Connaught. An Historical Memoir. By the Right Hon. Charles O'Connor Don. (Dublin: Hodges and Figgis, 1891.)

feudal age in Europe. The philosophy of history has taught us that the bloody feuds, made the standing reproach of the Irish name, have occurred in the annals of other nations, and actually mark a phase in their growth; and the philosophy of law has forced us to blush for the ignorance of those legal sages who confidently denounced the Brehon Codes as "mere sluttish customs," the degrading usages of a horde of savages. Like the wayfarer who, in the words of Moore, sees "the towers of other days shining beneath the waves of Neagh," every educated Englishman has become aware that, in Ireland, an archaic structure of tribal, and even of national life, lies buried under the modern edifice reared by Elizabethan and Cromwellian conquerors; and if his feelings are not always kindly, he turns to these monuments of the ruin of the past with an attention he never gave them before.

The volume before me is a contribution of no ordinary value to this half-forgotten history; and, if it were only for the name of the author, it deserves careful and sympathetic study. The O'Connor Don is the acknowledged head of one of the princely houses of ancient Ireland, which, if less illustrious, perhaps, than one or two others, held for many ages the rank of sovereigns, and ruled over large parts of the island; and he is an example himself how, in spite of galling hindrances, intelligence, perseverance, and high social worth have gradually raised a fallen Irish family out of the wretchedness and humiliation of the past. In this book, partly compiled from materials put together by the late John O'Donovan, one of the most learned of Irish scholars, and transmitted by him to Charles O'Connor, for years the leader of the Bar of New York, and partly collected by The O'Connor Don himself, we have a complete history of the chief branch of the noble stem of O'Connor, from the earliest times, through all the vicissitudes of English rule in Ireland, down to the age of Victoria. I have read the volume with the deepest interest, and, considering it from the point of view of the author, as a genealogy of the O'Connors of Connaught, confined to the fortunes of that famous name, and dealing only with those parts of Irish history—large and memorable as they are—with which it has been directly connected, it is certainly a performance of great merit. I regret, however, that The O'Connor Don has not extended his studious enquiries to other divisions of the House of O'Connor; he has not dwelt on features of the social life of Celtic Ireland, which a chronicler of his name ought, I think, to

have placed in full relief ; and his survey of Irish history, limited in scope as it is, is, though impartial, somewhat wanting in breadth, and in enlarged and philosophic thought.

Ireland affords no exception to the universal rule that every great community of the Aryan race has been composed, at the dawn of its history, of a dominant and a subject order, with (usually) an intermediate class. The Milesians, a conquering caste of settlers, were the first masters of Pagan Erin : the Fírbolgs, kinsmen of the Celtic Belgæ, were vanquished and servile tillers of the soil ; and the Tuatha-na-Danaans, possibly of Pelægic origin—"men dangerous for their arts and spells"—were probably an ambitious priesthood. The Milesians gave Ireland her first princes, sprung from Heber, Heremon, and Ir, three brothers of renown, no doubt as mythical as Romulus and Remus, as Hengist and Horsa ; and the great House of O'Conor—spelled O'Connor in all its divisions except in Connaught—was founded by one of these heroic figures. I shall not examine the curious legends of Erin in times before history, but the genuine Irish chronicles are of very ancient date ; they express the character of a romantic people, which has always loved to live in the past ; and the light of truth often breaks through these accumulated clouds of picturesque fiction. The island had been reduced under a rude monarchy in the first century of the Christian era ; and the Milesian sovereignty, unchallenged by Rome, though Agricola had thoughts of Irish conquests, held its state during successive ages. The names of these princes are significant : "Conn of the Hundred Battles," and "Hugh of the Broken Spear," record the traditions of famous warriors in a land probably of tribal discords ; but "Feredach the Just," and "Felim the Lawgiver," show that Erin had her mythical Numa ; and the epithets attached to the Milesian kings attest the poetic genius of the Celtic race, not creative or grand, but bright and graceful. The patronymic of O'Connor does not occur in the chronicles until the tenth century ; but the family, sprung from the loins of Heremon, had often held supreme rule in the land, and it was not until the approaching fall of the Empire that it was confined to the tract of Connaught, the sovereignty being, in subsequent ages, usually in the hands of the great race of O'Neill, the most renowned, perhaps, of the old Irish Houses. We learn nothing from this volume about the conversion of idolatrous Erin to the faith of Christ, of the characteristics of the Church of Patrick, of the primi-

tive civilization of Celtic Ireland ; but Irish missionaries spread the light of the Gospel over large tracts of Europe when sunk in the night of heathen darkness. The ancient Church of Ireland was conspicuous among the Churches of the West ; and Ireland was renowned in the arts of peace during the terrible ages when the barbarian hordes were overrunning the perishing Empire. The O'Connor Don, however, has given us a valuable account, drawn from genuine sources of a later time, of the position and state of his princely house while it maintained undisputed rule in Connaught. The king was crowned at "the red stone" of Carnfree, a place probably of old Pagan rites ; the inauguration was blessed by twelve bishops, "as had been ordained by Patrick of old ;" he was surrounded by his dependent chieftains ; his "companions" stood by, as a separate order, and performed several august services ; and deputies from the province, including its "free states," swore fealty and homage to their lawful lord. The pageant resembles the coronation of a German Cæsar of the middle ages ; and it clearly proves the nature of the ancient rule—in part patriarchal, in part feudal—of the native Princes of Ireland before the English conquest. It is to be regretted that The O'Connor Don has not added to this graphic account a sketch of the old social structure of the Irish race : how the hereditary judges of the superior chiefs administered justice within his domains ; how the land was parcelled out between the clans and septs, divided into the ruling heads, the free tenants, and the vanquished serfs—the feudal organisation in its essential features ; but for this I must refer to Sir Henry Maine, in his admirable review of the Brehon Laws.

Brilliant names sometimes adorn the annals of a race just before the decline of its fortunes. The sovereignty of Ireland reverted to the House of O'Connor in the first years of the twelfth century ; and Turlough the Great was a monarch of undoubted eminence. This remarkable man had a powerful fleet ; like the Scythian ruler, praised by Thucydides, he connected a wild country by bridges and roads ; and he built churches, one, at least, a specimen of noble architecture spared by time. His son Roderic was king when Strongbow and his knights planted themselves in the southern parts of the island, and, partly through force, and partly through craft, Henry II. became the Chief Lord of Ireland. The easy success of the Norman conquerors proves, it is contended, the extreme weakness and foolishness of the Irish Celts ; but the land

had not recovered from the raids of the Danes; the Normans were the Imperial race of Europe; and Rome threw her commanding influence on the side of warriors she deemed her crusaders. I must leap over the next three centuries, though a tract of the greatest interest in Irish history. The suzerainty of the Plantagenets embraced all Ireland; but, for a long period, it was little more than a name; the Irish princes retained their state; the clans and septs lived under their old usages; and this was especially the case of the O'Conors of Connaught, fenced by the broad Shannon in a remote territory. By degrees, however, the results followed usually made apparent where superior strength and civilisation come into contact with a community comparatively rude and backward. The Colony and Church of the Pale were founded; the fine chain of feudalism was thrown over the land, and evidence of the claims of a central government; and the O'Conors of Connaught, like their fellow princes, were bridled by the power of great neighbouring lords, and by English fortresses, which overawed their tribesmen. The house became the prey of the Norman DeBurghs, and never recovered from the fatal day of Athlunree; and its domestic feuds and broils gave occasions of all kinds to the slowly advancing foes who sought to supplant it.

By the fifteenth century the kingship had almost passed away, and the family had been divided into two main branches, the chief of these, known by the epithet of "Don," being the representative of the old Milesian sovereigns. The O'Conors still continued to decline, and it is unnecessary to follow the tale of their feuds and troubles down to the Tudor era. This collapse of the rule of the native Princes, it is said, indicates their inherent barbarism; but the same spectacle was witnessed throughout Europe as feudalism gave way to established government; and the ruins of the castles and religious houses raised by the O'Conors and other chiefs, and above all, perhaps, their repeated marriages with Norman settlers of high degree, prove that they were anything but a despised race of savages. On one great occasion, when English rule in Ireland was nearly extinguished by Edward Bruce, the descendant of Roderic was on the side of the colonists; and when the Pale had dwindled into the four counties, in the calamitous reign of Henry VI., the O'Conors of Connaught remained quiescent. Nor were they touched by the celebrated laws, a confession that the subtle Celtic genius was gradually

changing the Anglo-Norman nature, by which it was sought to draw an impassable line of distinction between the two races. Still comparatively secure within their distant regions, especially since their enemies, the DeBurghs, had, like the Desmonds and other Norman lords, "become more Irish than the Irish themselves," they resembled the Princes who, along the Indus, recked not how the march of conquest advanced on the Ganges.

The Tudor sovereigns addressed themselves to re-establish the English power in Ireland when they had put down the old feudal noblesse of England. The colony of the Pale had shrunk to the narrowest limits when Richard fell on the plains of Bosworth; for, if the English sovereignty existed in name, the great Norman lords acknowledged no superiors, and the Irish chiefs, though weakened by feuds with each other, and constantly at war with encroaching settlers, still maintained a state of rude independence. An immense change took place in the following century, and the island passed under the yoke of conquest after a frightful strife of race and religion. Yet the Irish policy of Henry VIII. was grand and statesmanlike in its outlines, and full of sympathy with the native race; and if it failed, we must lay the blame, not on England and the central government, but, in part, on the selfish greed of the colonists, bent on making the lands of the Irish their own, and, in part, on the unhappy state of a country which had become a thorn in the side of England. The fall of the great Norman House of Kildare was followed by the ruin of the chiefs of Offaly and Leix, and ere long by the Desmond rebellions; and vast confiscated tracts received swarms of colonists, extending the ever-growing domain of conquest. Ireland, too, became more or less involved in the Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, and the animosities of conflicting faiths increased the horrors of a war of races. Meanwhile the power of England steadily advanced: the conquered territories were made shireland; military governors were placed in the subdued provinces; and old royal and feudal claims were revived, to further the process of spoliation which was the main aim of the Council in Dublin. The leaders of more than one Norman house, and several heads of the Irish tribes, struggled fiercely against the destiny at hand; and if there never was a general or national rising, impossible in such a state of society, their efforts were often bold, nay, heroic.

For a long time the O'Conors of Connaught did not feel the

approach of the tempest; but gradually their castles were taken from them, they were hemmed in by armed English garrisons, and they were marked out for the unscrupulous rapine of one of the worst of the Pro-consuls of Connaught. Hugh O'Connor Don was now head of the house; and this chief, apparently a sagacious man, though still claiming the old princely rank, accepted a knighthood from Sir John Perrott, said to have been a bastard of Henry VIII., and one of the best of the rulers of Ireland; and, as had been the case of other Irish chiefs, he surrendered his tribal honors and domains, and took them back as a dependent of the crown. This saved his territories from the spoiler for a time, and Sir Hugh O'Connor, for the rest of his life, continued an adherent of "the English interest," much, doubtless, to the grief of the tribesmen, whose rights had suffered by the change of tenure, and who remained true to their old allegiance. Sir Hugh was found in the English ranks during the great risings of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the most formidable "rebellions" of the native race which had taken place in the seventeenth century, and which seriously endangered English rule in Ireland. Hugh O'Neill, let me add, the great Earl of Tyrone, is an unknown name even to well-read Englishmen; but his eminence as a soldier, and his craft in politics, gained him an honorable place in Catholic Europe.

Sir Hugh O'Connor lived long enough to behold dark clouds gathering over his ancient house. He left four sons, and the headship of the name devolved on the descendants of three of these, through many vicissitudes of evil fortune. Charles, the eldest son, at an early age attracted the suspicions of the men in power in Dublin, for having thought of marrying a child of the fallen House of Desmond; and he failed to obtain a seat in the Parliament called by James I. to ratify the deeds of the first Stuart in Ireland, owing, it is said, to the interference of one of the Connaught Presidents. The second son, Hugh the Younger, lived quietly, for years, on his lands near Castlereagh, a village on the Suck, still attesting, in its name, the rank of the house; and the two brothers became at last involved in the general rising of the old Irish races which followed the outbreak of 1641. The sons of Sir Hugh had no part in the deeds of blood of the Ulster clans; but in their case, as in that of many of their race, history justifies their so-called rebellion. For a generation, since the death of Elizabeth, the work of conquest and spoliation, done hitherto chiefly by the sword, had

been carried out by cruelty and fraud ; and " the ravage of war," in the words of Burke, went on in Ireland amidst seeming peace. The Plantation of the North was followed by new efforts to people the Southern Provinces with English settlers ; the extermination of the chiefs of the native race became the avowed policy of the Dublin Junta ; and this was compassed by expedients of the vilest kind, the devices of corrupt and servile lawyers. At the same time the old tribal usages of the clans and septs were ruthlessly annulled, the primitive tenure of their lands was abolished, and while their heads had fallen from their old estate, they were reduced to the position of serflike tenants. The era, meanwhile, of aggressive Puritanism had begun to do its fell work in Ireland ; and Protestant Ascendancy, and all that is implied in the name, increased the hatred felt towards the intrusive colonists. At last Wentworth marked out the entire Province of Connaught for his " majestic rapine ;" and this, and the Irish measures of the Long Parliament, were probably the reasons that led the sons of Sir Hugh to take up arms in the Confederate cause. The author of this book maintains they were loyal to Charles I., but this is no more than a courtly phrase ; the Catholic of the ancient Irish name had no sympathy in the great civil war with the master of Strafford and the head of the Stuarts ; he had little in common with Ormond, Clanricarde, or even with the Catholic Normans of the Pale ; and he fought to avenge a long series of wrongs, not without an honorable love of his country. Charles and Hugh O'Connor played a conspicuous part in the bloody and protracted strife that followed ; and the alarm of the recent settlers appeared in a report that the first had been hailed King of Connaught by his tribe. Their sons were compelled to adhere to the Stuarts under the stress of the conquering sword of Cromwell ; but they lost nearly all the old possessions of the house, the Act of Settlement of the Restoration being, in fact, a confirmation of the immense Cromwellian forfeitures. The ancient title of honor, however, of the house was treasured by the descendants of Hugh, until these failed about seventy years ago ; and Arthur Young tells how The O'Connor Don of his day, a landless man, in extreme poverty, was welcomed far and near by the Roscommon peasantry. The third son of Sir Hugh, Cahill, died before the period 1641-1652, but the fortunes of his line were like those of his brothers. His son, Owen of Belanagare, took part in the war of 1689-90,

and held the fort of Banagher for James II. ; he died a prisoner at Chester Castle ; and he, too, was deprived of the lands of his father. By the first years of the eighteenth century the territories of the native Kings of Connaught had long been possessed by alien owners, and confiscation had transferred by force the vast domains of Sir Hugh O'Connor, though the faith of the Crown had been pledged to him.

The vitality of the chiefs of the old Irish race is expressed in many a tribal legend : the Prince of Breffny—to refer to one—sleeps in armour in an enchanted cave, until the genius of Erin shall bid him awake, when the curse of the Saxon has left the country. The arms of the Houses of O'Connor tell the same tale ; their oak spreads its leaves though torn up from the roots ; and the O'Conors of Connaught have been true to their blazon. Charles of Belanagare, third in descent from Cahill, the third son of Sir Hugh O'Connor, was born in 1710 ; and is a remarkable instance how worth and parts can rise superior to all the shocks of fortune. This forlorn scion of a princely house was cradled, so to speak, in the lap of misery ; he was brought up in the hut of a peasant, and he owed the first rudiments to a begging friar, who, in the evil days that had come to his race, taught the young of the Popish helots at the peril of his life. The lot of Charles, too, fell on the most calamitous times known by Ireland in her sorrowful history. England can offer some pleas for the Penal Laws of Ireland : they were borrowed from edicts against the French Huguenots ; they were enacted by the Colonial Irish Parliament ; and they were but an incident in the fierce war of faiths which convulsed Europe in the seventeenth century. But they were not the less the curse of an afflicted country ; they perpetuated the ills of the worst kind of conquest, and their disastrous consequences are felt to this hour. It was not only that Charles O'Connor, a Pariah, as he grew to the estate of man, saw the sons of Puritan troopers and London traders settled on the domains of his ancient house ; it was not only that, in humiliation and want, he had to endure the wrongs of iniquitous rapine, and to bear the scorn or indifference of the breed of the spoilers ; it was that he was proscribed in his own land by a code formed to destroy his race ; that, like all Irish Catholics of noble descent, he was kept back and banned in every walk of life ; that his religion was made a burden to him ; that society, government, and law were his enemies. It was an additional draught in

the cup of his bitterness that a brother tried to rob him of the last bit of his heritage through the operation of the Penal Laws. The "Protestant discoverer," Hugh O'Connor, who, in this instance, played a villainous part, is a name of reproach in the family annals. Yet, notwithstanding the hard stress of circumstance, Charles O'Connor rose to high social eminence, and has a distinguished name among patriotic Irishmen. He became one of the most learned of Scholars; revived the study of the antiquities of his race, and wrote valuable works on Irish history; and he was one of the founders of the first league of Catholic Ireland, formed in the eighteenth century, to endeavour to raise a conquered people from degraded thralldom. He laboured hard in this noble work, and he lived to see the Penal Laws in a state of decline, under the influence of Grattan, though their complete extinction was still a remote event. Charles O'Connor left two sons, who took an active part in the subsequent efforts of the Irish Catholics, from 1790 onwards, to obtain justice, and who were not unworthy of their honoured parent. Thomas, the son of Charles, the younger of these, became one of the United Irish leaders; but he was shocked by the horrors of 1798, and he found a home in the great republic of the West. He was a man of letters of some note; but he is chiefly remembered as the brother of Charles, one of the shining lights of the American bar, who illustrated the Irish genius for law, through a splendid career but recently closed. Denis, the eldest son of Charles of Belanagare, had a son, Owen, in his hot youth an intimate friend of Wolfe Tone; but, as years advanced he became a leading follower of O'Connell, in the constitutional movement, which won for Catholic Ireland, in 1829, a share in the rights of a free country. Before this time, the chief honor of the house had passed to him, on the extinction of the line of Hugh of Castlereagh, in 1820; and the dignity has devolved on the compiler of this work. His son, and his grandson, The O'Connor Don of this day, succeeded him in the representation of the County Roscommon; and the reverence felt for the old princely name, has been fully extended to his descendants, beloved by the peasantry as kindly lords of the soil. The present head of the O'Connors of Connaught is a distinguished gentleman of large possessions; the family has been, in part, restored by him; and his social position and worth has received some acknowledgment, for he has long being a member of the Irish Privy Council. Yet the

O'Connor Don is a mere Esquire ; the undoubted descendant of the native Kings of Connaught yields place to the ennobled offspring of Cromwellian privates, and while honors have been lavished on the sons of those, who followed the Pretenders of 1715 and of 1745, one of the most illustrious names of Irish history is not found in the ranks of the peerage.

We do not find much in this volume about the lesser families of The O'Conors of Connaught. The line of O'Connor Roe, a rival of The O'Connor Don, has disappeared from the ranks of the gentry, and cannot be traced beyond the eighteenth century. The O'Conors of Sligo were a house of renown ; but they were nearly destroyed in the Cromwellian wars ; a descendant of the chief, however, bears an honourable name, in our day, in the commerce of Sligo, another example how the uprooted oak flourishes. The O'Connor Don, I have said, has confined his researches to the fortunes to the O'Conors of Connaught ; but a word should be said of other branches of a tree perhaps the most far-spreading in Irish annals. The family had many scions in Cork ; and Arthur O'Connor, of this stock, was a well-known rebel of 1798, and won honor, in exile, under Napoleon's eagles. A powerful tribe of O'Connors was settled, from the earliest times, in the plain lands of Kerry ; its descendants abound among the Listowel peasantry ; but the chiefs have fallen from their old estate, though the tract of Iraghticonnor, still attests their rule. The great House of O'Connor of Offaly, is, however, perhaps the best known of the name, though its princes never attained the rank of sovereigns. The tribe lands of this clan, before the Norman conquest, almost reached Dublin, and stretched back to the Shannon ; but they were encroached upon by Kildare Geraldines, and one of their titles to this day is Earl of Offaly. Though on the verge of the Pale, the chiefs long held their own, protected by the huge morass of Allen, by the broad Slieveblooms, and by the lakes of Westmeath ; they mingled their blood with noble Norman houses, and built castles and monasteries like their Connaught kinsmen ; and in the decay of English power, in the fifteenth century, their foraying kerne often reached the capital. Brian, the chief of the tribe, was offered high honors by Henry VIII., true to his wise policy ; but he joined in the rising of the young Earl of Kildare, his brother-in-law, and a loyal friend ; and the house was thenceforward marked out for destruction.

The blow fell in the days of Mary Tudor, ; the O'Connors of

Offaly were slaughtered and harried with a barbarity famous even in that age ; and their territories, named the King's and Queen's Counties, were peopled by hundreds of Anglo-Saxon colonists. Before this event, however, Lady Mary O'Connor, the widow of Brian, and perhaps the sister of the fair Geraldine of Surrey's verse, had taken the last scion of the fallen House of Kildare, and had reared the child in the wilds of Offaly ; and, happily, the noble line of the ducal House of Leinster has grown out of this tender sapling. The O'Connors of Offaly rapidly declined : one, an exile, was one of Sidonia's captains, and perished in the ruin of the great Armada ; but the Condes of Ofelia are still known in Spain, and there was a captain-general of the name in the eighteenth century. Another of the race made a desperate struggle to expel the spoilers from the lands of the tribe, as late as the day of Hugh O'Neill ; but no member of the house held the rank of prince, even in the Irish chronicles, after this period. There is a tradition that an O'Connor of Offaly crossed swords with Ireton, not without success ; and John, said to have been a descendant of Brian, sat for Philipstown in Tyrconnell's Parliament, and was slain, it is supposed, at Aghrim. His son, Maurice, conformed to the dominant faith, attained some eminence at the English Bar, and having risen out of penury to well-earned riches, regained a fragment of the old O'Connor lands, held honorably in trust by a Protestant family. The grandson of Maurice bore the same name, and is not forgotten in the King's County ; his strong sympathy with the native race was seen in the rebellion of 1798, when he saved the lives of many a peasant ; and he was one of the few of the ascendant caste who boldly upheld the claims of Catholic Ireland. A scroll on the roof of the house he built records his title to rank among the Offaly Princes, and the reverence still felt for his memory by the old has proved a spell to protect his grandson during the late agrarian disorders of Ireland. The most distinguished names of the house, however, are to be found in the descendants of Bald Owen, Mal Owen O'Connor, in English phrase Malone. These, too, became Protestants in the last century ; they showed the Irish aptitude for law ; and they gave several judges to the bench of Ireland. The editor of Shakspeare was, also, one of the house ; but its most illustrious ornament was beyond dispute, Anthony, a worthy probably not known to Englishmen, but compared by Grattan, to the first Pitt and Murray, and one of

the real patriots of the Irish Parliament. Yet Anthony Malone had higher titles of honor; during the evil days of the penal code he was the champion of the Catholics of Westmeath, and held large Catholic estates in a trust, which saved them for their legitimate owners from the cruel fangs of an execrable law.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

A GIRL'S PICTURE.

GOLD crowned art thou with soft unrippled hair,
Pale as the moon, and tall, exceeding fair,
And still when thoughts are still :
Thy curved white arms are softly strong and bare,
As supple as the willow, and thy rare
Long hands show strength and will.

Standing, I see thee 'mid the unmarked crowd,
Silent, thine head upon thy white hand bowed,
Love on thy lips has place ;
Love whose soft light floats o'er thee as a cloud,
Love who scarce dares to look upon thy proud,
Strong, restful, joyless face.

For joy thou art waiting, and thine eyes
Dream the unknown ; all holy enterprise
Seems possible to thee ;
But Love shall claim thee still, and watchful skies
Welcome the flowers that from thee arise—
So read I destiny.

C. G. O'B.

AN EMIGRANT.

AN Irish hill with furze o'erspread,
And soft green patches here and there,
Where browse in lazy luxury
The kine that are my care.

A narrow pathway marks the slope
Where many feet pass to and fro,
To market when the sun is high,
And home when he sinks low.

On Sunday morn the Chapel bell
Sends up its message sweet and clear,
The vapour rising from the vale
Unfolds this scene so dear.

A modest Chapel's white-washed walls,
A village lying still and white,
With glorious mountain slopes behind,
Mist-wreathed, or bathed in light.

And then this hill-path leads me where
My holiest, happiest moments be,
For in that lowly little church
God gives Himself to me.

The floating sunbeams sacred seem,
And songs of birds that thrill the air,
Familiar forms, dear hooded heads,
Bend reverently there.

But I must bid them all farewell,
For many miles of land and sea
Shall in the sad, dim future stretch
Between this hill and me.

Scenes may be fair, and fortune's gifts
May crown or crowd my coming years,
But I shall never see this hill
Save through a mist of tears.

JESSIE TULLOCH.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

In the Ceremonial of the Discalced Carmelite Nuns the rules for reading in the Refectory give minute directions as to how the book read is to be announced, with the name of the author, etc. But they add : "If the book be a translation, the name of the translator need not be given." This is rather hard on the poor translator, whose task, to be well performed, needs many good qualities and much pains. There are translations which display original genius and high literary powers—like the one mentioned in the following paragraph.

* * *

In the *Saturday Review* of July 4, 1891, there is an incidental proof of the importance of a certain Irishman's chief literary achievement. Criticising an article of Mr. Lewis Morris on modern poetry, the writer couples "Achilles of Larissa and Roland of the Breton Marches," as if the *Iliad* and the *Chanson de Roland* were the two supreme epic subjects. Again, denouncing Mr. Morris's opinion that French is the one European tongue in which "poetry is well nigh impossible," the *Saturday Reviewer* says "there is no sense in arguing with critics who regard the speech of the *Song of Roland*, of the *Pastourelles*, of Du Bellay, of Racine, of Chénier and Musset, of Hugo and Gautier, as unpoetical." Here again the catalogue of the glories of French poetry begins with the *Chanson de Roland*, nay, with "The Song of Roland," the version which English literature owes to John O'Hagan. There seems to be no notion of any other attempt being made to do what our Irish Judge did so well. His work is accepted as the fully satisfying and classic translation of the most heroic poem of France. This is a literary distinction of which Ireland may well be proud.

* * *

One of those who were present at the consecration of the youthful and learned Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. Patrick O'Donnell, credited him, in a mild burst of after-dinner eloquence, with the possession of a Donegal name and a Donegal heart. The Donegal heart breaks out in an official document which has fallen by chance into our hands—may it fall into many hands that have facilities for drawing ample cheques on the bank ! For the document in question is nothing else than an appeal to generous Christians everywhere, and especially to the Celtic race, to help in building a cathedral at Letterkenny worthy of the ancient diocese of Raphoe. The work has already been begun in spite of the hard times, or rather on account of the hard times, in order to give as much employment as possible to the impoverished

people. Dr. O'Donnell dates his appeal most appropriately on the feast of St. Columba, the 9th of June, though the cathedral is to be dedicated to another Donegal Saint, Adamnan—of whom, by the way a most satisfactory sketch may be found where it would hardly be looked for, in the first volume of the great *Dictionary of National Biography*, appearing in large volumes at intervals of three months or thereabouts under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and henceforth we believe under that of Mr. Sydney Lee. The sketch of St. Adamnan is one of many contributed by our learned historian, Mr. John T. Gilbert, F.R.S., in whose favour a saying of St. Bernard's might with all reverence be modified : all historical research seems to him insipid unless Ireland is mixed up in it.

* * *

Here is the opening of the appeal of the youthful prelate of Donegal. Shall his new cathedral be called St. Eunan's or St. Adamnan's? For the first name is a more euphonious *alias* for Adamnan.

"There was a time when this ancient Diocese had no need of aid from beyond its borders to build either chapel or cathedral. During the first centuries of Christianity in Ireland, the kinsmen of St. Columba vied with one another in erecting and endowing churches, schools, and monasteries of his order in our northern land. They were as holy in the cloisters and learned in the halls of Erin as they were brave on her battlefields, and not a parish in green Tyrconnell but had its house of the Columbian Institute built, dowered, thronged, and manned by the noble relatives of Gartan's Saint, their connections and allies. He was the central figure in a galaxy of sainted men, and wherever he went his devoted Clan-Connell followed with all the resources at their command. They built Raphoe for him ; they endowed Derry for him ; and they sent out not only his twelve companions of the original foundation, but almost every abbot who came after him in Iona during the period of its greatest fame, including our own glorious Adamnan (Eunan), who was the ninth in the abbatial succession. The abbots of Hy, the Four Masters of Donegal, Marianus Scotus of Tyrhugh, and Colgan of Inishowen, have merited to become the common property of the Gael.

* * *

"Like the rest of their countrymen, the Catholics of Donegal have ever scorned to pay the part of persecutors themselves. But they were among the very last in Ireland to give up the fight for the independence of their native land and the freedom of religion, and consequently they suffered the most, and are to-day among the poorest

of the Irish people. Even after the flight of the Earls their hearts did not quail. Every man capable of bearing arms in the county joined the standard of Owen Roe O'Neill. They fought under him at Benburb; they helped his illustrious nephew to foil Cromwell before gallant Clonmel, and defend heroic Limerick against Ireton; and they largely composed the remnant of Owen Roe's army, under Bishop Heber M'Mahon, that was cut to pieces within two miles of Letterkenny. Since that fatal day, the 31st of June, 1650, when Scariff Hollis was fought against fearful odds and lost despite unflinching bravery, hard has been the fate of the Donegal Irish. Yet, without land worthy of the name, without liberty, without position, they have held on, and are to-day a power abroad, and determined not to yield another inch at home."

* * *

We have already omitted two eloquent paragraphs; and out of all that remains we can give only three sentences that are embalmed by many saintly names.

* * *

"In St. Adamnan's new Cathedral we shall have a chapel to the 'Dove of the Churches,' whose birthplace lies only eight miles from Letterkenny, and whose victory-compelling 'Psalter' our forefathers guarded in battle not less bravely than the Israelites of a former age fought around the Arc of the Covenant. Nor must we fail to commemorate on slabs of native marble St. Ernan of Drimhome, St. Fiachry of Conwall, St. Naile of Inver, and St. Finian of Cloghaneely, St. Mura of Fahan and St. Maelisa of Clonmany, St. Cairneach of Clonleigh and St. Dabeoc of Lough Derg, St. Carthach of Kilcar and St. Baithen of the Lagan, St. Asicus of Rathcoon and St. Connell of Inniskeel. And how could we omit from our mural martyrology the names of Assaroe and Donegal, Killybegs and Rathmullan, Sean-Gleann and Tory, Kilbaron and Kilodonnell, Templecrone and Kilmacrenan?"

* * *

The Catholic News, an excellent journal published at Preston—and that epithet is not suggested by gratitude for kindly criticism of "the most readable of Catholic Magazines"—corrects a blunder in our August Number, to which a friend had called our attention. "The Editor winds up with some characteristic notes on new books, and pigeonhole paragraphs. In the latter, by the way, he is guilty of an unusual lapse from accuracy. He speaks of 'a line which occurs somewhere in the Biglow papers'—

'The subsequent proceedings interested him no more.'

The *him* referred to was, I think, taking part in an election meeting in the Land of Freedom, and was doubled up by a brickbat flung by an enthusiastic opponent." Readers of Bret Harte will remember that the line occurs in Truthful James' narrative of the

"————— row
That broke up our Society upon the Stánians."

Quoting from memory, we believe the verse in which the line comes runs as follows:—

"Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

* * *

The Catholic wife of Sir Richard Burton was offered six thousand guineas for the right of publishing "The Scented Garden," translated from the Arabic during the last years of her husband's life, and expressly intended by him as a provision for her after his death. His death occurred somewhat suddenly. Lady Burton, examining his manuscripts, found that "The Scented Garden" was on a subject which only a few readers would discuss from a scientific point of view (like the translator himself) while the majority of its readers could only turn it to their own harm; and she said "what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write when living, he would see very differently to what the poor soul would see standing before its God, with its good or evil deeds alone to answer for, and their consequences visible to it for the first moment, rolling on to the end of time. No, not for six millions of guineas * will I risk it. Sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, I burnt sheet after sheet until the whole of the volume was consumed."

* * *

I have never seen, in any list of literary coincidences, a reference to Virgil's *vitam pro laude pacisci*, and Byron's "barter breath for fame." The former occurs in the 230th line of the fifth book of the Aeneid, and the latter in the 44th line of the first canto of Childe Harold.

* * *

How can Cardinal Manning find time to read so many new books and to write such kind letters about some of them? Here is his opinion about a little book lately noticed in our pages.

"Archbishop's House, Westminster,

"London, S.W., August 1, 1891.

"DEAR MR. O'BRIEN—I can in no way excuse my long delay in thanking you for your very acceptable 'Birthday Book of the Sacred Heart.' I cannot even

* Six thousand guineas had been offered for the copyright.

plead forgetfulness, for I have kept it and your letter always in sight. But I can truly say that my time is not my own, and that as I grow older I fall further into arrears.

"Let me thank you now. I hope it will spread the devotion which, to me, after the Holy Trinity, is sovereign.

"On the 16th July you have some words of mine—the 16th is my birthday.

"May our Lord fulfil to you all the promises of the Sacred Heart. Believe me always, yours faithfully,

"✱ HENRY E., Card. Archbishop."

* * *

The sixth number of "The College Chronicle," which is issued by St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, bears date June, 1891, and appears to us to be one of the best specimens of that peculiar branch of periodical literature that we have seen. The readers for whom it is specially intended will fasten on other articles; but for outsiders the most interesting item is an unpublished letter of Cardinal Newman's. One of the Castleknock staff ventured to consult him on matters which will be sufficiently indicated by his reply:—

"The Oratory, March 29, 1876.

"DEAR SIR—I would gladly answer your questions were it in my power, but I know very little of works on education, and so far cannot answer them at all.

"And, let me say, you must not take it for granted that all the good things in the *University Gazette* are my writing, though I feel the compliment you pay me thereby. Even in what is my own, I owe much to the traditions of Oxford, and especially of Oriel College. I have said this in various places of my *University Discourses*. "The getting up of books" is not my writing.

"Your own remarks seem to me especially good, and I think there is not one of them which I do not concur in. Your experience of the difficulties and needs of boy-students is just my own. Many of them are a long time before they see what is meant by the elementary rules of grammar, *e.g.*, of the concords, and how to apply them. And mere *attention* before going on to *accuracy*, is what most boys are naturally deficient in.

"Mathematics form an important discipline for the mind, and your way of making it so is quite the right one—but the necessity of making it directly useful as an instrument for various practical pursuits, is almost incompatible with the object which is the higher. Algebra and the differential method to which it leads, soon become a system of mechanical processes, in contrast with Geometry. The late Dr. Whewell said that Geometry was like travelling outside a coach—you saw the country; while the analytical method was like the inside—you got to the end of your journey, but you didn't know how.

"You speak of yourself as enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is a good principle. Nothing is done without it—but you should be on your guard against its becoming *impatience*. Your duty is not to attempt too much—not to bring too forward your method and your principles—but quietly to go on *acting* upon them. Be sure they will tell upon the long run. Nothing more occurs to me to say.—Very truly yours,

* * *

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

The author of "Bootle's Baby," who calls herself John Strange Winter, has lately begun a magazine of her own, called *Golden Gates*. Some youthful literary aspirants may take a hint from the following answer to one of her correspondents.

* * *

"How many times must I tell my correspondents that the market is not overstocked with *good* stuff—good stuff can always find a market, though possibly not at the very first try. But believe me, you make an awful mistake in telling me (or any other editor) why you wish to write—because you hate teaching, and you'd love the work, and so on. It does not matter in the least why you want to write, and on the whole it is a positive drawback to you that an editor should know the reason. It is better that editors should assume that you write because you are chock-full of natural genius—if you are clever and business-like, they will probably think that. If you are not clever with your pen, your editors will soon convince you thereof. But in a literary sense it is positively criminal to suggest that MSS. should be taken for any other reason than actual merit. Of course, I know you did not actually suggest that—yet you went on very near to it, and so many, very many others have written me tales of woe and insisted that I must use their work because of their woes; but I must take this opportunity of answering them as well as you. The very best way to do is to write your story, or article, or poem, or what not, and write it several times till you feel it is polished enough to send out to the world, then choose the magazine or journal which you think it would be likely to suit, and send it, very neatly done up, with a civil note to the editor: 'Dear sir—I have sent a short MS. for your perusal, which I hope you will find suitable for the pages of so and so (naming magazine). I enclose stamped and addressed envelope for its return, if necessary.—J. N.' About a letter purely business-like and civil there is nothing to irritate an overworked man, which most editors are. He starts fair if he does glance at the story. But to pour out your heart to a hard, tired, overstrained man or woman (there are a few women in the editorial ranks) is to do yourself real harm. Your ordinary editor does not know or want to know whether you like scribbling better than teaching; he probably thinks, 'Oh! hang this girl, I wish she had my work to do for six months,' or something like that. Believe me, you cannot be too absolutely cut and dried in dealing with business people. An editor gets to love a contributor who doesn't want to talk, either in the flesh or on paper. I once said to an editor, speaking of the sub-editress, 'Miss B—— must be a clever woman!' 'Not at all,' he replied. 'She's better than clever—she's reliable.' Then, again, never ask an editor for an opinion—after all he can only give you one

man's opinion, if he gives you a true one, which is *very* unlikely. I know this much. I wrote 'Bootle's Baby' for a certain editor, who was also an author of note. He said it was pretty, but hadn't any backbone. I tried several others and finally threw it aside as useless, and in the end it came out in the *Graphic*, which has one of the biggest and most fastidious publics in the world, and made for me a place better (I flatter myself) than that of the first man who condemned it. So much for the value of an opinion! He was very kind to me, and I am sure he really thought what he said; but his judgment was at fault—that was all. And now, having scolded you a little, let me say that, from what you tell me of your circumstances, you are just in the very best possible position to take to a literary life—poor enough to have every inducement to work hard; rich enough to take time to work conscientiously and well. For the rest, as I have said before, you must work out your own salvation."

TO A LADY IN MY GARDEN.

NOT for the luckless buds our roots do bear,
 Now quite in bloom, now seared and cankered lying,
 Will I entreat thee, lest they should compare
 Their dull mortality with our doomed powers.

Hold thou with me thy chaste communion rare
 And touch with life that mortal case of ours;
 This stretches out beyond the scope of dying,
 That dies as bounded things die everywhere.

This, voiced companionship; that, silence lonely.
 This stuff, that void; this living, that decay.
 One falls, I think, to night and ending only;
 One lifts, I know, to never-ending day.

And, knowing this, not of myself but thee,
 In narrow room of rhyme I've fixed it certainly.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. By far the most sumptuous volumes that this season, or indeed any other season, has brought to us, are consecrated to the honour of a father and a son—St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The former was born in 1491, and the latter died in 1591, so that the tercentary of St. Aloysius's happy death coincides with the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Ignatius. Part of the special homage paid to them has been the publication of very elaborate and richly illustrated biographies. "St. Ignatius and the Early Jesuits," by Stewart Rose, an admirable and deeply interesting account of the Founder of the Society of Jesus, has been revised with scrupulous care and enriched with additions from the recently published collections of the Saint's letters, together with valuable matter which has become available since the first appearance of Mr. Rose's work. This magnificent quarto is furthermore thickly embellished with illustrations which really illustrate the text—authentic portraits, plans of various towns, and pictures of various buildings, such as they were in the time when St. Ignatius was in various ways connected with them: for "it has been the wish of the author to reproduce, as far as possible, the surroundings of the story as they were in the days of the Saint." In the appendix (which ought perhaps to have got some other name) the authorities are given for some 140 of these pictures of places and persons, many of them full-page illustrations. May God reward the filial piety which has paid this splendid tribute to a great Saint. The volume has been produced on so splendid a scale that one is astonished to learn that its price is only fifteen shillings.

2. With still greater elegance has been brought out "The Life of St. Aloysius," on which the Benziger Firm of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, and of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago in the United States, have evidently expended all the resources of their establishment in the various departments of printing, engraving, and binding. The agent for these countries is Mr. R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London. The price is twelve shillings and sixpence—a sum which must be multiplied a great many times to meet the outlay on this exquisite volume, not to speak of the minute care and research which many have combined to bestow upon it, particularly Father Frederick Schroeder, S.J., and Father Francis Goldie, S.J. The latter, with the aid of many kind friends, has made a new translation of the classical *Life* by Father Virgil Cepari, using all the annotations with which the German industry and perseverance of Father Schroeder, have illustrated each minute point in the narrative. The hundred pages of notes, in type too diminutive for those who are a good deal older than St. Aloysius, must represent years of study and research. Very beautifully executed pictures of the principal persons and places associated with our amiable Saint are scattered thickly through the pages, together with autographs of many signatures and interesting documents. Altogether this is a work of exceptional interest and value in its own department of literature, a striking memorial of love

and devotion which might bear on its titlepage the motto placed on that of the kindred work with which we have linked it—*parvum ingentis pignus reverentiae*.

3. We had no idea that any book "printed by Eyre and Spottiswood, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, and presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty," could be so cheap or so entertaining as "The Manuscripts and Correspondence of James, first Earl of Charlemont." The first volume has just been issued, embracing the correspondence and documents between the years 1745 and 1783, and 460 clearly though compactly printed pages are given unbound for just one penny less than two shillings. Even if the price had been fixed at the full florin, we should have had wonderful value for our money. This is one of the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and, if it be an average sample, the series must be an inexhaustible mine for future workers in various departments of literature. The editing is of that thoroughly perfect kind that the student of Irish history has learned to expect from the scholar whose name does not appear on the titlepage, but is attached to the introduction—Mr. John T. Gilbert. Lord Charlemont's Memoirs of his Political Life occupy 170 pages, and are followed by some three hundred letters, many of them of great interest and importance. The necessary annotations, though sternly compressed, are very satisfactory; and an admirable index, consisting of thirty columns, chiefly of proper names, helps us to find out readily the passages to which we may wish to return.

4. A very handsome volume of 484 pages contains "The Letters of the late Father George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay," (London: Burns and Oates). If he had remained in England, we should never have had such a memorial of an able, strong-minded, and holy man; but during his sojourn in Italy and his brief Indian episcopate, he seems to have devoted himself with unexpected success to the apostleship of letter-writing. Many souls will find useful instruction and consolation in the advices Father Porter (for such he remains still to us) gives to his various correspondents. By the way, might not these be distinguished a little better, if not by their names (though that is surely possible in some cases) at least by initials or by arbitrary letters, or by some indication of the position of the person addressed? The last indeed is done pretty often. It seems to us that some such information would add to the interest and utility of the correspondence. We have not read the entire volume, but we suspect there may be a good many judicious omissions in a second edition, besides sundry corrections, such as that "Archbishop Regan" who has been invented expressly for this occasion. A few biographical particulars might be added, beginning with the date and place of George Porter's birth. Seven shillings and sixpence is the price of this finely printed volume, the get-up of which we prefer to that of the more ornamental Life of St. Aloysius, on which we have just bestowed our due meed of admiration. Some of the appreciations of books which occur in these private and perfectly unaffected letters are very sensible and will be found useful by many.

5. Lady Martin has translated from the French an account of the Abbey of Lerins (London: Burns and Oates). The motto on the title-

page indicates that her piety has looked more directly to the pious league described in the closing pages, than to the historical vicissitudes of this famous sanctuary. The Dominican Fathers have begun, at New York, the publication of a new religious magazine called *The Rosary* (New York, 45 Warren Street). Numbers 3 and 4 for July and August lie before us, full of articles not only edifying but entertaining, and many of them of considerable literary merit. Dr. M. F. Egan's story, "A Marriage of Reason," promises well; and Miss Katharine Tynan's "Lucky Penny," is very winningly written, with many pathetic little touches. Perhaps, however, this is not its first appearance. Another hearty word of praise for *The Illustrated Catholic Missions* (19 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London). How so many well-engraved pictures and so many interesting papers can be given for three pence, puzzles us. A friend of a convent could hardly think of any better gift of the kind than to pay for it the annual subscription of three shillings.

6. As the publishers have sent them to us, we must call the attention of some of our readers to two or three books which concern priests only. Besides a further instalment of the reprint of Elbel's *Theologia Moralis* (Paderborn, Schroeder; Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son) we have an exquisite edition of the *Pontificale Romanum*, from the great ecclesiastical press of Frederick Pustet, of Ratisbon; and also from the same Publisher *Explanatio Critica Editionis Breviarii Romani*, by a Redemptorist Father, George Scholber. This last work is marked by German thoroughness and method.

7. Mr. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster Square, London, has brought out with the daintiest perfection of paper, type and binding, "An Irish Wild-flower, etc," by Mrs. Sarah M. B. Piatt. This slight volume is for all its slightness worthy of the gifted woman whom we would fain call an American Irishwoman—an American indeed, but sojourning in Ireland, and full of kindly Irish sympathies, as this book very touchingly testifies. As the fastidious critic of *The Athenaeum* says, "there is no need at this time of day to assert Mrs. Piatt's claim to recognition on our side of the Atlantic—has not her genius been honored by a hundred pens?" The latest of these pens is wielded by a lady with the very American name of Nettie Leila Michel, who prefaces with a short biographical note a score of admirable specimens of Mrs. Piatt's muse, in the new quarterly part of the large "Magazine of Poetry" published at Buffalo. In these poems, and also in the newest poems in the volume before us, it is easy to discern what the English critic just quoted ascribes to her—"the feminine insight, the fortunate tact in thought and phrase that gives her verses their unique and incommunicable charm." Each little poem—for she is fond of condensing her thought into eight lines—has a soul in it. As an interpreter of child-nature, she excels; and her Irish pieces especially thrill you sometimes with sudden touches of a wistful, half playful pathos.

ERRATUM.

In the article on the O'Conors of Connaught, page 490, line 22. for *brother* read *father*.

OCTOBER, 1891.

AT KILLARNEY.

THE tourist season has brought the usual number of visitors to Ireland, and when the train from Dublin carries the travellers to the terminus among the trees right opposite one of the best hotels in Killarney, he finds the broad steps covered with figures in travelling coats and capes; ladies with curious little cloth caps on their heads; men in deer-stalking costume; a few children half-dazed with fatigue, and half-excited with their first experience of travel. It is evening, and cars and waggonettes wheel into the gravelled space in front of the hotel and its gardens, laden with hungry excursionists who have spent the day in gloom and shine between the hills or on the lake, filling their minds with pictures not easily effaced, and their ears with never-to-be-forgotten echoes. At present they are extremely hungry, and think more about dinner than scenery. As you stand at the open window of your bright bedroom, you see glimpses of deep purple mountain walls between the waving of vividly green trees. Yonder lies the fairy-land "from Dinas' green isle to Glenna's wooded shore," and from the Gap of Dunloe to Innisfallen, which beguiles plodding feet out of the common road of life and holds them spell-bound for awhile by woodpaths and water-ways, full of an indescribable and irresistible enchantment. The clear chimes of the Angelus drop lightly down from a neighbouring belfry, and presently a ringing and martial bugle-call pierces the upper air. All sights and sounds—even the luxurious arrangements of the crowded hotel—would persuade one of foreign surroundings, and the mere Irish person could scarcely believe himself in Ireland only for the homely fragrance of the burning turf which hangs in the moist atmosphere,

and leads him to peer among the trees for ruder roofs and gables than meet the eyes in a continental hill-country.

The town is just at hand, and a walk through its streets soon convinces us of the fact that we are nowhere but in the very heart of Erin's Isle. There are worse towns in Ireland than Killarney, yet it is far from being as clean or as neat as it ought to be. This is the evening of the market day, and the streets are filled with country people. One looks about for pretty faces, and a few can be just guessed at; but the large blue cloak or less graceful shawl is so folded about the head that mouth and chin are almost hidden. Sometimes the nose is done away with, and even the eyes can scarcely be sought for without impertinence on the part of the seeker. A young woman comes smiling down the street leading a donkey by the head. The donkey draws a cart, and on the cart are various stores and provisions, bound for the plenishing of some little brown-thatched home in the stream-watered country over yonder, among the violets of the hills. The mists and shades of evening gather about the turf smoke, and light springs up in the Franciscan church, which is but a three minutes' walk from the hotel. Here are faith, and prayer, and peace; God at home in His own house, with His children about His knees. As one sees the brown-robed figure of the Franciscan, in cord and sandals and shaven crown, pass down the church to minister to the wants of the poor, one remembers gratefully the centuries-old devotion of this most blessed Order to the suffering Irish in their darkest and dimmest need. As St. Francis preached to the birds, so do these, his followers, care for the lowliest, and simplest, and most helpless of God's creatures who come across their path. In the morning early you find them at work again, leading poor souls; and if you are eager to be a poor soul for God's sake, you will meet with no better sanctuary on your way than this—a sanctuary in which to catch a little of the light and fire that descend on an Irish altar with the morning sunshine. If your heart should be carrying with it by road and rail a care or a sorrow heavier than the luggage in the van of the train or well of the 'car, you can unload and ease it here as well as anywhere this side of heaven; if you have anxious prayers to offer or blessings to despatch for the dead or the living, near or far, nowhere will you feel more secure of answering mercy, or swift and willing messengers. Should you, however, be only a curious traveller from beyond seas in search of

splendid old-world churches, you will not find much to stare at in the church of the Franciscans at Killarney. The cathedral at the other end of the town is a finer specimen of the best ecclesiastical architecture we possess. It is Gothic; the interior noble and simple, though too cold and undecorated. Some will think the exterior too massive and heavy—too like the unpierced rock of nature's providing; the door is so low and small as almost to repel one from entering, suggesting the effort of creeping into subterranean regions, or within the recesses of a mausoleum. This is, of course, a matter of fancy, and, beyond all doubt, Killarney has a right to be proud of its cathedral.

Near this pulpit one may hear the more serious order of ancient countrywomen—sitting in a weird, hooded row just under the preacher—make audible remarks on the matter of the sermon as it progresses, cheering his reverence by their quick understanding or warm approval of his sentiments, expressing horror and dismay at the wickedness that incenses him, and groaning with delight at the wisdom of the counsel he bestows on them. It may have been here that on the occasion, growing too rare, of the preaching of a sermon in Irish, sundry old ladies, in hooded cloaks, on hearing the sound of the dear, familiar tongue, at once descended from their prim benches and seated themselves on the floor, beginning to hug and rock themselves in anticipation of a real treat, which they were resolved to enjoy unrestrainedly after the manner of their mothers and grandmothers. Without doubt, however, the Franciscans' is the more popular church; whether on the principle that a smaller and more homely church is often found more devotional by people in general than a vast building, or merely because the Franciscans have been from all time the chosen fathers of the Irish poor, I do not know.

Your few days at Killarney will know a good deal of variety. Probably you will shoot the rapids in a burst of sunshine, and be driven across the Lower Lake before a bewildering squall which will threaten to wreck you on Innisfallen, but lands you there safely. Having explored the fairy island and rejoiced in the return of good weather, you will find your squall waiting for you with your boat, ready to hurl you across to Ross Castle, chased by a swarm of white-mouthed waves which seem as eager to swallow you as though Lough Lene were a little Atlantic. Looking back upon your peril, you will see wooded Glens smiling at you radiantly

under a coronal of golden clouds, and making believe to be as innocent of the existence of tempests as was the Garden of Eden. When you reach the Eagles' Nest, you will think of Tennyson's

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying!

and when the breast of the great rock begins to play like an organ, sending forth solemn and reverberating replies to the thrill challenge of the bugle-man, you will get a surprise, not having correctly imagined the sort of thing that takes place. The music plays and stops, and begins again when you think it is all over, and is as hard to silence as the pain in a human heart that has once been set quivering by a careless or impertinent home-thrust. You cannot but think that this deep heart of rock is full of feeling impossible to fathom, and that it is a dangerous delight to meddle with it. When the last wild, sweet cry has died in your ears, when the last most musical moan has been smothered, and rapture and grief have crooned away into silence, it will seem to you as if you heard the spirit within retreat to its remotest sanctuary to escape further profanation, and you will slide away between the shining waters on either side of the ferny banks and braes with something of remorse mingling with your gratitude, as though for a favour that had been done you at too great a cost.

However often you may have seen Muckcross, you will probably want to visit it again. Here you return on the footsteps of the Franciscans, and no more beautiful monument could be raised to the ancient fealty and devotion of the blessed brotherhood to the people of Ireland than is this romantic and picturesque ruin, standing solitary in the midst of the loveliest scenery of our land. It is approached through an aged avenue of lofty limes and chest-nuts, and its hoary walls rise out of smooth lawns of the most vivid and tender green. Luxuriant shrubs and ferns shelter and drape the tombstones, whose grey mounds and slabs hardly sadden the garden-like beauty of their surroundings. Over in the middle distance lie the fairy lakes, shimmering with silver and gold, and beyond them the purple hills. The ruin of Muckcross consists chiefly of the roofless church with its tombs and carvings, the perfect little cloister, two or three flights of winding stone stair, and two upper chambers, apparently a refectory and dormitory. The cloister is the gem of the whole. The arches are unbroken, and the quiet alleys they enclose are filled with a brooding shadow.

The straight and shaded lanes border strikingly the well of mysterious light in their midst, light filtered down through the spreading boughs of the wonderful old tree whose boughs form a sort of roof to the once open court, and are found weaving their draperies even across the floor of the refectory above. The stem of this tree, which rises to the height of the cloister wall before the branches break its twisted column, has the most curiously beautiful colouring—a rich mossy green, intertwined with purple tinged with red, approaching at the lightest point to rose-tint. The ground beneath is thick-sown with reddish and purple seeds which fall from the network of spreading branches overhead, and form a carpet one almost fears to tread upon—smooth, delicate, sumptuous. The place is so still, the arched lanes are so solemn and dark, the little court is so rarely roofed and lighted, one holds one's breath as in a spot unaccountably sacred and with a character quite unique, claiming a place in one's memory distinct and aloof from all confusing recollections.

The drive from Killarney to Glengariff is through what may be called the most beautiful bit of Ireland. I do not think you could drive for eight or nine hours through any part of this country and meet with such a continuation of absolute loveliness made up of mountain and valley, lake and river and scattered woodland. The mingled tenderness and sternness of expression which is one great charm of Irish scenery is nowhere more impressive than here, and, for coloring, the grave greys and violets, the solemn purples deepening to black, of the mountains, the fantastic moorland fringes of orange and tawny brown, the sprightly greens of the fields and pastures that bring their golden iris and star daisies to your feet at the roadside—all these have peculiar force, brilliance, softness, in the clear and luminous atmosphere under southern Irish skies. At the end of your day's travel, made satisfactorily in a vehicle constructed successfully for the purpose of enabling you to enjoy the scenery with comfort, you will not be disappointed in the hotel that awaits you at the end of your drive. Indeed there are two excellent hotels. Roche's Hotel is situated high above the miniature bay, and commands a view of the mountains at the back of Glengariff, but Eccles' Hotel is perhaps the favorite, a good deal because the old fashioned house is so pretty in itself, covered with flowers, fenced by hedges of fuchsia, and standing close by the water where the little boats come and go at the land-

ing stage. It has a good library for rainy days, a pretty drawing-room, a dining-room well hung with pictures, among which various "old Masters" are cleverly suggested, if not fairly represented. The long tables are well lined with tourists, chiefly American, who generally spend one night only in Glengariff, arriving for dinner and departing next day. After dinner every one turns out of doors, the little boats glide along the star-lit bay, and groups of people loiter about the water's edge and stroll up and down the fuchsia-edged roads till bed-time. Many days may, however, be delightfully spent at Glengariff, which is a charming place of sojourn for those who have money and inclination for a lengthened spell of lotus-eating.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

LADY KATHLEEN.

FAIR Lady Kathleen in her tower
 Bowed her head like a wounded flower;
 Wept she the weary night away:
 "Here I spin for a night and a day,
 But 'tis for love's sweet sake," she said,
 "My heart must break and I were dead.
 The nettle I've pulled when the moon was bright
 And brought it home in the dark of night—
 I've trod it soft 'neath my naked feet
 To make a cloak for thy rescue, Sweet!"
 The Lady Kathleen wept full sore:
 "Oh, misery mine for a year and more!"
 Day after day, and a promised spring
 Bloomed into a summer of blossoming.
 A thrush was carolling mad with glee
 On the topmost bough of the elm tree;
 He sang to fair Kathleen in her tower,
 But the maiden heeded nor bird nor flower.
 The daisies white and the sweet wild rose
 Clad mead and hedge in their summer snows.
 Fair Lady Kathleen wept away:
 "Oh, misery mine for a year and a day!"
 A ghostly moon in a steel cold sky,
 A dance of leaves by the wind swept by,

Like the mirthless rushing of phantom feet.
But the Lady Kathleen murmured: "Sweet!
Love keeps a woman's summer young."
She sped without fear in the awe of night,
Though the shuddering shadows would stay her flight
With the thought of a horror unknown,
Or a streamlet would laugh 'neath the hedge unshown;
But Lady Kathleen wept no more:
"Oh, joy is mine, for my trial's o'er!"

To the white thorn tree on the fairy path
The Lady Kathleen quick took her path,
Till she stood in the midst of the elfin host,
Like a lily pale or a fair white ghost.
Loud the fairies laughed in their mad retreat,
As she found her love with a whispered, "Sweet!
It were no sorrow to lose for you
Youth's golden days or weep long nights through."
But he said: "my love she had golden hair—
Her hands, her feet, they were lily-fair:
So *you* can never be love of mine."

"O Love!" she cried, "if I am not thine,
My hands grew hard as they wove for thee
The magic cloak that hath set thee free.
My face grew sad, and my hair grew white
In the silent horror of many a night.
And what shall I now that hope's beacon-glow
Is quenched, and my heart sinks with gloom and woe?
Thy love," she cried, "be she lily-fair
As the fruit-tree's bloom that may never bear,
Thou hungeredst—to fruit the blossom came:
Thus youth was lost and thus beauty slain.
Thy Sweet was fair as the page unwrit
Till Love's strong hand traced his name on it.
Then, O my dear, if thou canst not see
This sorrow cometh from love of thee,
Be blind awhile with a rising tear,
And thou wilt find that thy love is here."
But ah! for woman whose heart is strong
To weary never and love too long;
And what is life to a heart denied?
Fair Lady Kathleen drooped and died.

DORA SIGERSON.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

SOME SCRAPS FROM HER LIFE AND HER LETTERS.

SINCE her death, six months ago, the name of Rose Kavanagh has appeared in these pages almost every month. Three of our poets have paid tribute to her memory, one of them twice over ; and a gifted Irish priest has given some touching reminiscences of her, calling her by her quaint *nom de plume* of "Uncle Remus." To many of our readers her name was unknown ; and, changing the pronoun in a well-known Scripture text, they were doubtless inclined to ask : "Who is she, and we will praise her ?" She was a young Irishwoman, who in her short life found or made opportunities of showing that she possessed a beautiful nature and many gifts, by which she won the deep regard and admiration of all who had the privilege of her friendship.

Rose Kavanagh was born at Killadroy, in County Tyrone, on the 24th of June, 1860. The year is fixed by the second letter that we are about to quote. Through her mother she was related to Archbishop Hughes of New York, whose birthplace, Errigle Kieran, lies not far from Mullaghmore, which was afterwards her home. Carleton was born not far away, and both he and she have sung the praises of Knockmany, which rises to the west.

Rose was passionately fond of books from the earliest year that it was possible for a bright child to read them. She was educated at the Loretto Convent, Omagh. Her twentieth year found her studying in the Metropolitan School of Art : for her first aspiration was to be a painter. She gradually, however, transferred her allegiance from Art to Literature, like Thackeray and many another ; and she soon became a contributor, and even a paid contributor, to several journals and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. One long story and innumerable short stories, many essays and a few poems, constitute her contribution to Irish literature. For the last three or four years of her life any exertions that her failing health allowed her to make were devoted to the superintendence of the Children's Department of *The Irish Fireside*, in which she (and not any white-headed old gentleman such as her youthful correspondents probably imagined) was the Uncle Remus of the Fireside Club, afterwards transferred to *The Weekly Freeman*.

I think Miss Kavanagh's first offering to *THE IRISH MONTHLY* was prose—a story called “Kevin O'Neill”—and, if so, it was “declined with thanks.” But the thanks were evidently so sincere as to constitute only a semicolon in our correspondence, and by no means a full stop. The earliest letter here before me is dated March 10, 1884, and it can hardly have been even the second, for it begins thus:—

“You were right about its being ‘Oh! Little Head’ that Charles Kickham liked. But he had heard me talking a good deal about the child. When last at home, I made a rough sketch of his face, which I will show you. I had great fun doing it, for I put him on a chair, and the chair on a table; and then he would insist on coming down now and again, and gravely inspecting my work. As a critic is nothing if he does not find fault, he told me, when it was only an outline, that I had made his eye like a trout and his mouth like a worm. He will be six years old next June; and all the golden rings are gone off his head now.

“I want to tell you why I did not keep my written sketches more carefully. The idea of reprinting never occurred to me; besides, they were a source of pain rather than pleasure. True, it was a happiness to write them; and just at the time of writing I could feel my subject thoroughly, and even feel equal to expressing it. But disappointment always came after; I did not see so much worth in them when printed. Along with that, my editors did not see it either; or, if they did, they kept these interesting views to themselves. I think it is very hard to get one's work examined. Now just look what a mere chance your reading my ‘Kevin O'Neill’ was. Probably I could write as well as some people who get along very well; but, then, these are known people.”

Though this letter is dated plainly March 10th, this seems to be a mistake; for there is internal evidence of its being later than the following, which is dated “St. Patrick's Day, 1884”; and we shall see in a moment that my correspondent considered *that* our starting-point.

“I thought it was kind of you to write to me about ‘Kevin O'Neill,’ and I thank you sincerely. The next best thing to seeing oneself in print is, I think, to have the editor discuss one's work.

“Perhaps ‘the day we celebrate,’ or else your kind letter, or perhaps a little of your ‘Erin: Verses Irish and Catholic’—probably all put together—makes me want to tell you about myself. I am a

farmer's daughter from County Tyrone; I shall be twenty-four years old next June; and I was educated in the Loretto Convent, Omagh. To follow my favourite study, drawing and painting, I am in Dublin. I attend the School of Art in Kildare-street; but I write a little, too. There is a story of mine running on in *Young Ireland* at present. But I do not get half enough writing to do—that is the worst of it always, I suppose, with struggling students. . . . If you knew the diocese of Clogher some years ago, perhaps you were acquainted with some of my people. I had two uncles named Cassidy, who were canons of the diocese; and I am sure you know Archbishop Hughes of New York—he was my mother's cousin. But this is worse again than 'Kevin O'Neill.' It was only an episode, and here I am, inflicting both biography and genealogy on you."

I have always felt that our affection for Gerald Griffin—and those who know his life and writings cannot help having a personal regard for him—I think somehow that we feel differently towards him from what we should have felt if his christian name had been John instead of the alliterative Gerald. I seem to have congratulated Rose Kavanagh on her happy combination of names, and to have blamed her for signing some of her magazine articles "R. Kavanagh."

"I think the reason why I did not write my name in full was the fancy that by giving only an initial I might be taken for a man. This, in writing, I thought, would be a fine thing. Though that same name never struck me as being pretty, many another way it struck me! Many a time (in my very young days) it was a source of deep delight and even of consolation to me, to read how constantly my namesakes were up in arms for their country. In a measure, this used to make up for the pain it was to recollect Dermot MacMurrough. But all this was long ago, dear Father Russell. However, I am not at all afraid of your misunderstanding me, and it seems the easiest thing imaginable to say out to you just what crosses my mind."

Even as far back as September 8th, 1884, she writes thus about her health: "I think I would ask you to say a little prayer for me to get better (I am not quite well yet; Bundoran, I think, was not good for my cough), only that on the whole I believe it is better not to want any change in whatever is allotted to one. If you ever do remember me in that way, you might ask for all my sins to be forgiven." But in November she speaks of being "perfectly well

and strong, and my cough clean gone away many a day ago. You must say *Thank God* with me for this." And then she goes on:—

"And so you have been at Keady, only twenty miles away. I wish I could have shown you Knockmany, though, alas! its glory is departing: they are selling the wood off it—some days it looks like a poor old half-plucked hen. It was different in my early days. . . . There is rather an interesting book, which I have just finished, though it makes sad enough reading in places—Mrs. Carlyle's *Letters*. She had not her sorrows to seek, poor little woman! Well, there is one thing, a very common thing, that I do detest—people like Carlyle making a *caoine** over a person that the least little bit of this ill-dated tenderness would have made happy in life. She, too, was very clever, it seems, but so ridiculously anti-Irish. Gavan Duffy appears to have been the only Irishman they could mention with the calmness of reason. Who was Mazzini? I am shamefully ignorant of Italian history—indeed of most history, unless of the victories of Brian and the exploits of my namesake, Art MacMurrough."

The following letter refers to a very touching ballad, "*The Hillside To-day*," which will be found at page 601 of the twelfth yearly volume of this Magazine (1884), and which speaks of "the cornerake's low nest with its brown downy brood." Edward Dowden's fine poem had not yet appeared.

"I notice that Tennyson spells 'corn-crake' so; but his *Princess* is very hard on the poor bird, 'grate her harsh kindred in the grass.' It is not alone that I liked the cornerake; its song used to have a soothing effect on me. So had another very dissimilar thing—to drive very hard through a bog on a frosty moonlight night; and yet another thing which was strongest of all—to think I should some day succeed in literature or art, and get rich enough to go to Italy and sail through Venice in a gondola. But I am not coming much speed on that road, since, instead of being away in London with all my armour on in the struggle for success, it is sitting here in the sunshine I am, nursing my little old cough. Thanks be to God for the same sunshine, however. I believe, if it lasts some time longer, I shall be just as well as ever. Such a good harvest-time has not been for years, they say; nearly all the corn is stacked already, and then it is so dry! What a wonderful stillness there is among the hills in September! After all, September is a lovely month, too. I wish it had a poet as

* Keen. Irish for funeral lamentation.

devoted as Denis Florence MacCarthy was to May. Perhaps you will tell me the meaning of the title 'Underglimpses' in Mr. MacCarthy's book. Does it mean glimpses under the surface of life, or nature, or what? But it must be Nature, I think. I like his 'Irish Emigrant's Mother' greatly—it always brought the tears into my mother's eyes. 'The Foray of Con O'Donnell' always rises in my mind as the Foray of Dan O'Connell. Dublin ought to be pretty hot now, with the asphalt soft and springy under one's feet. I miss the National Library a good bit, but one can't have everything. And here I have my own people, and the sun, and the birds, and such landscape-pictures every day as make little of the best of painting."

As is the case with a great many sketches of more importance, these scraps from the life and letters of Rose Kavanagh suppose the reader to be already somewhat interested in her personality. Without that personal interest our extracts will have less meaning than I hope they will convey to some who will appreciate, for instance, the grateful spirit that could make so exaggerated a return for sympathy and kind words as to write thus on St. Patrick's Day, 1885:—"It was this very day twelvemonths I wrote to you first; so that, even if it were not our national feast, I would be likely to mark it with the whitest of white stones." And then at the end, after wishing me a happy feast, she says: "I will always do that on this day." She kept her promise in 1887 at any rate; for here is a note dated from the office of *The Irish Fireside* on St. Patrick's Day in that year, in which she unwittingly plagiarises from herself, using almost the same words as two years before:—"It was this day three years ago that I wrote to you first. It is marked with a very white stone in my chronicles. But, dear me, how time flies!"

What special need there was for the whitest of chalk at this particular epoch her own kind heart alone could explain. Small thanks for perceiving that certain rhymes which came to me with the shamrocks in March, 1884, in a handwriting rather manly than girlish, were sincere, healthy, and unconventional. In the June number of this Magazine in that year appears "Knockmany," by Rose Kavanagh; and, looking at it now, I am touched at seeing that she mentions the very spot where, by her special choice, she now lies buried—Dunroe. On the 27th of that month she writes from Pembroke Road, Dublin:—

152 Pembroke Road,

June 27th, 1884.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I suppose you know Lough Bray? I was there on Sunday last—we were a party from Dr. Sigerson's—nine or ten in all. We drove through the Scalp and Enniskerry; I suppose you know that too? Well, it was a long, long happy day on Sunday, but I am going to show you some verses I wrote since, and if you think them any good, or suitable for *The Irish Monthly*, I would be glad. Mind now, you may change, reduce, or reject them as you see fit! I never was a good judge of my own poetry, whatever guess I might be able to make at the merits of my prose. However, I saw and felt the things in this little poem, let them be properly expressed or not.

All the pride about Knockmany and about other hills (heathery) and about great bogs in Tyrone, is taken out of me since Sunday. Oh, it was wonderful how wide the horizon became up on those hills, and how one's heart seemed to get wider too; and once I thought it might cure one of bronchitis to come up here and look around, for you really would have to take in many a deep full breath. What an idea of solitude they give one! Davis thought "brown Kippure like a tall Moor" in his *Emmeline Talbot*. I hope we shall go to see Glenismole also, sometime this summer. Well, after all, it is no wonder our poor exiles can never love any other place but Ireland. Often I was thinking what I would do if I had to go away. I am sure I would much rather die.

Yours faithfully,

ROSE KAVANAGH.

The little poem which this note introduced may be found at page 421 of our twelfth volume; but that is so far back in the past that we may reprint it as a sample of her poetry, which Miss Katharine Tynan has described as "that artless Irish poetry which is almost mannered from lack of mannerism, but superadded there is often an exquisite delicacy of expression which Irish poetry as a rule does not possess. Some of her ballads have an open-air sweetness and freedom like her, their maker. One cannot analyse what she wrote, because one's heart is too full of her own beautiful personality."

A little lonely moorland lake,
Its waters brown and cool and deep—
The cliff, the hills behind it make
A picture for my heart to keep.

For rock and heather, wave and strand,
Wore tints I never saw them wear;
The June sunshine was o'er the land—
Before, 'twas never half so fair!

The amber ripples sang all day,
And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin pale spray
That streaked the sober sand with light.

The amber ripples sang their song,
 When suddenly from far o'erhead
 A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng
 Of lovely things about us spread.

Some flowers were there, so near the brink
 Their shadows in the wave were thrown ;
 While mosses, green and grey and pink,
 Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

And, over all, the summer sky
 Shut out the town we left behind ;
 'Twas joy to stand in silence by,
 One bright chain linking mind to mind.

Oh, little lonely mountain spot !
 Your place within my heart will be
 Apart from all Life's busy lot
 A true, sweet, solemn memory.

A letter dated July 1st, 1884, refers to one of the foregoing stanzas. "If that verse seems to make little of my other Junes by contrast, I would rather cut it out than convey such a wrong impression. Many influences that I understood made me enjoy the day keenly ; others that I could not account for did the same. For instance, then and since I felt that, if I live to be an old woman, I will think of it the same way, and this for no actual reason unless the fine day, the hill scenery, and kind friends be reasons. Nature was 'never half so fair,' probably because never before do I remember feeling at the same time so much in harmony with her and the living people around me. Well, after all, I suppose it must remain—it is quite true that it is the best June I have known."

If I live to be an old woman—and she had only half a dozen years to run ! In this same letter she asks to see *Merry England*—with consequences which are alluded to in the following, which may be given in full :—

Mullaghmore, Candlemas Day, 1886.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—I cannot thank you enough for your goodness and kindness in sending me *Vagrant Verses*. Certainly I cannot say how extremely beautiful I think the poems. Even more so than I expected, and I expected much. If I began to go over what I like best, it would take me a long time, for I would not know which to leave out. But I think "Mother and Son," at page 100, "The Heart of Rachel," "Failure," of course, "Perpetual Light," "May Ditty," "Grandmother's Song," "The Builders," "Thither," and "My Saint"—it is in these I take the most pleasure. Since Adelaide Proctor I have liked no pious

poetry half so much as some of these verses. As a rule, I cannot care much for religious poetry. I am glad for your sake, and for Ireland's, and, of course, for the poet's, whom I know to be so good and gifted, that *Vagrant Verses* are so beautiful. The book came to me at the right time. There was a friend in Dublin who had just offered to lend it to me; but I was able to write and save him the trouble.

Of course you will do what you please with "The April Day," and Mr. M.'s letter. I have no doubt whatever but his criticism is absolutely right, though I am blankly ignorant about anapaestics and iambics, etc. But the thing that always strikes me as queer is that no English paper, high or low, could be induced to print a line of mine. With my own countrymen (God bless them!) it is all the other way. For instance, at the other end of the world, Australia, two editors have just written, asking me to supply their weekly Irish correspondence. This, and some other strokes of luck, will leave me able to fight my way, I hope, independent of the London market; and, besides, I shall have the gratification of adding my repeated rejection as another score in the record I keep against Britain.

I will enclose a little sonnet of mine which was published in a Tipperary paper the week before last. I believe they would have accepted it in the *D. U. Review*, but I wanted it to see the light at my poor friend's native place. I don't suppose it is much of a poem, and perhaps an utter rebel against sonnet laws; but it is true as a picture of him, I hope, and I know it is literally true as to his last moments. It was in my own ear he said, "Remember I die thinking of Ireland, loving her the same as ever, and I only wish I could have done more to help." He did not speak any more on earth. We are all very tired of the snow.

Adieu, dear Father Russell.

I am ever affectionately yours,

ROSE KAVANAGH.

I find the foregoing appreciation of Rosa Mulholland's *Vagrant Verses* pinned with three other letters on the same subject. Though they do not concern Rose Kavanagh, the reader will allow me to take advantage of her letter to slip them here stealthily into print, as no other opportunity of doing so might ever turn up. They are from three good and gifted men who were themselves linked together by a warm friendship, to which, on the part of the two laymen, was added the deepest reverence for the third. Cardinal Newman at the beginning of his note refers to a sonnet addressed to him by Father Lewis Drummond, S.J., of St. Boniface, Manitoba, which may be found at page 26 of our sixteenth yearly volume (1866).

Birmingham, June 10th, 1886.

MY DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—Excuse a short letter of thanks, for I write with difficulty, my fingers being now so stiff and weak. My thanks are [due] to your American Father, and to you, for what he has written about me, and you have inserted in your Magazine. It quite frightens me when I read such kind words, and I think that some great penance is coming on me. But I have been spared undeservedly all through my life—so I ought not to anticipate trial.

I am much obliged by Miss Mulholland sending me her poems, and do not wonder that she has become popular. Your uncle anticipated it apparently from the first. Her religious verses are especially good.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The phrase *genus irritabile vatum* would never have been invented or gained currency if poets were at all like the author of *The Legends of St. Patrick*. No lack of warmth or generosity in this unstudied judgment passed on a sister-poet. The writer will, I trust, forgive my rashness in publishing it, for I have not asked leave from the living any more than from the dead.

Curragh Chase, Jan. 15, 1885.

DEAR FATHER RUSSELL—Accept my best thanks for Miss Mulholland's truly beautiful book. The briefest and best way in which I can express my sense of its high merit is that of referring you to your own excellent article on it in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, with every word of which I agree heartily. Your selection of poems is most judicious, I think. I had myself marked in the table of contents those poems which struck me most, but only those beginning at page 94. They were "Shamrocks," "Song," p. 95, "My Treasure," "Kilfenora," and "A Rebuke." I earnestly hope all these beautiful poems may meet the success they deserve; and, if they have to wait long for it, I do not suppose that the authoress will be discouraged. They ought to find readers in the convents as well as in the world, and may do much for "spiritual" poetry if they should there fall into the hands of one who can appreciate them, and has poetic genius. As Miss Mulholland had herself sent me a copy, I thought that the best thing I could do with the one I owed to your kindness was to send it to a young lady who has lately taken the veil in one of the Loretto convents, and who is fond of poetry. I shall take care to recommend the book to all my friends who care for poetry, both when speaking and writing to them. The praise of Dowden and Ruskin* is a high attestation, indeed.

O'Hagan's review of my brother's translations is both beautifully written and most appreciative. It will encourage him to translate more. He is too modest by far, as all Irishmen are, except when they have the opposite fault.

I hope Miss Mulholland in future poems will illustrate Irish ways and Irish character, as several of yours do. This was Gerald Griffin's ambition, and it was a noble one.

Yours very faithfully,

AUBREY DE VERE.

The last of the letters, which in this context an amiable indiscretion confides to the reader, was not addressed to the present writer; but he kept a surreptitious copy of it, which he publishes now without leave. Would that he could play the eavesdropper

*This refers to letters about *Vagrant Verses*. Judge O'Hagan's criticism on Sir Stephen de Vere's *Translations from Horace* appeared in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. xiv., page 33.

to more of the emanations of that rich heart and mind, whose most unstudied expression was always worth preserving. None of the poems singled out for special praise by Aubrey de Vere are amongst Judge O'Hagan's favourites. This letter is dated a day before Cardinal Newman's:—

22 Upper Fitzwilliam-street,

9th January, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS MULHOLLAND—I can really hardly express to you with what pleasure and admiration I have read your little volume of "Vagrant Verses." I do not know how it happens, but with most of the poetry now published, even that which obtains great applause, I feel myself somehow out of sympathy. Whether the cause be in the themes or the mode of handling them, or, more probably, in myself and my antiquated ideas, the fact is so. But by your poems I am touched and delighted; and I wonder how it came to pass that I had seen so few of them on their first publication. They are to my ear most rhythmical and melodious, exquisite in their purity, and always enfolding a thought which, if sad (as befits our humanity), is consolatory as well. If I might name those which have given me the greatest pleasure, they are "The Builders," "The Denial of Peter," "Lent," "Saint Brigid," "Ave Maria," and "An Outcast's Prayer."

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

JOHN O'HAGAN.

And now, after this digression, let us return to Rose Kavanagh.

[*Conclusion next month.*]

THE URN OF GOD.

ALL things are beautiful, and all are great.
 God in His world abideth, not alone
 In works immortal:—sculptured dreams of stone,
 Music that makes the inner heart vibrate;
 Or moods of nature: seas irradiate,
 Wild branches tossing in a golden light,
 Winds, waves, bloom, sunrise, visions of delight
 That human souls to higher spheres translate.

But lift the humblest daisy from the ground,
 And note how wonderful its mimic wheel!
 The axle gold, the spokes of rosy white,
 The lesser circle in the greater bound;
 Do not its harmony and law reveal
 That flower-cups may hold the Infinite?

E. S.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XV.

OVER THE FIRE.

Men have a wonderful advantage over women, in having necessary occupation to aid them in getting over a heartache. A man cannot ever think much of a cruel fair one while he is pleading a cause in court, acquiring stethoscopic knowledge of a patient, buying or selling a horse, giving or receiving money. His amusements are also calculated to alleviate his sufferings; it conduces to wholesome heart-action to be out into the open air, riding, driving, hunting. He cannot feel depression when the blood is rushing through his veins, as he sits on the back of a good horse and crosses the country at the tail of hounds giving tongue; when he is neck-to-neck in a steeplechase; when he is on a breezy mountain with a breechloader, and a pack of grouse are flushed out of the heather; when he is guarding a "wicket," holding an oar, or driving a four-in-hand.

Woman's life is enclosed within the four walls of her house. She stays there and she mopes when she is wounded, and her principal distraction is stabbing calico. Making paper flowers is not absorbing or effectual in taking her out of herself; order can be maintained, chairs and tables kept straight, dinner and breakfast ordered by mere mechanical effort, and thought is left at the mercy of the dominant feeling. Woman's amusements are of passive description—walking about at a band, a flower show, a bazaar, or a ball; consequently she broods over and exaggerates a disappointment which a wholesomer and more active employment would considerably lessen.

Perhaps such external influences account for feminine tenacity in affairs of the heart, and masculine tendency to infidelity.

Mary and Amy sat by the drawingroom fire that night after Mrs. Desmond had retired to her room. When it was eleven o'clock, Peter brought in a bedroom candle and said, "I suppose 'tis a wake you have, Miss Mary, an' ye won't go to bed at all to-night; who is the corpse, Miss Amy? Maybe 'tis Master Harry."

Amy laughed and blushed.

"You should not have made such a good fire, Peter," she said, "it would be a pity to go while it is so bright."

"Deed, thin, I'd sooner my bed then the finest fire in the world, this minute; but, sure, the young is never tired; there was a time myself when I wouldn't care if I never lay on the bed, but faith that time is past, an' more's the pity."

"Would you like to be young again, Peter?" asked Amy.

"Whethen, I wouldn't," replied Peter, taking up the tongs to make the fire still brighter, "one life is enough for anyone; an' maybe I didn't make such a very good use of the one."

"Well now, Peter, how can you have the face to say that?" said Mary. "Did you not help to rear me into the lovely woman I am, and wasn't that making a good use of your life?"

"Oh, dear, to be sure it was," answered Peter, "you do well to have such a fine opinion of yourself; make a mouse of yourself an' the cat will eat you. Bearin' young ladies, indeed, dacent work; faith an' a bould child you wor to rear, to tell God's truth, for ever gettin' into mischief."

"It's a remarkable fact that those terrible children grow into fascinating men and women," said Mary; "I'm a living example. Peter, won't you tell Miss Amy of the time you were going to be married?"

"Yerra, to be sure I will; why not?" he replied. "Marry, indeed, there's more married than can keep good houses. I'd look well, faith, feedin' a strange woman for the honor and glory of having petticoats hung on the pegs I want for my own ould jackets."

"Don't mind him, Amy. Nancy Collins was after him as sure as you are there."

"An' sure let her, an' Biddy Collins, an' Peggy Collins, an' all the Collinses that ever wore a head, an' see what they will gain by it. Nancy Collins, indeed, a dried-up bitter devil. Her skin is like a piece of an ould bourawn stretched over the ribs of a gridiron."

"She's not so bad," said Mary, when they had laughed at Peter's comparison, "and she has lots of money, and value, and everything."

"That's true then, an' if she has, damn well she knows it, so she does, with her bonnet and ribbons and umbrella; and 'pon my faith, I could tell her of a time when she hadn't as much on her as would stuff a crutch."

"You oughtn't be so hard on her, Peter," said Amy, "if she has such a weakness for you."

"Yerra, 'tis I have the compassion for her weakness," answered Peter, "the litany for a happy death she ought be sayin' an' airin' her 'habit.' I had no notions of marriage when I was at the age of my thirty years, an' not be goin' out of my senses at this time of my life. Marriage is the ruination of half the world."

"It is well for women that all the men are not so hard-hearted," said Mary, "it would be a world of old maids."

"An' a good deed; betther an ould maid than an ould wife. She'll have the less to torment," answered Peter; "cock 'um up with husbands to take the head off 'um. I'm amost out of my mind listenin' to Mrs. Carty an' Meany all the evenin' in the kitchen. A stop never went on their tongues. You couldn't get in a word between 'um with the edge of a knife. I dunno how women houlds at all. Will you put out the lamp yourself, Miss Mary? Maybe I ought to bring ye a couple of sods more if ye are going to stop up a bit."

"Oh no, Peter, when this burns out, we shall go to bed. I shall take care of the lamp."

"'Deed, then, bed would be the fittest place for ye," said Peter; "there's people comin' here that likes a purty colour, I don't doubt, and 'twould be a pity not to plaze 'em so far."

He opened his mouth wide, gave one of his noiseless laughs, shut it suddenly, and went out of the room.

Amy wiped the tears from her eyes, which sympathy with Peter's odd merriment had called there.

"I never saw anything like Peter's laugh," she said. "When he opens his mouth, it is like an earthquake in his face. What lover of bloom is he hinting at, I wonder?"

"Perhaps Mr. Huntingdon," said Mary, "though he is no admirer of his. He says he is too sweet to be wholesome. Is he not very handsome, Amy?"

"He is, very; and agreeable, too, I think, if he was not so affected. What a contrast there is between him and Captain Crosbie. One reminds me of a petted King Charles, sleepy and silky in the drawing-room; the other a Mount St. Bernard, ready to pull one from under an avalanche on the Alps."

"I'll tell Harry," said Mary, laughing; "he ought to be jealous. You have a wonderful opinion of Captain Crosbie."

"And Captain Crosbie isn't a bit impressed," answered Amy; "he doesn't mind what opinion people have of him."

"It would be no use for him if he were impressed by you, at all events."

"How do you know," said Amy, smiling. "Perhaps I am in love with him secretly—a hopeless attachment consuming me."

"You are not. That would never do; but would you not think him too old for you?"

"Old," said Amy, "why, he isn't so old, is he? I never think about people's ages. I don't mind whether a nature I like has been a long time or a short time in the world. Captain Crosbie is one of

those men who are always young and always old. Clever people come to maturity rapidly, and there remain ; they rarely run to decay. Our greatest men now are all over seventy. Could you associate age with a man like Gladstone, for instance? He is as young in heart and soul as he ever was."

"Mind is a greater influence than matter, after all," said Mary, "earthly as human nature is. If the best and kindest old person dies, people say, 'it was time for him'; 'she was as old as the hills'; 'he was no loss.' When Gladstone passes away, a thrill of regret will run through the world, and everyone will say, 'What a pity,' and a blank will be left; but age doesn't make as much difference to a man as to a woman."

"I think the difference it makes to anyone is a good deal ideal," said Amy. "Isn't a nice lovable woman always liked and beloved, no matter what her age is? Hasn't she real friendships with both men and women? Aren't young people fond of her? Doesn't she meet with as much attention? What has she lost but the contemplation of a man posed before her as a lover, and isn't a great deal of that phase of affection very unreal? As long as people are lovable they will be loved, and loss of love, I should think, is the great human loss. I expect to have as much earthly consolation when I am forty as I have to-day, with friends as fond of me and as glad to have me. Isn't that presumption?" Amy smiled brightly.

"So you will," replied Mary, "because you have a singular influence over others. I am always better and more intelligent when I am with you; whatever good is in one you bring it out; and yet a delightful thing in you, you never make one feel her inferiority. Some clever people are awfully oppressive, aren't they?"

"You exaggerate my cleverness," said Amy. "I don't think I am a bit clever; but you are wrong; it is not really clever people who are oppressive, but commonplace men and women who have acquired information, and are determined to show it. It is those determined talkers who are so wearisome. 'Genius gives you wings instead of weight.'"

"The winnowing of those wings makes the air about you very pleasant and refreshing," said Mary, leaning her head against Amy's shoulder. "Wouldn't you know I was Harry's sister, I'm so complimentary to-night?" she added, smiling.

"Ah, Harry is a foolish boy," answered the girl.

"He's a dear, good fellow," said Mary. "I don't think there's one like him. I ought to say, as old Joan used to say of her husband, 'he's as honest as the priest, and honestest.' How are you getting on with Mr. Nugent? Is he as thick-skinned as ever?"

"Just the same; he vexes me sometimes; anyone else would see he annoyed me; but he seems to be quite unconscious. It is all aunt's fault. She gives him every encouragement. She doesn't think any girl born can continually resist a thousand a year."

The girls remained talking until the fire burned low. When the light vanished, they put out the lamp and went to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEG MURPHY IN LUCK.

"Wisha, the blessins of God on your honor, Captain, an' my honourable lord, Misther Huntingdon, an' throw the poor woman the price of her supper. The Lord love your handsome face; 'tis a pleasant sight for the ladies. Put your hand in your pocket, alanna; shure you won't miss a half crown, or maby a half sovereign, 'lection times, to help me to put a rag of clothes on these crathurs."

Peg Murphy, with three or four children hanging to her ragged skirts, came up to the two gentlemen as they stood outside the Post-office in Drumquin.

"Better for you be in the workhouse, my good woman," said Huntingdon, "where those children would be taught something."

"They'd be taught more than their prayers, your honor. I'm thryin' to rear 'um poor but honest, as I was myself; give us the price of a blanket, an' the Lord love you. I own to God 'tis an ould store bag we has to cover us."

"Why don't they go to the workhouse, Crosbie?" asked Huntingdon. "What's the use of paying rates if they don't go in, and they so dirty and wretched?"

"The Irish poor have as strong an objection to the Union as O'Connell had," answered Crosbie. "That woman would sooner endure any cold and hunger than be separated from her children."

"Workhouses don't encourage domestic instincts, I believe," said Huntingdon.

"Deed, then, they aren't dirty, your honor," said Peg; "they're as clean-skinned childher as any in the parish; but they haven't the clothes, God help us. Shure only for Miss Mary Desmond there wouldn't be a screed above on their bones. May the Lord reward her. I was she made the little coat on Bidsy, an' she was hopin' I'd come be a thrifle during the 'lection."

Mr. Huntingdon handed her a few shillings, and said, laughingly, "Well, will you be at my side at the election? Will you shout for me?"

"Shout for you," said Peg, as she ended her vociferous prayers. "Yerra, I'll shout for you while I have a tongue in my throat. God be with the ould times when I could head a mob and put a stone in the heel of an ould stockin'. Shure 'tis no use these days. The Lord bless your honour, an' you, too, captain. 'Twas often you relieved me."

"I'm not going to give you anything now, Peg," said Crosbie.

"If you aren't itself, I'll pray for you an' bless you till the day of me death. That I may never die till I see a fine lady be your side; an' sure 'tis fine an' aisy you're takin' her. I'll engage his honor here has the heart put across in someone."

"Oh, I am not going to marry at all, Peg."

"The more's the pity, then; for shure if one hadn't something to eat itself, they'd have somethin' to look at while you was overright 'um."

"That compliment deserves a coin," said Huntingdon, smiling; and, throwing her half a sovereign, he and Captain Crosbie got into the carriage and drove away, leaving Peg almost speechless with gratitude.

"That you may win the day, I pray God," she shouted after them, "you heart's-blood of a good gentleman."

With hearty benedictions on her lips, Peg proceeded immediately to the pawn-shop, where she purchased several articles of wearing apparel for her children, and looked at the unusual display they made with great pride and joy. From that hour she felt bound to be a staunch supporter of Mr. Huntingdon's, and faithfully trumpeted his praises in season and out of season. His goodness and generosity were unceasingly expatiated on, and her children pointed to as living witnesses of such desirable qualities. "What ought people have as a 'mimber' but the one that had the kind heart for the poor, and was as civil spoken as if he was talkin' to his equals?" Before the day was at an end Peg's story was elaborated into a consistent narrative, and the neighbours asked each other did they hear of all Mr. Huntingdon had done for Peg Murphy—how he had met her, asked her about her way of living, went himself to the pawn-shop, got a suit of clothes for each of the children, and gave her a sight of money beside! The tale made an impression, and the public, as represented in Drumquin, concluded that Mr. Huntingdon must be as good as he was handsome.

Peg Murphy was a local celebrity, and was rather liked by those to whom she gave no substantial reason for dislike. She had peculiar

notions on the laws of "meum and tuum"—a slight tendency to kleptomania when a stray hen happened to be in tempting proximity, or when there was an abundant display of linen on a hedge; but if she was weak in practice she was eloquent in precept, and enforced on her children the absolute necessity for always being clean and honest. The youthful mind was sometimes puzzled by apparent inconsistencies, and Johnny would ask for explanations.

"An' why did you take Mrs. Dwyer's cap, mammy? Sure 'tis on your head this minnet."

"Because she has 'um be the dozen 'ithin in the chest, you shnake; an' if her own mother was goin' bareheaded she wouldn't reach her one, the ould negur. But don't you give eye at all to what I do, but give ear to what I say."

Peg gave her small thefts rather the air of a just judgment on the hard-hearted than an individual failing. She was often employed in agricultural labour, and never betrayed the least trust or sinned against a benefactor.

"Good morrow to your reverence," said she one morning to the parish priest.

"Good morning, Peg. Where are you going now?"

"A couple of words I wanted with your reverence," said Peg. "Your little girl is losin' her time lookin' after a couple of hens. 'Twas I tuk 'em."

"And what did you do with them?" asked the priest.

"I ate 'um, God knows, meself an' the childher. But as I'm a sinner this day, if I thought they was yours, I'd cut the hands off meself before I'd lay a wet finger on 'um."

"Did I not often tell you," said the priest, "that you have no right to take them from anyone?"

"Deed then you did, your reverence, an' 'tis the last shift with me to take one; but when I does be hard run entirely, what you said goes out of my head. God help us."

The priest would lecture, and Peggy would listen, quite coinciding with his ideas on morality, and make hearty promises of amendment.

In her youth she had been a servant, and a smart, willing one. She married a labourer who spent a good deal of his wages in the public houses. From following his footsteps into such houses of entertainment she followed his habits, and they occasionally got under the influence of "dandies of punch," seated amicably side by side. Sometimes Peggy waxed indignant at the incapacity of her spouse.

"Ah, you drunken baste, look at the state you're in. What would I do if any of my dacent people saw you? What luck I had to join the likes of you, that isn't able to help me on the road home."

"Here, come along then," said her husband; "'tis time for us to be stirrin'."

Peg's thoughts took a different turn, and her rigid virtue asserted itself.

"How dare you have the impudence to ax me to go out with you at this time of the night?" she said. "I niver yit did wid any man, and not to begin now. I was a dacent, proper woman, an' gev no one raison to talk."

"Yerra, Peg, agra," said the woman of the house, "is it not to go home with your own husband?"

"I don't care a brass pin whose husband he is," answered Peg scornfully, "but b'lieve me, he won't be keepin' company with me along the roads. I'd look well, bedad. If I'm poor itself I'm honest, and a word was never said to me yet."

"But Peg, asthore, shure no one in the world would say anything to you for goin' home with your own man," expostulated the mistress.

"Faith, I'll take care they won't. Iyeh *fatha ga to*; 'deed then I'd be sorry to be sthreelein' the roads with any man. I'd see him to the dickens first."

When she became a little more sober, her extreme views relaxed, and she and her husband helped each other home.

The years of her married life passed on, and then came to an end. Murphy fell off a scaffold, and broken and bruised was taken to the hospital, where he lingered for a while and died.

Peg was left with four children utterly destitute. She was advised to go into the workhouse with them, but scornfully rejected the idea. She would throw herself on the charity of the neighbours; she would get a day's work here and there. The boys would soon be handy and able to help themselves, and they'd stop together as long as the Lord would leave her over them.

She had an old aunt who lived in a miserable hut built in a quarry, and with her she took up her abode, working whenever she got employment, and when that failed, going far and wide into the country, seeking charity, which the peasantry rarely refuse if they can. Sometimes she would be away for days together, and her return was usually celebrated by a feast of some kind.

The old aunt was glad of her company, and the young voices were pleasant in the cabin. She received two shillings a week outdoor relief; since Peg came, and was instrumental in furnishing the larder, she contrived to save this, until they achieved the purchase of a little pig, and it was a day of general rejoicing when the feat was actually accomplished, and the "slip" lay on a bed of grass and heather in the corner.

It was a hope and an interest for them all. The children collected docks, nettles, and thistles to feed it, and the old woman conversed with it, supplying the answers herself, as if it was a pig of no ordinary intelligence.

Peg had completely given up her dissipated habits. She was removed from temptation. She no longer had her man to follow into the public-house, where she thought she might as well take a glass from him as let him drink all his wages himself, and as she could not get the money from him she might as well have some value out of it.

At wakes and weddings where her help was valuable she took a glass of whiskey very gratefully, but could not be persuaded to take a second one.

"The head is bad with me," she would say; "'tis a little would overcome me, an' with the help of God I made a vow to the Blessed Virgin that I'd never bring a blush to the face of the childher, an' sure if they saw me goin' that way an' known' the breed their poor father was—the light of Heaven to him—maybe 'tis to folly on they would, an' say 'twas kind mammy for 'em an' bred in their bone. I'll rear 'em clean an honest, with the help of God."

On the evening of the fortunate day she met Mr. Huntingdon she wended her way home after an absence of some days. Patsy had sped on before, and by way of announcing their arrival, climbed to the top of the quarry on a level with the chimney and dropped a few stones down through the flue. They fell into a skillet of water, splashed the cat, which sprung madly up and raised the ashes. The little child, who had remained with the aunt, jumped up, exclaiming:

"Oh, aunty, they're comin', they're comin'," and the next moment Peg appeared at the door.

"Whithen ye're heartily welcome," said the aunt. "Oh! glory be to God, where did you get all the clothes?" she added in the same breath, as her eyes fell on the children. Oh, Peg, Peg, you didn't"—

"Yerra whist, you old fool," replied Peg, "an' let me draw my breath; I'm almost dead." She leaned her back against the table, and disengaged a bag that was tied upon her shoulders.

"There's a good stone of phaties; some of 'um is bog ones, but we can pick 'um out for the slip. I sould a couple of stone beside. An' look at that for a fine bit of bacon. Give here the grain of tay and sugar Bidsy; an' see the grand shawl I bought you, an' a bit of tobaccy to rise your ould heart,

"Oh, you misfortunate crathur," said the old woman, "what did you do at all, at all."

"Have sense, woman, an' drop your ohonin'. Here, Katty, is two

sugarsticks for you. Isn't mammy good now? An' look at the fine little coat I brought you. Just your fit."

"Oh, the Lord betune us an' harm," said the alarmed old woman. "We're done for at last. In the police barrack you'll be. An' what'll become of us?"

"Wisha, listen to her," said Peg. "She hasn't a stim of sense. Havn't I the patience of the world to be listen' to her?"

"Oh, Peg, asthore machree, why did you do it? You're runnin' headlong——"

"Bad look from me," replied Peg, "but if ye don't hould your whisht I'll—I'll—look at the ape; she's all of a thrimble. Sit down an' don't be afraid. I did nothin' but what is dacent. Sure 'tis by the 'lection I got 'um all."

"Oh, thanks be to God an' the Blessed Virgin. But tell us, how in the world did you come be so much? Sure we're made for ever. Look at the sight of things you have."

"I did well this time, any how," said Peg, sitting down and wiping her hot face with her apron.

"We were at the Farm, an' Miss Mary had four little shifts an' bibs made for the childher, the Lord reward her; an' the misthress was saltin' pigs, an' gave me a griskeen an' Johnny a pig's tail, with as much to it as would be a good dinner. The world would be the betther of them if they had it; an' sure they're as good as gold over what they have. Then we went from place to place, and got a thing here, an' a thing there. I sold two stone of phaties to Micky O'Dea's wife. The crathur is always in the need of 'um; she never has 'um of her own. I wint into Drumquin to get the grain o' tay an' sugar; an' in the lucky hour who should I come across but Mither—Mither—I forget his name—somethin' about huntin'—an' the Lord put it into my heart to speak up to him. When I seen him with the Captain I was stiff. An sure if I did, he puts his hand in his pocket and reached me three shillin's; and that wasn't all; for when he was turnin' he threw me a bran new half sovereign. I own to God the sight a'most left my eyes when I seen it in me fist."

"Oh, millions an' praises be to God. And weren't you in the luck?" exclaimed her aunt.

"Thin, not to hide the dear gentleman's goodness, I took 'um with me to the pawn, an' bought everything you see. Look at your shawl. Handle it, till you feel the substance of it."

"Dear knows, but 'tis fine an' weighty. How much did you give for it?"

"I gave one-an'-eightpence, every penny, an' it's well worth the money."

"You may say that. 'Tis the foolish person that would be goin' to shops. That's every taste as good as Mary Pepper's, that she gave her fine five shillings for. Wasn't he the good gentleman, though?"

"Ah, see wasn't he, an' the likeliest young gentleman ever you laid an eye on—as straight as a rish, with a blush on his face that would shame a rose. Bidsy, asthore, put down the pan; 'tis no miss for us to be gettin' the supper."

There was soon an appetising odour diffused through the cabin, and the sound of frying pork made delicious music in young ears. Potatoes were put to warm in the ashes, a very black teapot with a very defective spout was put to simmer by the fire, and Bidsy went to milk the goat.

When the repast was ready, the children sat around on sods of turf, and were served on broken plates and saucers, dipping their potatoes and bits of bread into the pan of gravy, until their cheeks shone with exercise and presented an extremely oleaginous appearance.

When Nature cried "Hold, enough," and the children could not conveniently hold any more, they were dismissed to wash their faces in a neighbouring stream, while their mother and aunt talked over the present and the future.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REVOLT AGAINST DULLNESS.

"By Jove, this is slow work, Crosbie," said Mr. Huntingdon, with a yawn, as the two gentlemen sat in the study at Fintona after dinner; "and I have had letters from Rossroe this morning stirring me up. He lets advice at a fellow like a round of shot. The Ministry will be out in a week, he says. It's a confounded bore waiting this way, trying to kill time. Time is killing me, faith."

"If the Ministry is to resign in a few days," said Crosbie, "you won't have much longer to wait."

"Much longer, man; isn't a day in this place quite long enough?"

"Why do you not ask people to stop in the house? You are out of your element when you haven't an audience."

"There's the rub. I pine for an appreciative audience; and I'm afraid I'm not valued as I deserve by the fellows about here. I don't know what to say to them; they don't know what to say to me, and there we are. I should think that Fintona was the last place made,

quite an afterthought of nature's—one of her makeshifts. I wonder why the natives rave about Ireland so. It seems to me as if there was no life anywhere."

"If that is what you think it is as well for you to keep your opinions unventilated," replied Crosbie. "You are staying here for a purpose, and to carry out that you are bound to make yourself as popular as possible."

"And don't I? I think I deserve a testimonial for my pleasing attitude towards man. Don't I praise all the children, and give a fatherly pat to their unkempt heads? Haven't I talked animal genealogy till I was too exhausted to know the difference between a dog and a horse? Have I not looked unutterable things at the ladies till the tears came into my eyes? So badly got up, too, as many of them are. Home-made dresses, cotton lace, gloves too tight to button over ponderous wrists. My fair cousin an exception, and Miss Hayden; good style those. An honest fellow that doctor seems to be. Apropos of my cousin, don't you think we might venture to present ourselves at the Farm this evening?"

"I won't for one," said Crosbie; "but to come back to the Ministry; don't you think it would be necessary to set about a more active canvass? If you want to get in, you must make every possible exertion."

"But I have been exerting myself, my dear fellow, in a manner dangerous to my health. I suppose now I must begin to stump the country."

"Of course you must; do you think you will get votes without asking for them? Large as your property is, and numerous as your tenants are, you'll have to depend on your own merits and the promises you make in your address."

"Or rather the promises Lord Rossroe makes. He drew it up well, did he not?"

"Yes, you go in for everything but Home Rule."

"By Jove, I'd let Ireland rule herself as she liked," said Huntingdon. "I like fair play, but I don't think fixity of tenure is always desirable, in Paddy Daly's case, for instance."

"Oh, Paddy Daly is a nuisance on any property."

"Why don't you send him adrift? I'd have hunted him long ago."

"I intended ejecting him," replied Crosbie; "but since I knew of your intention of setting up for the county I deferred it; it would have ruined any chance you had."

"Well, you have only to send him to the mischief when the election is over. What about rising the rents? Land has increased

in value since my father's time. It seems to me there are tracts of country let for little or nothing."

"No," said Crosbie. "I would not advise you to put on a higher rent; when you leave your tenants a chance of living with some degree of comfort, you are surer of getting your rents without trouble. If parts of the land have improved, it is the hard work of the occupiers has improved it. When you gave no help is it fair you should share in the profits?"

"Oh, Crosbie, you take philanthropic views, my dear fellow. I don't think the people are so poor at all. Look at the dress of the girls—feathers flying over their sunburnt faces coming out of a bog. Such bad taste."

"I often heard practical persons condemn them for that," said Crosbie. "No doubt, it is bad taste, but I must say I am tolerant to the womanly instinct that makes them don a bit of foolish finery. It is honestly paid for, and perhaps we could not say so much for greater people, gew gaws, and once those girls become wives the finery disappears for ever. As a rule they are extremely economical."

"By jove, I don't know how much I owe my tailor this minute. Tailors are an invention of the enemy. You are not pleased when they send you home your clothes, always want alteration; and you are not pleased when they send you their bills. Likely to think they want alteration, too; but look here, Crosbie, we had better come to the Farm; it is confoundedly dull to look at each other gaping all the evening here."

"I'm not gaping," said Crosbie; "I wouldn't deprive you of that occupation for anything."

"I'm one of those unfortunate individuals who has no resources within himself," said Mr. Huntingdon clasping his hands behind his head. "Don't know whether it is a defect or a beauty in my nature—the latter, I should think. Proves I'm not self-sufficient, self-centred, self-satisfied. Don't know a more selfish fellow than you, Crosbie. You could sit here all the evening, missing nobody, wanting nothing. I pity you. The vision of a pretty girl at the piano quite takes me out of myself. I'll arise presently and write a note asking Mrs. Desmond for a cup of tea."

"I wouldn't do it," said Crosbie, briefly.

"Oh, but I would, though—there's the difference in our temperaments. It's fearful, man, to moon about when a pleasant evening is within one's reach. And then there is that sweet singer without a listener. I think it's quite my duty as a patron of art to turn over for her." He stood up, went over to a writing-table, and took up his pen.

"Don't ask for an invitation for me," said Crosbie; "I have business papers to look over."

"Oh, business be hanged. Business after dinner spoils the digestion. You'll spend a humanising evening there; come home at eleven, have a cigar, a B. and S., and then to bed, with the consoling reflection that you have made the best of the fleeting hours. Come, my stoic, let me put in your name."

He looked up, pen in hand, with such a bright expression on his handsome face, that Captain Crosbie felt an involuntary and bitter pang of jealousy—how could Mary Desmond resist him?—he was firm in his resolution, and Mr. Huntington dispatched his note and a present of game to Mrs. Desmond.

In a short time an answer came back—a courteous invitation to both gentlemen, and finding Captain Crosbie immovable, Mr. Huntington departed to the Farm alone.

(To be continued.)

THE VESPER BELL.

SWEET the chime of vesper bell,
Borne on the balmy breeze,
From the convent in the dell.

Heaven breathes in ev'ry swell
Softly o'er the smiling leas—
Sweet the chime of vesper bell.

Glow my heart beneath the spell
Of these saintly melodies
From the convent in the dell.

Now each dark thought tolls its knell
In repentant agonies—
Sweet the chime of vesper bell.

And a joy no voice can tell
Ripples through the list'ning trees
From the convent in the dell.

Wreathing from a heavenly shell
Soulful, dreamful symphonies,
Sweet the chime of vesper bell
From the convent in the dell.

EUGENE DAVIS.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVE you ever spent a Sunday in the country? And I don't mean the country where spic-and-span villas, and ornamental cottages, and fairy chateaux, and trim lawns, and well-kept hedgerows, and wide level roads proclaim that we are within easy distance of a town or city; but in some spot where the screech from the railway engine is not heard, where a sixpenny telegram is looked upon with misgiving as heralding misfortune, and the telephone is a thing unknown; where last year's, aye and the previous year's, fashions are still very new; where dress improvers have not gone out simply because they never came in; where a weekly newspaper is treated most respectfully, and handed round from the parish politician to many of inferior political calibre; where many an Irish word and phrase is still spoken, and where old customs and manners are yet venerated; where the fairies are not a myth, and the banshee keens upon the decease of any of the "old stock;" where the priest is still the "soggarth aroon," and the people bow to his kindly authority.

Have you ever spent a Sunday in such a place? If not, then come with me this bright autumn morning, and have a peep at a farmhouse where the shadow of Charles Kickham's beloved Galtees falls, or at one on the southern slope of the Mourne mountains, or in the heart of green Tir-owen, if you will. We must be afoot very soon after the first sunbeams have fallen on the fields of yellow corn, and while the cobwebs are still glittering with dewdrops on the hedges where the bramble is ruddy and the blackberries are ripe. How still and silent everything is. The birds are tired after their spring and early summer concerts maybe, and the swallows on the housetops are brooding over their flitting. There are lines of rowan trees with their bright crimson clusters of berries along the boreens, and the meadow-sweet grows tall and rank by the meadow pathways, where the kine are browsing in the rich aftermath. Come along one of the former. The haws are hanging ripe and red from the thorns, recalling the old saying of "a haw year, a brow year," that I think must have come to my Ulster from across the North Channel. The foxgloves are growing high on the ditches, and the wild white convolvulus is running riotously

along, and the scent of honeysuckle is in the air. Far away you have a glimpse of mountain and moorland, gay with pink, and puce, and purple heath. For all, it is not a pleasant footway. The deep ruts show that heavily-laden carts have passed over it but lately, and the ricks of hay in the haggard tell with what. The farm-house before us is a long white building, the thatch mellowed by summer's sun and winter's frost. A rose bush clambers up to the doorway, and wall flowers and southern wood grow underneath the small bright windows. A couple of wooden pails, with "a hoop" to bear them company, stand on one side of the door—a heavy burden, you'll allow, to carry when filled with water from the bubbling spring at the foot of the boreen; a huge stone trough is opposite. One has a glimpse of a garden in the rere of the farm buildings, where peas and beans are bordered by sweetwilliam and double dahlias, and other dear old world flowers, and where the gnarled apple-trees are laden with juicy fruit—a place that is "the murmurous haunt of *boys* in summer eves." The hens and ducks are making a noisy chorus, and a turkey-cock struts proudly about. Inside the house all is so quiet that we might suppose the inmates all abed, but for the thin line of blue smoke curling upwards from the low chimney, and suddenly the door opens and the mother appears stepping noiselessly. The "man of the house" takes an extra nap on the Sunday morning, and his wife is cautious not to disturb him or the children. She sees to the wants of the poultry and pigs, and brings in the cows for milking ere any of the family are aroused. From a line across the kitchen are suspended various articles of wearing apparel, at which her weary fingers had stitched and patched till a late hour on the preceding night, and Pat's Sunday shirt is as white as bone, and as stiff as starch can make it. Breakfast—and the Sunday morning breakfast is a feast, indeed, since there are, perchance, a rasher and eggs, and tea, and a loaf of baker's bread in addition to the soda scones and oaten cake—is partaken of in a sort of lazy undress, and immediately Pat begins his toilet, making many demands on his wife's patience, since he can't get on his collar or find his tie without her help. At length the house is tidied up, and the process of dressing the younger children is complete, and Pat takes his departure before the others, so that he may enjoy a gossip on the way; and his wife, hurried as she is, takes time for a weatherwise glance at the skies ere she dons the white shawl which

she wore on her wedding-day, and then one last look is taken around, and the door is closed—no necessity for locking it seems to exist—and the boys and girls hurry on to join some of their companions, and their mother meets a neighbour, and so many things have to be discussed that they linger till the last bell warns them to hurry on, and the priest is reading the Prayer before Mass as they enter the chapel.

The female part of the congregation is arrayed in many colours—in the brightest of blues and greens, without any regard for harmony or contrast—sufficient to make an aesthetic soul writhe; but the people possess a degree of fervour which many a more fashionable congregation lack. Is the remark that the humble class are much more devotional than their wealthier brethren an original one? Anyway it is a true one. Old women and men tell their beads in an audible tone, and when the priest asks their prayers for the dead and dying, a murmur fills the air.

Now, my friend, let us take up our stand under the elms and see the crowd disperse. Friends and neighbours exchange greetings in the churchyard, and by many graves relatives say a Pater and Ave for the persons that lie therein; but we must move on with Pat as he discourses of the price of flax and pigs, and wonders when the general election will come off, and tells of his cousin's wedding in rapid succession. Yes, the walk homeward is very pleasant, but rather long for city bred limbs; but Pat's wife is not the least tired, but is busily engaged in kindling the fire to boil the mealy champions and white cabbages and bit of bacon that constitute dinner. It is ready for eating as the children come bounding in from the Catechism class, rather noisy but very hungry.

And once dinner is over, off we go with Pat and his wife to make the round of the farm, and maybe some neighbours join them, and they wander on till they reach the country road, and rest for a bit by the big beech, till some of the children come crying that "Aunt Nancy is here," and the mother hurries homeward to prepare the tea, followed more leisurely by Pat, who brings "a decent boy" that owns a bit of land and a tidy cabin close by to share the evening meal and note Miss Nancy's charms. for Pat is an inveterate matchmaker.

But the stars are beginning to peep out of the blue, and there is only a crimson streak to tell where the sun set; so we may not

wander across the fields with Nancy as she wends her way homewards, accompanied by her sister; nor yet can we listen to the encomiums passed on his sister-in-law by Pat, nor note "the decent boy's" acquiescence. The white mists of evening are rising from the boglands and meadows, lights twinkle here and there in the gathering darkness, and you and I, my friend, must leave the fields and trees, and slopes of yellow corn, and speed back again to the city.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE ARTIST'S WAKENING.

THE sad, cold autumn day is slowly dying,
The sky is one blank veil of pallid gray;
The lake is still—along its surface flying
A heron flaps its solitary way.
The mountains dusk against the fading gloaming
Grow larger in the darkness; the gray meads
Are silent, tenantless; no breezes roaming
Stir the long pennants of the tall lake reeds,
And daylight dies.

Here, years ago, I watched the sunset's splendour
That lingered long between the low cloud bars,
And gave my heart with eager self-surrender
To Nature's teaching and the quiet stars.
I said: No pain can blight, no sin enticeth
The soul that walks amid her God-wrought ways,
For such his inner self alone sufficeth,
He hears "the heavens declare their Maker's praise,"
Till daylight dies.

Long years have passed since then, ah! sad and weary
My eyes gaze tear-dimmed through the vacant west—
No splendours dwell there now, but wan and dreary
The gray pall lies on the dead summer's breast.
O, foolish heart! how have those colours fled
Upon whose beauties once you set such store!
Now ere the last sad silence is completed,
I wander lone by woodland and lake-shore,
And only think of those whom there you greeted,
And whom by neither now I shall meet more—
For daylight dies.

MONTAGU J. GRIFFIN.

THE MYSTERY OF "SHALL" AND "WILL."

A COMPASSIONATE smile would adorn many Saxon visages if an Irish Magazine were to attempt a solution of the mystery named at the head of this article. As a fact, I am going to make no such mad attempt, but only to introduce to my readers an ingenious paper on the subject by a Dutchman, or at least the son of a Dutch Reformed Minister—for such, I believe, is the learned convert, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Kolbe, editor of *The South African Catholic Magazine*.

* * *

It has often been remarked that it is a curious phenomenon that so many English-speaking people cannot grasp the distinction between *shall* and *will*, *would* and *should*. The people of England itself seem to use these auxiliaries correctly by a sort of instinct; but in Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies and America, mistakes are of constant occurrence. So far, then, the distinction would appear to be of the nature of a mystery. I should however be inclined to say that people, educated people at least, *will* not grasp it, rather than that they cannot; it is a question of *will* in more senses than one. The mystery is not a very profound one, and a little conscious effort would soon change the erroneous habit into one of unconscious rectitude.

By means of this distinction, English is able to express futurity with more delicate and subtle accuracy than any other language whatsoever; and all who love the purity of our mother-tongue should be zealous to preserve for it this pre-eminence. Webster in America combined all printers into a league for the defence of the Yankee way of spelling English. I wish I had the influence to combine all printers in South Africa, and all teachers as well, into a solemn league and covenant to correct the misplacing of *w* and *sh* wherever it is found in their manuscripts, or in their pupils.

The mistake is said to be a Celticism, but I believe it to be more general—a provincialism, in fact. At any rate, that is the contention of the following letter culled from the *Cape Argus* a few months ago:—

SIR—May I take the liberty of remarking, with respect to the misplacing of "shall" and "will," a practice so much in vogue in South Africa, that Scotch

teachers are, perhaps, not wholly to blame for it. The bilingualism of the country is also partially the cause of the phenomenon. The parts of the Dutch verb "Zullen" cannot always be translated by "shall." I find, for instance, on comparing the Dutch and English versions of the 108th Psalm, that "Zal" corresponds some nine or ten times to "will." Allow me also to point out in connection with this matter that it is not quite correct to say, as Englishmen usually do, that Scotchmen are mixed up with their "shalls" and "wills." The fact of the matter is that in the vocabulary of ninety-nine out of every hundred of us the word "shall" has no existence.—I am, etc.

WILL.

Be that as it may, the Celts are herein the greatest sinners, and it is high time they mended their ways. For although we may not object to their colloquial idioms, yet when they do want to speak and write real English, they ought to be able to do so. If a man says to me (in the words of the above letter) that in his vocabulary the word *shall* has no existence, I reply that he may be tolerably familiar with some provincial dialect, but assuredly he does not know English. Search Shakespeare from end to end, and you shall hardly find a page on which the word does not play an important part. It is not a sufficient defence to plead the example of Sir Walter Scott. That great author wrote hurriedly, and doubtless would, or at any rate should, have been glad if some candid friend had been by to correct his slips of the pen. Our own people also have had examples before them in high places; e.g., I noticed a very glaring case the other day in a letter of Cardinal Gibbons. But we must not allow the greatness of a man to bind us to his blunders. The late Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, was a saintly man of genius—but he dropped his *h*'s in a most barefaced way.* Shall this make us do the same?

Indeed, the error of dropping the *h* is curiously parallel to that of enterchanging *w* and *sh*. They both have their gross form, as when 'Arry goes to 'Ampstead 'Eath, or when (in the old "chestnut") Pat calls out, "I will drown and nobody shall save me." But they both have their delicacies also, which are by no means always observed, or even apprehended. The letter *h* "is whispered in heaven and muttered in hell"; and I know people who not only themselves pronounce *which* and *witch* alike, but are unable to detect the difference when other people pronounce them rightly. Thus there seems to be a mystery of *H* also.

I am not for urging a rigid pedantic accuracy, especially as the

* Is it generally known that this habit is Brummagem as well as Cockney?

set of the language is undoubtedly towards giving greater liberty to *will* at the expense of *shall*, and due regard must be had to the *usus*,

Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

In conversation, for instance, an occasional Celticism has a pleasing piquancy about it, *when you know it is wrong*. All I am anxious about is that people should know it to be wrong. "It is the mixing up of things that does the harm," as Mrs. Carlyle used to say. On the other hand, a little pedantry is not out of place when used as a check to the too general neglect. I think Emerson must have done a great deal of good by his laboured and distinct use of *shall* in senses extremely likely to startle the average American. Take, for example, this subtle combination of obligation with futurity:—

Poetry must be affirmative. . . . The poet who shall use Nature as his hieroglyphic must have an adequate message to convey thereby.

One of the chief reasons for the frequency of the blunder is that the true practice is so little taught. Twice, as examiner in our University, have I put the question about *shall* and *will*—once in the Matriculation, and once in the Intermediate; and on neither occasion did any single candidate show any conception of the subtle possibilities underlying the matter. This made me search the grammars, and that search revealed to me that the proper teaching of this subject has to depend almost entirely upon the teachers. I only found one grammar which gave anything like a sufficient statement, and that statement was relegated to the small print which boys always skip. Alford's "Queen's English" treats the matter admirably and at length, but does not quite satisfy me; Earle in his *Philology of the English Tongue* just touches on it in his own entertaining way; whereas Morris' *Accidence* is too much occupied with dry bones to give even a hint of so living an evolution of flesh and blood as this is.

Therefore I do not blame (and did not then blame) my young candidates for not knowing what the books do not teach. I will only recommend to them the plan which a happy inspiration once suggested to myself, and which wrought my conversion in this matter. It was after I had taken my degree and was beginning to talk as if I knew a thing or two about English, when a candid friend (I daresay he has forgotten it, but I shall send him a copy

of this Magazine as a reminder of my gratitude) pricked the bubble of my self-confidence with a little bit of common sense advice about *shall* and *will*. I was piqued into determining to *approfondir* the mystery. I took up two of my favourite authors (they happened to be Newman and George Eliot, but many others would have done as well), and through several volumes I stopped over every *will* and every *shall* and forced myself to find a reason for the use of it. Thenceforward for some time I compelled myself to pause in writing before every expression of futurity, and render to myself a reason for using *sh* or *w*. Considering that my previous course of error was a matter of inveterate habit, it is surprising how soon this pause became unnecessary; and now, at this small expense of effort, I hope I may flatter myself that herein at least I am "quite English, you know."

In presenting the results of my explorations, I will proceed rather by way of example than by rule. In English, at least, rules are in the same category as promises and pie-crusts. There is a deep principle underlying the whole, but the manner and the direction of its application defy complete analysis. What of it? *Non in dialectica placuit Domino saluum facere populum suum*; neither in the supernatural, nor in the natural, is logic our all in all.

Nor will I express even the bare principle as a hard and fast dogma, lest I be bound by the limitations of language, which are narrower than those of thought. I will come upon it gradually as it appears to me in the light of history; though (it is perhaps hardly necessary to observe) I do not claim any originality in the matter.

First and foremost then, the word *shall* is undoubtedly derived from a source implying *obligation*, and it has never entirely forgotten its origin. This is certainly clear when *should* is an independent verb meaning *ought*, but even when *shall* and *should* are auxiliaries, the shadow of *must* is in them still. As for the auxiliary *will*, its meaning is obvious from the still extant verb *to will* and the noun *will*. And of course it is only of the auxiliaries that this paper is treating: I put aside once and for all such substantive uses as are well met in the line—

What custom *wills*, in all things *should* we do it?

Coriolanus.

Now the Future is partly under man's control, partly not. A

small portion of futurity bends to his *will*, but all else bears down upon him with the irresistible march of Fate, whose watchword is *must* or *shall*. And herein we see at once a reason for our dual expression of future time. It is but an atorn of a principle, but out of it shall be found to spring the whole oak.

Let this historical fact be wrought upon by humility and deference, and it will produce the ordinary rule of the future in English. A man speaking with humility will restrict the range of the power of his own will, and acknowledge in the future a Power above himself whom he must obey; only where he knows he can control, will he say *I will*; otherwise he says *I shall*. But with a certain deference or politeness towards others, he treats them as if the range of their control were unrestricted; if Fate has its fetters upon them, he will not assert their bondage; and so he says that second and third persons *will*—unless, indeed, he has lawful authority over them, and is thus himself their Fate, for then deference bows to truth, and he says that second and third persons *shall*. Then, once a custom is established for second and third persons, inanimate things follow suit and are conventionally supposed to have a will.

If then I must give a rule, let me venture upon the following :

RULES FOR ASSERTION IN FUTURE TIME.

- (1.) Never use *will* or *would* in the 1st person unless you mean to assert your control over the future event.
- (2.) Always use *shall* or *should* in the 2nd and 3rd persons when you mean to assert your control (permissive or actual), or the control of some external Power or Law, over the persons in question.*

I have employed the negative form for the first, and the positive for the second, in order to meet the most common mistakes with a direct contradiction. Note the words "mean to assert," for often control is most strongly enforced by not being asserted, and in such cases *shall* in the 1st person may be stronger than *will*; the latter always means "I am determined," the former may mean "I am so determined that the event is practically destined to occur." Hence children are not always wrong (grammatically) when in

* These rules might be more concisely and philosophically, if less practically, expressed as follows:—Whenever the will of the subject of the verb is (really or conventionally) expressed, use *will*; whenever the will of the subject is for any reason eliminated, use *shall*

their obstinacy they make *shan't* to for *won't*. So also, Marshal McMahon's famous *J'y suis, j'y reste*, would be in English "Here I am, and here I shall remain": this being stronger than "will remain," just as *reste* is stronger than *resterai*. The French convey the effect by saying "it as good as done," while we convey the effect by saying "it is already matter of Destiny."

For a similar reason we sometimes say "you will" where "you shall" might have been expected—not, I think, as Dean Alford has it, "treating the obedience" of a subordinate "as a matter of certainty"—but simply out of politeness, refraining from the assertion of our authority. This seems to be evident from the Dean's own chosen example:—"A master writes to his servant, 'On the receipt of this you will go,' or 'you will please to go,' 'to such a place,'" where the "please" tells us it is a matter of politeness, not of certainty.

It will be noticed also that these rules are confined to *assertions*; indirect and interrogative forms of language introduce complications which shall be considered later on. Meanwhile we may just plant our foot firmly on one common violation of the first rule. By it we see that wherever we have no control, and can have no control, over the future event, it is wrong to say we will, or we would. And yet is it not common to hear people say, "I will be very glad to accept your invitation," "I would like to be there," "I will not be able to see you to-morrow," "I would die of shame if it happened to me," etc.? All these mistakes—they are not provincial idioms, they are sheer blunders—should be sternly eradicated, both from conversation and from correspondence.

And now let me illustrate my rules, merely remarking that though some of my illustrations are very obvious and elementary, yet I bring them together to show what clear-out emphasis as well as what subtle gradation of meaning, is rendered possible by the right use of this dualism.

Here is the distinction in its most naked form, in all three persons:—

I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there's no excuse shall serve.

Shakespeare: *Henry IV.*

Or with the meaning of a *shall* exaggerated by sensitive pride:—

CORIOLANUS: Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

SICINUS :

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

CORIOLANUS :

"Shall remain!"—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute "shall?"

Coriolanus.

Emphasis by contrast :—

They may tell me if I don't lie and flch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't.

George Eliot: *Felix Holt.*Or take again this idiomatic *shall* permissive :—

PLIABLE : May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me.

Bunyan: *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Or this, where Launce's intended wife is under discussion :—

SPEED : Item, she will [*i.e.* is wont to] often praise her liquor.

LAUNCE : If her liquor be good, she shall ; if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Observe the contrast in the following (where, by the way, "I resolve" means "I conclude," and not "I am determined") :—

Know, I will die

Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument.

Beaumont & Fletcher : *A King and No King.*

Also in the second person, from the same play :—

MARDONIUS : Sir, I will speak.

ARBACES : Will ye?

MARDONIUS : It is my duty,

I fear you will kill yourself. I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause
And I may speak.

That is to say, I fear it is your *intention* to kill yourself ; and by so doing you injure me, *though you do not intend it.*

The next *shall* is a case of imposing the will of the 2nd person on a 3rd :—

Lord Francisco,

Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think 's too near her.

Massinger : *The Duke of Milan*

The superiority of English in this respect over other languages is seen in this little translation of an Italian proverb :—

Che sarà, sarà. What will be, shall be.

Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus.*

And how would you translate the following into Latin?—

Your father will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

Goldsmith : *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Or this?—

ABSALEM : And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

THAMAR : Nor God nor time will do that good for me.

Peele : *David and Bethsabe*.

And would not a Celtic non-possessor of *shall* miss at first reading the meaning of the next two lines?—

In charity, as I am an officer,

I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion.

Massinger : *The City Madam*.

Not to prolong the list too far, I give the two most emphatic *shalls* in the whole range of English literature. The first is unabridged with the original italics and its own quaint punctuation.

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march....He will never march, an' please your Honour, in this world, said the Corporal....He *will* march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off....An' please your Honour, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave....He *shall* march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he *shall* march to his regiment....He cannot stand it, said the Corporal....He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?....He *shall not* drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly....A well-a-day!—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die....*He shall not die, by God*, cried my uncle Toby.—The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

Sterne : *Tristram Shandy*.

I rejoice to think that this exquisite blending of tenderness and humour is impossible to any other tongue than our own; and it would have been impossible to us also but for our mystery of *shall* and *will*. There is, however, a yet stronger case, and where else should we find it than in Shakespeare? It occurs at the climax of King Lear's hopeless struggle against the madness rising within him; two or three times already in the scene has he bid the hysterical passion down, and the Fool has been the sole confidant of his fears. Moreover, observe how the masterhand multiplies the emphasis of the terrible *shall* by a whole series of *I wills* preceding:—

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
 Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I *shall* go mad!

Here is one of the summits of the mountain range of tragedy, and we see it crowned by this our mystery of *shall* and *will*.

There are, of course, here as elsewhere in Literature, real or apparent departures from the principle. As a rule, I believe these will be found rather to be ultra-refinements of the principle than departures from it. For example, I will not spoil the delicacy of the following dialogue by analysing it: the first *would* breaks the rule, if you like, but to what excellent purpose!

DON PEDRO (speaking of Beatrice): I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO: I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK (in hiding): I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Sometimes the grammatical person is different from the real person, and then of course complications and consequent exceptions ensue. *E.g.*, Julia is in disguise, and Sylvia speaks kindly to her about herself, not knowing her to be herself; whereupon she replies, almost revealing herself by her *shall*—

And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Such exceptions are of the kind that prove the rule. But perhaps the subtlest of them all are those that concern thinking, knowing, and feeling. Over such things the will has not direct control. It cannot govern them despotically, as Aristotle says, but only constitutionally; and this constitutional government of our souls sometimes justifies our using such expressions as "I would like," "I will not know," etc., which we have already seen to be generally wrong: *e.g.*, "I would like it, if I could." Thus there is truth as well as humour in the shilly-shallying (I had almost called it willy-shallying) answer of Incredulity to Shaddai's captains:—

From whence you come, we will not know; . . . by what right he commands you to do it, of that we shall yet be ignorant.

Bunyan: *Holy War*.

And could there be a better description than this of the sweet maidenly perversity of Eglantine, who "smiled down love till it had nought to say"?

If after pause I said but "Eglantine,"

She raised to me her quiet eyelids twain,

And looked me this reply—look calm, yet bland—

"I shall not know, I will not understand."

Jean Ingelow: *The Four Bridges*.

Any alteration in the last line would spoil both rhythm and sense.

What I have to say about the use of *shall* and *will* in Prophecy, in Questions, in Reported Speech, in Subordinate Clauses, etc., must be reserved for another paper.

[*Conclusion next month.*]

LOUGH GARA.

FRESH as fragrance of the wildwood,
Breathing on a sick man's brow,
Comes a memory of my childhood
On my weary spirit now.
Green the fields that greet my vision;
Purple acres, golden slopes,
Winds away the land elysian,
Blossomed red with boyhood's hopes.
O'er the ghost-like landscape, darkling,
Trips the twilight, stoled in grey,
And I see a lone lake sparkling
Where the sunset swoons away.
Sweet the lake, 'neath windy highlands
Of the heather lying prone,
With its girdle green of islands,
Like an emerald-jewelled zone.
Oh, and proudly as a lover
Might embrace his blushing bride,
Hills, the haunt of lark and plover,
Clasp my sweet lake to their side.

I remember how like shadows
Out o' morns with sail and oar,
When the mist was on the meadows,
Stole the fisher from the shore.
I remember well the whistle
Of the curlew, clear and shrill,
And the ivy-coated castle,
Turret-hoary on the hill.
Friends there were ; we ranged together—
Careless spirits, blithe and brave—
Breathed the blue ambrosial weather,
Rowed the boat and swam the wave.
Up and down its shores I wandered,
Dreaming golden dreams of youth ;
Wealth of visioned hopes I squandered ;
Now I know the sober truth.
Ah, the friendships fond and cherished !
Ah, the fancies that I wove
Ah, the hopes now fall'n and perished !
Ah, the mocking face of love!
Ah, the golden dreams undoing.
And the eyes with weeping wet !
Ah, the life so full of rueing
And of passionate regret !
Days go by, each with its duty
Every hour its burden brings,
Tarnishing the spirit's beauty,
And the soul's aspiring wings.
As the surges of the ocean
Over mariners that drown,
Over every pure emotion
Rush the cares that crush us down.
Might I 'scape from toil a minute
To that laughing lake of blue,
I would lave my hot lips in it,
Wash away the stains of rue.
Vision vain and wild ! For far
Away as childhood's happy morn
Lies the lovely lake of Gara
And the vale where I was born.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

Philadelphia.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

"I am sending you a poem in which I mean to show that the hands which we should admire most are not those that lie white and beautiful in their idleness, but those that are worn with work for love of us." It was with these words that Miss Dora Sigerson introduced to us "The Lady Kathleen," who graces an earlier page of this Number. We make bold to say that few of the poets of our generation could throw into a more poetical form the touching thesis thus simply propounded in prose. But a good many of us could read the poem without dreaming that it was meant to prove anything so good and true.

* * *

"There are few finer or more serviceable qualities than a strong temper kept sternly under control." This saying occurs in a study of Gladstone's character by a very able and impartial anonymous writer in *The New Review* for July, 1890. There is a great deal of truth in it. There may be sloth and cowardice and selfishness in what passes for placidity and amiability. But, no doubt, it is best to exercise this manly faculty of indignation against ourselves, according to one of the meanings of the Psalmist's saying, which St. Paul repeats, *Irascimini et nolite peccare*. Get up a wholesome rage against yourself; stand no nonsense from yourself; do your duty in the sight of God.

* * *

Many, perhaps all, of the Doctors of the Church wrote verses. St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Alphonsus Liguori, and others, occur at once to the memory. The three English cardinals of our day have indulged in the same pious recreation—Wiseman, Newman, Manning, but certainly not Cardinal Cullen. Cardinal Manning has less inclination for poetry than his illustrious predecessor of Irish blood. Yet two or three hymns of his composition have been printed; and he introduced a couplet also of his own manufacture in a sermon preached in the summer of 1890 on the exclusiveness of truth. "There are two lines which I have no doubt every one of you will remember to have heard, for they are quoted continually:—

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight—
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Well, let us paraphrase those lines, and say—

For charts and compasses let senseless bigots fight—
He can't be wrecked who steers the ship aright.

Certainly, but who is it that can steer aright without charts and compasses? If there were no charts and compasses, the shores of the whole world would be strewn with wrecks. There is only one person who can without charts and compasses steer the ship, and it is He who by His word commanded the winds and the waves, and who guides His own Church. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church is the most exclusive and most dogmatic of all authorities on the face of this earth, and that is because it knows that in the deviation of a hair's breadth from the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, is a wandering from the way of eternal life."

* * *

Has any of our young poets noticed that the first line of his Eminence's couplet is an Alexandrine, which can hardly be allowed. however it might be with the second line? The following would conform to the ordinary rules of prosody:—

For chart and compass let dull bigots fight—
He can't be wrecked who steers the ship aright!

But, lest the unwary reader should neglect the prose commentary, we warn him that this is "wrote sarcastic," as a *reductio ad absurdum* of Pope's Bolingbroke-inspired liberalism in religion.

* * *

The Cardinal goes on in this sermon to explain very touchingly the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. About the same time that his remarks appeared in print, the English *Messenger* gave a paraphrase of the Italian rhyme—

Dolce Cuor del mio Gesù,
Fa ch'io t'ami sempre più!

This is generally turned thus into English:

O sweetest heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may ever love Thee more and more.

The *fa* may be brought out more simply as follows:—

Sweet Heart of Jesus, make me, I implore,
To love Thee always more and more and more.

And now for the echo that this ejaculation awoke in some anonymous soul:—

Sweet prayer of petition enshrined in a word,
The length of a moment; yet, if it be heard—
If the Heart of my Jesus whom angels adore
Be mine to love daily, more, more, evermore—
The sweetness of heaven, its raptures divine,
Even here in my exile, in part will be mine.
Sweet Heart of my Jesus, my Saviour, oh! may
My love for Thee ever grow greater each day.

Is there any other example of the continuance of literary talent in the same family to the third and fourth generation, such as is the case with the Coleridges? I know not what is said of the Coleridges that preceded S. T. C.; but Hartley Coleridge and Sarah, and several others before Lord Coleridge and his brother, Henry James Coleridge, S. J., form a family combination of talent for which there is, we think, nothing at all like a parallel in any time or any country. The last two are fully worthy of their lineage. What Lord Coleridge would have done if he had devoted his powers not to law but to literature, we are helped to conjecture by the study of such accidental bits of literature as his lecture on "Thinking of Ourselves," *The New Review* for July, 1890.

* * *

In my next pigeonhole I find this good letter from Browning to Tennyson:—

29 De Vere Gardens, W.,

August 5, 1889.

MY DEAR TENNYSON—To-morrow is your birthday—indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self amongst us—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours. At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter—that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

A lady who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank Browning for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, and *Abt Vogler*, and giving expression to the deep satisfaction of her mind that one so highly gifted with genius should hold, as Browning held, to the great truths of our religion, and to a belief in the glorious unfolding and crowning of life in the world beyond the grave:—

19 Warwick Crescent, W., May 11, 1876.

DEAR FRIEND—It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings, except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be—and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of "genius" as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the com-

munication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of "genius" have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ, "Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man!" ("Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.") Or, as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more—on the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?" changed his manner at once, and stuttered out—as his manner was then moved—"You see, if Shakespeare entered we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel." Or, not to multiply instances—as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament—wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago—"Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured." Dear friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you? Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING.

* * *

The excellent and excellently *Illustrated Catholic Missions* gave in August, 1891, pictures of some forms of animal life in Australia, among the rest the Lyre Bird, which it described as by far the largest of all song-birds. It never before occurred to me to wonder that the singing birds are always small. Who could imagine an ostrich or a goose singing? And yet why not? Bigness is not greatness.

* * *

"The Story of Ida" is about an Italian girl who died at nineteen. It is very beautiful, but would have been even more beautiful if "Francesca" who tells it, and John Ruskin who edits it, had the full Catholic faith like Ida herself. When dying, she repeated "those beautiful lines of St. Francis of Assisi":—

"Amore, Amore Gesù, son giunto a porto;
Amore, Amore Gesù, da mi conforto."

I do not pretend that the following couplet is for a translation of the Italian, but it might be a useful ejaculation for some of us, even who think (but perhaps we are wrong) that the end is far away:—

"Jesus, my love, my love! the end is nigh—
Jesus, my love, my love! help me to die."

* * *

The verses which were signed in our last number with the initials "C. H." were introduced with a little bit of prose that was intended to fall under only one short-sighted pair of eyes.

* * *

"I thought of your 'Prose Idyl' when I was listening to some larks singing a few days ago. I went out to pick primroses early in

the morning, about six o'clock—primroses never smell so sweet as they do when they are picked in a morning mist—and larks quivered up into the air on every side, singing duets, trios, and even quartets. It has been a very backward spring; but I think that is why everything looks so lovely. Last year at this time the primroses were almost over and the hawthorn was in fullest bloom. I was thinking about this, and then I remembered how pretty the change from Spring to Summer was last year. It was on the last day of May or the first of June, and I hoped that the hawthorn would still be in perfection; but, when I reached my favourite wood, I found that the blossoms had all fallen away or turned pink. Wild roses and pink campions had taken the place of primroses and anemones. It was a very visible change from a Spring to a Summer dress. Perhaps it was nothing new—but I wrote some verses, and I have ventured to send them, although I am not sure how bad they may be."

* * *

Our poets have of late, with our assistance, put some restraint on themselves in the matter of writing sonnets. We have therefore less scruple in giving a sonnet of Gerald Griffin's which is not contained in any edition of his poems. It is found in one of the Reading Books of the Christian Brothers, for whom dear Gerald may have written during his last year as a Christian Brother.

As the mute nightingale in closest groves
Lies hid at noon, but when day's piercing eye
Is lock'd in night, with full heart beating high,
Poureth her plain song o'er the light she loves;
So, Virgin ever pure and ever blest,
Moon of religion, from whose radiant face,
Reflected streams the light of heavenly grace
On broken hearts, by contrite thoughts oppress'd;
So, Mary, they who justly feel the weight
Of Heaven's offended majesty, implore
Thy reconciling aid, with suppliant knee—
Of sinful man, O sinless advocate!
To thee they turn, nor Him the less adore;
'Tis still *His* light they love, less dreadful seen in thee.

* * *

The sufficiently obvious comparison of the Blessed Virgin to the moon, which derives all its brightness from the sun, occurred not only to Gerald Griffin, but to John Boyle O'Reilly, whose *Life, Poems, and Speeches* have lately been issued in one of those huge tomes which seem to find special favour in the United States. This is how the sturdy politician speaks of the name of "Mary":—

Dear honoured name, beloved for human ties ;
 But loved and honoured first that One was given
 In living proof to erring mortal eyes
 That our poor earth is near akin to heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning : one of grace,
 And born of our kind advocate above ;
 And one by memory linked to that dear face
 That blessed my childhood with its mother-love.

And taught me first the simple prayer : "To thee,
 Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries."
 Through mist of years those words recall to me
 A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet to some the name of Mary bears
 No special meaning, and no gracious power ;
 In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,
 As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears,
 The Virgin link that binds the Lord to earth,
 Which to the upturned trusting face appears
 A more than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night
 The rays of hidden sun to rise to-morrow ;
 So unseen God still lets His promised light,
 Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.

* * *

No newspaper editor has ever yet been canonised. If any such person should have his case introduced, the *promotor fidei* or devil's advocate will probably urge against his beatification the perennial brood of lies hatched under his editorial wing. For instance, apropos of Balmaceda and the revolution in Chili, a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* furnishes a description of Santiago. He refers to the terrible burning of the Church of La Compania de Jesus, which took place on the 8th of December, 1868, tacking on to the account some very vile slanders, which show him to be a bigot of that most vulgar type which is no longer common in reputable journalism. But the writer betrays his ignorance by adding, "the Company never dared to rebuild their Church"—namely, the Society of Jesus, who had been out of the place for a hundred years! There had been no Jesuits in Santiago since Pombal's time in the last century; and the name only of their old church had survived. From this sample we can judge of the accuracy of the rest of the article. The moral guilt of such newsmongering lies seems to us to be very great, indeed.

The writer who dates his contribution to *The Anti-Jacobin*, August 8, 1891, "From a Philistine Book-room," tells us that a man of letters, known as a severe critic of English prose, was once asked whom he considered the three best writers of English prose in the present century. At once he replied, "Newman, Hawthorne, and Charlotte Brontë." And he adds: "Certainly in one particular there is a curious likeness between them all: each writes with a perfect fearlessness, with no dread of being thought homely or undignified. Each is fond of homely phrases, with an old-fashioned sound about them: very direct and pungent."

* * *

Another writer in the same clever journal ends a notice of a new edition of Gray's Poems with this instructive paragraph:—"The year before Gray's death, Chatterton died and Wordsworth was born; in the year of Gray's death Scott was born; in the following three years Coleridge was born, Goldsmith died, and Lamb was born. Like Chatterton, Gray cared for the old poetry of England, all its romance and wilder beauty; like Wordsworth, he loved the lakes and mountains, and sang the "simple annals of the poor" in touching language; like Scott, he felt the antiquarian charm of the middle ages; like Coleridge, he was a delicate and subtle critic of a new kind; like Goldsmith, he wrote verse with slow and happy pains, and with perfect simplicity; like Lamb, he bowed before the grandeur of the old poets, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. We announced in July a new book which had not yet reached the general public, "A Nun: her Friends and her Order," by Katharine Tynan (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company). The nun in question was Mother Xaveria Fallon, the latest Superior-General of the Loretto order before the one at present *feliciter regnans*. This admirable lady, if asked to compose her autobiography, would doubtless have echoed the deprecatory exclamation of the Needy Knifegrinder: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir!" Miss Tynan, however, has told it for her, but even she has found it expedient to extend her plan in the manner

ingeniously indicated by the title chosen for her book, taking in such interesting figures as Mary Ward and Frances Ball and many another. "Hypercriticism is praise disguised"; and one or two able, but not particularly benevolent, reviews have veiled in this fashion their high appreciation of Miss Tynan's work. It is not meant for those who are familiar with the two-volume *Life of Mary Ward*, and with the two one-volume *Lives of Mother Teresa Ball*. It is meant for the intelligent outsider, even those who are outside the Church which has produced such noble daughters. How far it has succeeded with them may be conjectured from the criticisms that are appearing in the secular press. For instance, *The Athenaeum*, which is not prone to be enthusiastic, especially about any good thing that comes out of Nazareth, begins by saying that—

"Miss Katharine Tynan has accomplished admirably the task undertaken by her. She has drawn a most attractive picture of the life of Miss Jane Fallon, who entered the convent school at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1849, when she was seventeen, and rose to be its chief superior as Mother Xaveria, from 1880 till her death in 1888. Graceful little memoirs are also given of Mary Ward, the seventeenth century pioneer of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin; of Miss Frances Ball, the founder of the Irish branch; and of other self-sacrificing women concerned in the work; but the charm of the book is in its detailed account of Mother Xaveria and her immediate surroundings. . . . Miss Tynan has a dainty style. Her little volume is, in fact, a prose poem, enriched by exquisite sketches of quaint buildings, country scenes, simple girlish sports, and womanly tenderness, as well as by almost fascinating portrayals of heroic deeds in a spirit of joyful self-abnegation, which freed them from the least trace of austerity. If life at Rathfarnham is as Miss Tynan paints it, it must be a heaven on earth, and all its inmates angels already; and, though prosaic readers may not be able to share her view, this pretty book will help them to see why the Loretto Order exercises such influence on female training in Ireland, and has established so many branches in India, Canada, and Australia."

The clever journal founded recently by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, *The Anti-Jacobin*, which some one has described as being anti-everything, is not very sternly against Miss Tynan's biographical sketch, which it describes as "a work which one would hesitate to introduce into the household of a strict Protestant with impressionable daughters. Beautiful, most touching, are the lives of the good women here recorded; and even precise thinkers involuntarily identify a Church with the virtues of some of its followers." The reviewer ends with this remark: "How happy the devoutest of religious may be, as human happiness goes, is another inference to be drawn from this pleasant book." A similar inference is drawn from the *Manchester Guardian*, which concludes its criticism of "this well-written book," with the remark: "The old prejudice against convents is pretty well

extinct now, except, perhaps, in the north of Ireland; but wherever it still exists, it would surely be moderated by the reading of this book."

2. "Christmastide," by Elizabeth Allen Starr, is a very elegant and devout little volume, published by the author herself at St. Joseph's Cottage, No. 299 Huron-street, Chicago. The dedication is as follows: "To the memory of that dauntless Christian knight, and leal champion of Our Lady, James M'Master, these pages, written under his chivalrous patronage, are dedicated, with a *Requiescant in pace*." We transcribe these words as a little tribute to the memory of the zealous convert, who for years strove to help all good causes by means of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. Miss Starr is one of the most efficient of those cultivated American ladies who are earnestly devoted to the apostleship of literature. Her "Songs of a Lifetime," and her prose writings, "Patron Saints," and "Pilgrims and Shrines," are not so well known as they ought to be on this side of the Atlantic. This newest of her volumes is all consecrated to the mysteries commemorated from Christmas to the Epiphany. Miss Starr illustrates her subject from the Liturgy, and from Christian art, which she has manifestly made her study of predilection. What is meant at page 35 by "that Mass which precedes the midnight?"

3. A holy and distinguished man sent as Christmas-boxes to a family of his little kinsfolk, nearly fifty Christmases ago, several copies of the Roman Missal in English, one for each, a small edition for the smaller members of that family circle. God knows how that Christmas may have affected many souls. Far fuller and more complete than the largest of those Missals is the one published by Mr. Robert Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London. A great deal of pious zeal and knowledge has evidently been expended on this edition. Very careful "Notes and Directions" are given in the opening pages, and many beautiful devotions follow, for morning prayer, preparations for Mass, thanksgivings after Communion, etc. The Missal then follows, with the newest editions inserted in their proper places, and the special Masses of the Benedictines and Jesuits. There is a special supplement for Ireland, authorised by the *imprimatur* of Dr. Logue, Archbishop of Armagh; and another supplies the Lenten week-day Masses, the Holy Week Services, and votive Masses omitted in the body of the Missal. The introit, offertory, and communion are given in Latin and English, and so also the hymns as they occur. When we add that all this and more are given in a volume by no means unwieldy, it is plain that great skill and care have been employed in

this edition of the Roman Missal for the use of the laity. We pray for it a wide circulation among the pious faithful.

4. Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son give for sixpence a "Popular History of Ireland" in three hundred well printed pages, with nine illustrations, bringing down the narrative to the Union. Among the new penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society are "St. Liguori on Conformity to the Will of God," "St. Zita, a Domestic Servant," by Lady Herbert, and "The Holy Coat of Treves," by Canon Moyes. There is yet another religious periodical record started in July—"The Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate." It is admirably edited, well printed, and full of interesting matter. Irish subscribers will find it most convenient to communicate with the Fathers attached to the beautiful church at Inchicore, Dublin. "The Science of God," a sermon preached at Cardiff on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association, has been published by Burns and Oates.

Some people have a great aversion for "novels with a purpose." "Gertrude Mannering," by Miss Frances Noble, has several earnest purposes in view; but this has not hindered it from reaching a fourth edition. It is cleverly written, and interesting as well as edifying; but readers must not complain of being taken in if they find it more religious than they bargained for. It is brought out very handsomely by the Art and Book Company of Leamington.

"Simplicity in Prayer" is another of many pretty little pious books that the Benzigers have issued. It is from the French of the author of "Les Petites Fleurs."

NOVEMBER, 1891.

AT CORK.

I HAVE observed that citizens of Cork are rather boastful of their advantages, and I have recognised the type of the Corkman who, when he was told that a certain city was ornamented with a pillar of silver, instantly replied: "Oh, that is nothing; we have a pillar of gold in Cork!" However, Cork is really an extremely good city, with several fine, well-built streets, and a good many picturesque features, though with, of course, the inevitable fringe of squalor and dirt, which we cannot ignore (however patriotic we may be) as the hall-mark upon all Irish towns and settlements, barring the establishments of the Religious Communities.

Turning into Patrick Street from the Imperial Hotel, that pleasant street has a very imposing appearance. It is wide, with fine shops and houses, and looking upward from this end, across the wide bridge flanked with shipping, and toward the steep fantastic hill with its white flights of up-going steps and its coronal of trees, gardens, and villas, all green and white aloft in the blue sky, one is reminded of some picturesque Continental town—whether German or Italian one can scarcely decide.

Looking down Patrick Street, it is all the more imposing because the lower end is not seen on account of the double curve—in reality a winding of the river, which once pursued its way through the centre, dividing the city. Where this curve begins, the street takes an aspect somewhat reminding one of Regent Street in London; but a little country cart, laden with turf and an old woman in a hooded cloak, comes along led by a barefooted boy, and the resemblance disappears. Over yonder, to one side of

the fine bridge, lie the boats to take you down the river for a day's pleasuring—a day to be remembered, for the river Lee is, in its own wild, sweet way, as beautiful as the Rhine. Its curves and bends are full of lovely surprises, and as the steamer stops at one picturesque riverside sojourning-place after another, one is reminded of the Lake of Como, with its villas and villages hanging over the water.

Turning your back on the boats and crossing the bridge, you hasten to ascend the white hill with its up-going flights of steps, eager to discover what kind of city may lie yonder at the top against the blue. So steep a hill, lined with houses and used for daily traffic, I have never seen anywhere, except in Heidelberg, where to ascend a certain street is like walking up the wall of a house, and to descend it in a vehicle is like travelling in a sleigh. In Cork the vehicle is a "jingle," cabs and jaunting cars being alike useless. If you take a rather shallow box, remove the lid and hang a curtain across the opening, then set the box on its end upon two wheels, you will have a perfect jingle. If the horse falls up the hill or down the hill, the jingle remains standing upright, calmly undisturbed. When you ride in a jingle, you had better sit at the lower end if you can, as it is pleasanter to establish yourself there at once than to be shaken down gradually. If you take the upper seat, you must hold on to a cord to save yourself from sliding into your neighbour's lap. Bearing these things in mind, you may venture to go up Patrick's Hill in a jingle, but it is better to walk.

All the way up the hill are handsome houses; as you come near the top, the houses become smaller and more peculiar, like the storm pines on the higher Alps. Trees and gardens climb the hill with the dwellings, and at the very top is a terrace, forming a little boulevard, from which, over a low wall and between the trees that stand in a row, you can look down on the city of the Lee lying in its valley of green, much as you look down upon Cologne from the top of its Cathedral. You can count all the churches and other monuments where they stand, and listen to the chimes of Shandon bells. Linger here, it is really hard to believe that you are looking down upon an Irish city.

Having explored the high ground on that side and returned to the ancient river-bed of Patrick Street, you will take your way through the level town and find three or four very fine streets, as George Street, the South Mall, the Grand Parade, all wide, nobly

planned, solidly built streets, which would do honour to the finest city in the world. Away beyond these, again, you come upon a stream of the river, and get out by another bridge to the great Cathedral of St. Finn Barre, which, though it is the Protestant Cathedral, must take precedence of all our own churches as the most splendid monument of any kind which the city of Cork possesses. It is Norman Gothic, and has that fortress-like look of solid strength and dignity which impresses the imagination so forcibly in a sacred structure. The heaviness of the style is in the exterior relieved by the startlingly beautiful flight of spires from the roof to the sky, chasing each other like the notes in a fugue, and ending in the tapering belfry that seems to rock in the sky from its great height, as one stands to look up at it. The interior is a little disappointing as to size; one feels that rather too much has been sacrificed to those winged spires, the pillars have rather too tun-like a circumference, and the walls and windows are a little over-suggestive of the fortress. The ancient Cathedral at Trèves impressed me as having been built in a terrible age with a view to keeping out an enemy—a mindfulness of warfare with others besides Satan; but in that interior there was a wild, free space, and curious quaintnesses of detail, which looked like happy accident. The interior of St. Finn Barre's at Cork is too ponderous, and unrelieved by detail. However, it is a truly noble Cathedral, the only thing seriously wanting being a high altar for the Holy Sacrifice to the living God. On the whole, the part of this great building of which I have the happiest recollection is the sculpture in the three doorways. In the central porch are the five wise and five foolish virgins, with the mystic figure of the Bridegroom standing between, dividing the two doors under the arch. Here the carver has evidently shown his sympathy for the woe of the unready ones, who, with their sad eyes and unbound tresses, and in the stricken despondency of their attitudes, are even more appealingly beautiful than their clear-browed, veiled, alert, and lamp-bearing sisters.

Nevertheless, though St. Finn Barre's bears the palm, the Catholics of Cork are rich in their fine churches, more than one of which far excels any church we possess in Dublin, notably St. Peter's, where the carved confessionals and other decorations remind one of Antwerp. A dear, old, quiet, brooding church is the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the care of the Capuchins, where the dark, high-walled benches take you in as if they expected you to stay

and live there. The Cathedral is fine, the Dominican Church is spacious and well-appointed, and some of the very old chapels are even more interesting than the newer edifices.

I must say I think the Cork people are the pleasantest people to speak to in all Ireland. It is a pleasure to have to ask your way in the street, so kindly and helpful is the response you are sure to meet with ; and in the shops you are tempted to buy merely through the civility of the attendants. Here and there you meet with charming surprises in ways and things unusual to a person whose ideas of an Irish city are founded on Dublin. For instance, I bought a rose for a penny on the pavement in Patrick Street. It is true that of late years in Dublin primroses and daffodils are, in their season, offered for sale in some of the thoroughfares, but we have not yet got so far as the picking up of vagrant roses in the course of our wanderings. My Cork rose vendor was a fresh, comely country woman, in a white frilled cap and neat shawl, wearing a green box strapped round her neck, in the holes of which stood rows of roses. I found later that Cork excels Dublin even more in its flowers than in its churches, producing roses more richly-hued and scented, geraniums more brilliant, than are to be found in less genial and southerly atmospheres.

Among the many charitable institutions of Cork, perhaps the Hospital for Incurables and the Blind Asylum, both under the care of the Sisters of Charity, are the most interesting. The latter is fitly dedicated to the Angel Raphael, "one of the seven who stand before the Lord," that kind Archangel, whose name means the healing of God, who was sent to cure the aged Tobias of his blindness, and to conduct his son, the young Tobias, safely on his forlorn and perilous journey. The first impression of the visitor to St. Raphael's is of wonder at the great beauty of of its site and the splendour of the building, which is the home of those who can in no way appreciate their beautiful surroundings, because they cannot see. The Sisters apologise with great humility for the magnificence of their stately house, which would seem to have been built for them by Providence, and placed in their possession, instead of the plainer and simpler dwelling they coveted as a shelter for their afflicted clients. A gentleman, fond of beautiful things, built St. Raphael's as a home for his family ; and, after his death, the family finding themselves unable to afford to keep up so princely an establishment, very properly sold the

mansion. The Sisters were able to buy it at a price lower than they might have been expected to pay for an ordinary house upon a large scale, simply for the reason that there were no people in Cork wealthy enough to live in the style which would be required by the splendour of the present St. Raphael's. The stateliness of the entrance, the marbles and mosaics of the hall, the marble gallery running all round above it, strike one on entering as something quite extraordinary on the top of a green hill of Cork, looking down on the valley of the Lee. The self-denying Sisters are half scandalised at the grandeur that has been thrust upon them, and bear with it as a sort of mortification. "When I came here first," said a Sister, "it was quite a trouble to me. I could scarcely believe I was in a convent. But we try to get used to it." The poor blind people glide about, beholding nothing of the beauty within doors and without, but feeling a half mysterious pleasure in knowing that they are in a lovely place, lovely enough to make seeing people exclaim with wonder when they come into it.

In a noble room, with large windows looking down over cultivated terraces into the green valley, we were introduced to a number of intelligent looking young girls and women, who treated us to a most delightful concert. Many voices joined in part-singing, we had a very sweet performance on the Irish harp, and another by four performers on two pianos. Then we heard the sightless children read, and saw them write. Their letters are pricked into paper with a pointed instrument, so many pricks, making a little projected dot on the paper, going to form each. The sensitive finger passes over the dots, and the letter is known by the number and position of the dots. Every useful handiwork which the blind can learn is taught to their children by the Sisters at St. Raphael's. There is a pathetic eagerness to please, and a delight in communicating with those interested in them, peculiar to the blind, besides an extraordinary sensitiveness of apprehension by ear, and by a sort of intuition. For instance, a good many strangers were in the room, when the door opened noiselessly, and two very quiet ladies came in without making the least sensation. There was a murmur of voices all over the place, and the tones of the new-comers were in no way distinct from those of the other speakers. Yet, after a few minutes, a blind girl lifted her head and said to her neighbour, "Some other strangers are in the room!"

The pet and baby of the house is a little girl of about four or

five years old, who is more graceful and winning in her blindness than any other creature I ever saw. She has a pretty, keenly intelligent little face, coloured like a fresh rose, and with the large, white, dark-fringed eyelids, always closed over the unseeing eyes, which the child involuntarily hides, as if sheltering their failure. As she moves about, with her little face held appealingly upwards, as if feeling its way to sympathy, waving her little arms as other children do when they play at blind man's buff, you wonder what will be the fate of a creature so helpless and so engaging. If her eyes are useless, she has at least good use of her tongue, and talks in a sort of crooning, singing fashion, asking suddenly the most naive and pertinent questions in a tone that would, as we say in Ireland, "coax the birds off the bush." When she makes friends with a visitor, she feels the stranger's dress all over, and criticises or admires as the case may be. Someone dangled a ribbon above her hand, and asked "What is this?" and she said at once, "It is the string of your hat." She speaks of colours as if she knew them all, and always asks of a thing, "What colour is it?" When any new thing present is spoken of, she waves her arms towards it, crying out, "Let me see it; let me see it." Up to the present time she is as happy as a child can be, happier than most children, inasmuch as she never gets into mischief. The Sisters of Charity at St. Raphael's are at present very anxious over their undertaking, which is a new one, and earnestly ask for sympathy and help. They say that the beauty and ornament of their house tell against them, as people are apt to conclude that they must somehow be very well off to live in such a dwelling. As we left St. Raphael's, we looked back on a sight which had a peculiar pathos of its own, a band of sightless women linked together, walking up and down a flower-bordered terrace, with their faces turned towards one of the most beautiful views in the world, which they could not see.

The wards of a hospital for incurables are full of sadness, and yet also of hope, for the suffering here will soon be over. The faint and overthrown unit of all humanity, whose wistful eyes rest on you as you stand by his bed, is already girt for his journey, that mysterious journey upon which no man can accompany him, but which will end on the shores of peace. You wish him God-speed, as the friend safe on land watches the departure of an explorer of unknown seas; yet your spirit reaches after his as one which will soon be at the end of all fear, who will soon know no more

the taste of human anguish. To the healthy battler with life, whose heart is strong to suffer a thousand stabs and wounds yet to come, the nearness to release of the spirit shining behind those hollow eyes on the pillow is a thing fascinatingly inconceivable. I talked awhile with a dying sailor, thirty-five years old, not six feet high any more, but six feet long as he lay, one who had been a splendid fellow and proud of his strength. The handsome features were pinched, the eyes burned with a weary fire under the pallid brow. He had fought long against his doom, had been in the hospitals, and insisted on returning to life and work, but at last was glad to come back to the Sisters to die. He was very patient, very meek, and his smile was a good thing to see. A contrast to him was the very old lady who felt so gay and happy at having come so near the end of an unusually long mortal pilgrimage that she kept all her ward lively with her songs and sallies of fun.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A DAY TOO LATE.

WHEN the crimson flush of morning
Touched the sleeping hill with flame,
Peacefully she sank to slumber
Murmuring her wand'rer's name;
Kindly neighbours knelt around her,
And her girls were by her side,
But her thoughts were with another
In the hour before she died.

With her boy, his father's namesake,
As she saw him years before
Playing football in the meadow
Scarce a furlong from the door,
Saw his stalwart form so proudly
Rise above his comrade boys;
Heard his young voice gaily ringing
Through the turmoil and the noise.

And again she saw him riding
On the horse his father led,
When the mist rose o'er the valley
And the evening skies were red,

Saw his childish, blue eyes gleaming
As he passed along the street,
While his peals of baby laughter
Were to her as music sweet.

He had wandered far from Ireland,
And for long and weary years
She had hungered for a letter,
Prayed for it with bitter tears ;
And his name was softly uttered
With her last sad broken prayer—
Surely God's white angels bore it
To that land so bright and fair.

Then they placed her brown shroud on her,
Speaking lowly all the while
Of her wedding, of her children,
Of her gentle, patient smile,
Of the good deeds done in silence ;
And they laid her out to rest,
With her rosary in her fingers,
And the cross upon her breast

Later on a schoolboy, passing
Slowly on his homeward way,
Brought for her the wished-for letter,
She had longed for many a day,
Written from a ranch in Texas,
Marked in parts with blot and stain,—
One might guess where tears had fallen
Thickly as the summer rain.

And they read it by her bedside,
As if she could understand
All his doings, all his travels
Since he left his native land,
All his deep remorse and anguish,
All his trials, all his fears,
All the high hopes he was building
For his future, coming years.

Then they laid it on her bosom—
And I think an angel's tongue
Yet shall read its message to her
All the heavenly host among.
But for him—ah me, what sorrow
Is enough to mourn his fate
When he knows at length his letter
Came just one short day too late.

THE MYSTERY OF "SHALL" AND "WILL."

PART II.

It may have occurred to some of my readers that one at least of the quotations in the first paper is not explained by the principles laid down, *viz* : "And God in time shall take this shame from thee." How, it may be asked, can any person, Power or Law, be said to have control over God? And how then can we ever say "God shall"? The only answer to this is that God Himself is His own Law, and therefore that no one may say *shall* to Him; but He may be represented as saying *shall* for Himself. It follows that anyone speaking in the name of God may say, not only that everything else shall, but even "God shall," for then the word "God," though grammatically of the third person, is *virtually* (as the scholastics say) of the first. In Prophecy, therefore—taking the true meaning of the word as "speaking on behalf of God"—the rules already given are not broken, but the position of the speaker is shifted. As everything is under the control of God, the word *shall* is thus of constant occurrence in prophecy—*cide* the Holy Scriptures *passim*. This fact at once gives an enormous value to the distinction of *shall* and *will*; we are by means of it enabled to keep up a continuous allusion to the Power of God, and thus our religious language has in it a special and peculiar element of solemnity. It is probably the solemn associations arising from this prophetic use that cause people often to shrink from the word *shall* when the genius of the language really requires it. I do not think we should have such scruples.

By a very natural sequence, Moral Teaching is assimilated to Prophecy. When in the Proverbs of Solomon it is said, "The ear that heareth the reproofs of life shall abide in the midst of the wise," it is not directly the power of God that is asserted, but rather the control of a moral law. In this case the moral law is still a divine law, but secular examples could also be given, and indeed the use of *shall* is by no means reserved for divine prophecies and laws. Thus mere human forecasts, even of a humorous description, are similarly expressed, when they are

independent of the will of the person spoken to or spoken of.
E.g. :—

MISTRESS QUICKLY : I am glad he is so quiet ; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

It is in this way that I should explain such a sentence as that in my first article :—"Search Shakespeare from end to end, and you shall hardly find a page, &c." This Dean Alford calls an exception, and the reason he gives for it is that the fact is represented as being just as certain as if it were dependent on your command ; whereas we have seen that the *shall* there is no exception at all, but is simply demanded by the rule because it connotes the operation of a law. As I have no right to give a sentence of my own to illustrate the rule, let me choose a classical example. Coleridge, in his brilliant but unsound critique on Sir Thomas Browne (to be found in Hazlitt's *Elizabethan Literature*), says :—

In that *Hydrotaphia*, or treatise on some urns dug up in Norfolk—how earthy, how redolent of graves and sepulchres is every line ! . . . and the gayest thing you shall meet with, shall be a silver nail or gilt *Anno Domini* from a perished coffin-top.

Of the two *shalls* here, the first finds its explanation later on in my paper, but the second is the one now considered, and its reason is that it connotes the law which dominates the book in question.

Of course it goes without saying that when the law is not merely connoted, but actually laid down, *shall* must be used. Every member of a cricket-club or debating society knows this from his rules ; but I may as well be consistent and give a classical specimen. It shall be taken from Addison :—

RULE V.—If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a halfpenny.

Spectator : *The Twopenny Club.*

On the other hand, just as much as a matter of course, requests bring the principle of politeness into prominence, and therefore there is usually a great difference in expression between a Request and a Command. Yet there are occasions when a request may be playfully delivered as a command, and unless we remember this, we shall be tempted to call the following example an exception ; whereas, remembering it, we see it is but a subtle illustration of our rule. The more so, when we bear in mind the playful relations subsisting between Beatrice and Benedick :

BEATRICE : Will you not tell me who told you so ?

BENEDICK : No, you shall pardon me.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Thus we see that Prophecies, Moral laws, Proverbs, Rules, and sometimes Requests, differ somewhat from ordinary narrative speech, but that this difference is in accordance with, not in defiance of, the rule.

Considering how much depends on the point of view of the speaker, it is not surprising to find that our rule does not hold when one person is reporting the words of another. The principle remains, but the form of the rule changes.

RULE FOR REPORTED SPEECH.

Sh and *w* pass unchanged from the Original to the reported Speech.

Simple as this rule seems, it is violated almost more than any other. I urge it especially upon those of my brother pressmen who do the laborious and charitable, but usually thankless, task of reporting. I fear I shall bring an avalanche upon my devoted head, but I must say that I do not know a single newspaper in the Colony in which I have not seen this rule frequently disregarded. It may be that the error was in the original speaker ; but if so, I appeal to the reporter in the words of St. Augustine, *extende caritatem tuam*—if other grammatical mistakes are silently and kindly corrected, why not also this ? For instance, I take up at random the *Cape Times* and the *Cape Argus* of to-day (January 7th), and I find in the former :—

The Mayor thought this matter of the brewery had been put off long enough. They would have to communicate with the secretary of the company before they could take any legal steps.

In the latter, the German Emperor is reported as saying :—

If he himself when at school had not had a special opportunity of riding out and in, and looking about him a little, he would never have got to know at all what the outside world was like.

Both these *woulds* are wrong. The first, *they would*, stands for *we shall* in the original : the second, *he would*, stands for *I should* in the original. Both therefore ought to be *should*.

For illustration, let us borrow once more from our friend Benedick, who shows us that the rule holds even when one is quoting from oneself, i.e., when the first person remains first :

BENEDICK : When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Here the *I would* and *I should* are correctly reported from *I will* and *I shall*.

When the first person becomes second :—

Think you, you shall be safe?

Beaumont & Fletcher: *A King and No King*.

When the first person becomes third—an example where both speeches are given—

ORATIO RECTA: EMANUEL (to the ambassadors of Mansoul):—Yet I will consider your petition, and will answer it so as will be for my glory.

ORATIO OBLIQUA (as reported in Mansoul): He, the Prince, said, moreover, that yet he would consider your petition, and give such answer thereto as will stand with his glory.

Bunyan: *Holy War*.

Or, to take a more homely example, in which the very homeliness enhances the idiom—

But he do flatter himself, from promises of Sir H. Bennett, that he shall have a pension of £2,000 per annum, and be made an earl.

Pepy's *Diary*.

The same rule holds for the second person becoming third :—

Upon a time Reputation, Love and Death
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part and take three several ways.
Death told them they should find him in great battles....

Webster: *Duchess of Malf.*

Here in the last line *they should* stands for *you shall*.

It may be thought that all this is only a matter of accuracy in form, of no importance to the meaning. Consider then the following sentence :—

She (Dorothea) felt sure that she should promise to fulfil his wishes.

George Eliot: *Middlemarch*.

Now, an observer of *shall* and *will* can immediately infer from this sentence that the promise was going to be an unwilling one: a *would* would give an entirely different meaning. In the description therefore of Dorothea's state of mind, that little *sh* not only saves a whole sentence, but also prevents a possible wrong impression. A change of letter that does as much work as this cannot be looked upon as a drone in the hive of language.

The rule we have given for Reported Speech reduces itself to the simple common-sense principle—when you quote another man's words, put yourself in his place. Somewhat akin to this is the

principle governing Interrogative or Inverted Speech—*viz.*, when you put a question to another man, put it from his point of view. Hence

RULE FOR QUESTIONS.

When the person questioned is different from the person questioning, *sh* or *w* must be used in the question according as *sh* or *w* may be expected in the answer.

I say "when the persons are different," in order to distinguish questions of deliberation from questions of information. When a man deliberates and asks himself "Shall I go?" his answer, after decision, is from a totally different point of view, and is therefore "I will :"; it is only if he remains undecided that the *sh* also remains, for then he says "I don't know whether I shall." Similarly when a number of men are deliberating, one may ask "Shall we?" and the answer might be "Yes, we will."

Again, I say in the rule "according as *sh* or *w* may be expected in the answer ;" it does not follow that the expected always happens. When a gentleman says to a lady "Shall I carry your bag for you?" he undoubtedly gives her the grammatical right to reply "Yes, you shall," but the lady will not as a rule exercise that right. An imperious beauty might delight a devoted slave by the gracious permission, "Very well, as a great favour you shall ;" but this would not be ordinary. It is the principle of politeness again which asserts in the question what the principle of humility suppresses in the answer. We avoid the necessity of calling these cases exceptions by our use of the words "may be expected."

It follows from the rule that it is always wrong to say "Will you be able?" "Will you enjoy yourself there?" "Would you like to know?" &c., *i.e.*, whenever the person spoken to has no control over the action of the verb. Here let the reporters lift up their heads again, for in this matter of question we are pretty well all in the same box ; an observant critic can daily find matter for criticism in the conversation around him, and if he sees himself as others see him, will probably catch himself also tripping from time to time.

Here is a straightforward application of the rule :—

CLARA : Will you be ever constant? Shall not your father's severity constrain you to be false?

OCTAVIAN : Never, my dearest, never.

Otway : *The Cheats of Soapin.*

This *never* means "Yes, I will : no, it shall| not"—hence the *will* and the *shall* of the questions.

Or again :—

DIABOLUS (to Mansoul) : Then what good will your lives do you ? Shall you with him live in pleasure, as you do now ?

Bunyan : *Holy War.*

A reader of George Eliot might perhaps triumphantly bring up against me the following two questions, both from the same book, though in different connections :—

You would like Miss Garth, mother, shouldn't you ?

You would like to see her, would you not ?

Middlemarch.

Here is a proof, it might be said, that it does not matter which we use, for George Eliot is an undoubted authority on conversational English. But look a little closer, and you will see that the only possible answer to the first question is "Yes, I should," and to the second "Yes, I would." As a matter of fact, the word "like" has two distinct meanings : in the former sentence it means "love," in the latter "choose : " hence the difference—and the objection becomes a strong illustration of my rule.

Indeed, the principle holds even in what may be called rhetorical questions, when the speaker means to answer his own question. Thus :—

ARMADO (to Jacquenetta) : Shall I command thy love ? I may. Shall I enforce thy love ? I could. Shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes. . . .

Love's Labours Lost.

Here the first three questions are deliberative ; the fourth is rhetorical, and its answer is "thou shalt, &c." This form of question is common in the semi-prophetic style proper to rhetoric, *e.g.* :—

Where shalt thou find this judgment registered
Unless in hell.

Webster : *Duchess of Malfi.*

By the foot of Pharoah ! There's an oath ! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath ?

Ben Jonson : *Every Man in his Humour.*

In this respect the Revised Version of Scripture has not always improved on the Authorised :—

If (I speak) of Judgment,	{	who shall set me a time to plead ?—A. V.
		who will appoint me a time ?—R. V.

Job : ix, 20

I do not say the latter is wrong ; I only say that it gives a different

meaning and is not nearly as forcible as the former. While we are on Scripture, perhaps it would be well to explain such a question as the following:—

Shall mortal man be more just than God?

Job: iv, 17.

At first sight one feels inclined to explain it by the principle of attraction, making the question equivalent to "Shall we say that man is more just than God?" But I prefer having recourse to our original principle and saying that it is equivalent to "In the imaginary universe you have constructed in your own mind, are you going to make man more just than God?"

Here I should dismiss the matter of Questions, if it were not for a misleading statement quoted with approval by Dean Alford. "*Will I?*" he says, is "always incorrect." This proves the danger of sweeping statements. Of course it is absurd to ask for information from others about your own will, and therefore "*will I?*" is generally wrong. But we can deliberate with ourselves, pulling ourselves up with the question "*And yet would I?*" Indeed, this question may even be put to others, *e.g.* :—

CELIA (to Rosalind): Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

As You Like It.

Or again, the first person may become *virtually* third, as when one says in scornful repetition "*Will I go? of course I will.*" As also in the passage:—

K. PHILIP: Bind up your hairs.

CONSTANCE: Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

King John.

Marlow is fond of the inversion, though he uses it rather as a rhetorical exclamation than as a question. Still it is in the form of a question, and therefore it is wrong to say that "*Will I?*" is always incorrect:—

ITHAMORE: Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

BELLANIRA: Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Marlowe: *The Jew of Malta.*

MEPHISTOPHELES: What will I not do to obtain his soul?

Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus.*

If the last two seem somewhat of the nature of a quibble, here is a genuine question of information which will clinch the matter:—

And will I tell then ?

Ben Jonson : *Alchemist*.

"Shall I tell?" would mean "Do you want me to tell?" But the speaker means "Am I likely to tell?" and the answer is "Yes, you will." Hence, not only is *Will I?* in this case correct, but anything else would be incorrect.

I will not apologise for wearying my readers with all this detail : a scientific analysis cannot be expected to read like a fairy-tale, and the complex nature of the subject compels me to consider yet another large class of sentences—viz., Indefinite Subordinate clauses. They will not require a special rule for themselves, for I shall show that the original rule applies. The mere fact that a clause is indefinite shows that it has been brought under some law or condition ; therefore the operation of the individual will is excluded, and the operation of the law or condition is expressed—hence the proper verb for indefinite Subordinate Sentences in the future is *shall*.

For instance, the relative pronoun brings its sentence under a class ; so we read :—

In my judgment
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.

Massinger : *The Duke of Milan*.

In the meanwhile I would advise a Dutch painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

Addison : *On a Grinning Match*.

An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

In the same category may be placed adverbial sentences of time, which indeed are practically relative :—

For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Webster : *Duchess of Malf.*

Over Eire
The Blessing speed till time shall be no more
From Cashel of the Kings.

Aubrey de Vere : *Legends of St. Patrick*.

If, of course, brings its sentence under a condition ; hence—

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that man ever preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings.

Jeremy Taylor : *Holy Dying*.

Of course a man's will may be itself the subject of the condition, and in that case the verb *will* is used, but no longer as a purely auxiliary verb. The following contrast makes this evident:—

Do not hurt them, if they will submit themselves to me; . . . but if they shall resist and rebel, then do I command thee, &c.

Bunyan: *Holy War*.

From the same book I gather another sentence which will form a nice little exercise for explanation by the student:—

But, O Mansoul, if you will give yourselves into our hauds, or rather into the hands of our King, and will trust to him to make such terms with you and for you, as shall seem good in his eyes (and I dare say they will be such as you shall find to be most profitable to you), then we will receive you and be at peace with you.

Bunyan: *Holy War*.

Or, if any teacher wants a really testing example to set before his pupils, let him try this curious passage:—

Venus: But if thou *will* give me the golden ball,
Cupid my boy *shall* ha't to play withal,
That, whensoever this apple he *shall* see,
The God of Love himself *shall* think on thee,
And bid thee look and choose, and he *will* wound
Whereas thy fancy's object *shall* be found.

Peele: *The Arraignment of Paris*.

The only sentence I have found difficult to account for is one introduced by *since*, which can hardly be called an indefinite subordinate:—

Since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2.

Perhaps, however, the *shall* may be accounted for by the permissive tone running throughout Silvia's speech. Certainly *will* would sound wrong, whatever the explanation may be.

The difference between definite and indefinite clauses comes out very clearly in the question:—

Who knows where she shall find a port or what it will be like?

I think I have now fairly kept my promise of showing at length something of the intricacy of this knotty point in grammar. I hope that those who have not considered it deeply before, and have followed me now, will henceforward have a keener eye for mistakes.

They will find some splendid blunders for practice in our dear old friend Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Seeing that he is a Welshman, that is, a Celt, Shakespeare has had the insight to make him play ducks and drakes with his wills and shalls. This insight is the more remarkable when we contrast it with Ben Jonson's Irish Masque, in which the Irishmen utter a horrible farrago of exaggerated peculiarities of pronounciation, but all their wills and shalls are right. I give some of Sir Hugh's best without further comment :

SHALLOW : The council shall hear it : it is a riot.

EVANS : It is not meet the council hear a riot : there is no fear of Got in a riot the council, look you, *shall* desire to hear the fear of Got, and not hear a riot.

SLENDER : Mistress Ann Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

EVANS : It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you *will* desire.

EVANS : Your wife is as honest a 'omans as I *will* desires among five thousand and five hundred too.

SHALLOW : Is Falstaff there?

EVANS : *Shall* I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar....

PAGE : Who's there?

EVANS : Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow ; and young master Slender, that peradventures *shall* tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

This last blunder, combining *shall* with *peradventures*, is simply delicious.

Perhaps before I close I ought to draw attention to a narrative use of *will*, *would* and *should* which seems to be intermediate between the auxiliary and substantive verb. When Ben Jonson says,

And there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes,

Every Man in his Humour,

the *will* might be equal to *is wont to* if it were not for the *sometimes*. But it is still further away in the following :—

A lover will outgaze an eagle.

urton : *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Similarly :

ARIEL : Sometime I'd divide

And burn in many places ; on the topmast,

The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join.

The Tempest.

The word *should* also can take upon itself a semi-narrative, semi-obligatory force with very humorous effect ; for example, in Launce's famous leave-taking—

LAUNCE : I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father . . . Now come I to my father ; " Father, your blessing ; " now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping : now should I kiss my father : well, he weeps on . . . Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I should not need to say any more if it were not that the subtlety of language goes beyond all verbal explanation. I will merely indicate one or two subtleties, and then I may surely claim to have pursued my subject as far as a grammarian dare.

I read in Bacon's Essays :—

Therefore care would be had that the good be not taken away with the bad.

Essay on Superstition.

And again :—

Surely in counsels concerning religion, that counsel of the apostle would be prefixed, *Ira hominis non implet justitiam Dei.*

Essay on Unity in Religion.

My edition remarks on these passages that the old authors often wrote *would* for *should* ! Did they indeed ? If you read the context, you will see that Bacon meant a great deal more than *should*. The idiom is now obsolete, but we may unfold its subtlety all the same. When he says " care would be had," he means " there is a demand that care should be had " ; or rather he personifies care, and says " Care insists on being had." In the other sentence he means " that counsel of the apostle *claims*, or has a claim, to be prefixed." The context will fully bear me out, and perhaps this may serve for a warning to students not to be led astray by criticism which says of these giants of literature that they used one word when they meant another. They always meant exactly what they said.

I was very much struck with the *should* in the following speech, which occurs in the sweet homely scene whose stage-direction is " Enter Volumnia and Virgilia ; they sit down on two low stools, and sew." Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus, tries to animate the courage of Virgilia, his wife, and says, like the real old Roman matron she was—

When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I . . . was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame.

Coriolanus.

Now, why *should*? Is it on account of the *when*? Or does it imply obligation? Or is it not perhaps a certain depth of Stoic emotion which makes her speak in the third person, while she feels in the first, with the *should* as the link between the two?

Sometimes the subtlety is one of humour. For instance, one can no more explain the change from *shall* to *will* in the following scene than one can describe the shifting colours of a pearl, but we can perceive and enjoy them both:—

SPEED: But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE: No.

SPEED: How, then? shall he marry her?

LAUNCE: No, neither.

SPEED: What, are they broken?

LAUNCE: No, they are both as whole as a fish....

SPEED: But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUNCE: Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will: if he say no, it will: if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED: The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE: Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

The idea of the madcap Launce being looked upon as the arbiter of the fortunes of the family, and his gravely passing that honour on to his dog, is only part of the fun.

I have reserved for the very last the sweetest tit-bit of all. Two innocent women fall to talking about crimes of which they are both utterly incapable. One of them pretends to be very naughty, and sets out to declare her dreadful resolution; but when it comes to the point, though the resolve is wholly imaginary and conditional, her innocent lips refuse fully to utter it. She pretends to strengthen it with a ladylike little oath, but at the same time she weakens it by being unable to use the only word which would make it valid. And all this pretty hesitation, this fluttering of an innocent soul, is portrayed by the interchange of *sh* and *w*.

DESDEMONA: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?.....In troth I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA: In troth I think I should.....Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring.....; but, for the whole world, who would not.....? I should venture purgatory for it.

Othello.

My task is done. If I have not exhausted the subject, I have at least shown how inexhaustible it is. If I have not explained all my examples correctly, I have at least gathered together a goodly set of examples for others to explain. I have chosen them

mainly from classical authors, and largely from the golden period when this idiom was in the fulness of conscious vigour. The trouble it has caused me has been already amply repaid in the search, and if any teacher or pupil has been benefited thereby the knowledge of such benefit will be to me a superabundant reward.

FREDERICK C. KOLBE.

BY THE SEA.

THE sea was restless, troubled, and made moan ;
Foam-crested waves rose upward like white arms,
Tossed fev'rishly, then dashed themselves 'gainst rocks
Which frowned unmoved, heedless of their alarms.

Dark clouds o'erhead, like columned warriors grim,
Prisoned the moon, which struggled to be free ;
She, breaking off their swiftly-moving ranks,
Cast tearful glances o'er the surging sea.

A cold wind swept the desolate sad strand ;
It shrieked, then fled, sobbing and shuddering.
A sea-bird's scream woke echoes 'mong the rocks,
As fast it flew with wildly flapping wing.

"O Peace," I cried, "where is thy dwelling-place?
Not in men's hearts, not in the world around :
Hatred and greed wage war ; they fain would dash
The scales of Justice broken to the ground."

Soon fell another eve. The setting sun
Burnished with gold the calm, unruffled sea,
Gilded the rocks and flushed the distant hills,
Where cattle browsed in peace enjoyingly.

Above hung heaven's sanctuary lamp,
The moon ; in cloudless blue its pure rays fell
Like peace upon my heart, and seemed to say—
"Where is thy faith ? God rules, and all is well."

JESSIE TULLOCH.

DR. MURRAY AS AN EDINBURGH REVIEWER, WITH AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN addition to the many services that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has conferred on this Magazine, he now gives it the credit of revealing the Rev. Dr. Patrick Murray of Maynooth* in a character of which even his intimate friends were not aware. Like Sydney Smith and Macaulay, he was an Edinburgh Reviewer. *Et ego in Arcadia!* He had begun a sort of Review of his own about 1850, under the title of "The Irish Annual Miscellany." It was not a very profitable undertaking, as far as a money return was concerned; and Dr. Murray was anxious to make good the deficiency by other uses of his pen. Gavan Duffy very kindly offered to get him an introduction to *The Edinburgh Review* through Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle did promptly and graciously what he was desired to do, and put Dr. Murray and the then editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, Empson, the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, into communication with one another, with the satisfactory result referred to in the following letter:—

College, Maynooth, July 24th, 1862.

MY DEAR DUFFY—First and foremost, I congratulate you most sincerely on your new dignity—not that I care one doit for politics, but I rejoice with all my heart and soul in everything that contributes to your success and prosperity.

I have been anxious to have a word or two with you about my new literary engagement, but I did not like to bother you until after the battle. I believe I have not seen you since I received Empson's note in reply to my first; and, as I am starting on next Tuesday morning to spend a month roving through the south, I may not see you for some time: so I must say my say in writing.

Empson requested me to name the subjects I would like to write on. I did so, and among them was Carleton. This he selected. I accordingly wrote an article, and sent it to him the first week in May, or at the end of April. In less than a week after, I had the article back printed in full, with the MS. corrected in a few places—to all which corrections (they were merely verbal) I agreed except two, which I gave my reasons for not admitting, to which reasons Empson at once agreed. The article was printed with hardly a mistake, even in a letter—which shows the way those people have of doing business. It is short, occupying about one sheet of the Review, but could not appear in the July Number, owing to the accumulation of previous matter for that Number. Empson said it was a very interesting article. It is simply and plainly written, and in a spirit of very kind feeling to Carleton—though I point out faithfully what I believe to be his damning faults, which I am

* See some account of him *antea* page 337.

sorry to see worse than ever in his last story, "The Squanders of Castle Squander." It will be in the October Number.

In sending a second "bill of fare," I mentioned the songs and ballads of Ireland, which Empson seized on *eagerly*. He expects to have it for his January Number; but I shall not be able to finish it before then, as I shall be engaged on the fourth volume of my essays. I shall have this fourth volume out of my hands about the middle of October. I will then call upon you and get whatever books, or references to books, you can give me on the ballads and songs of Ireland for the last 80 or 100 years; for I don't mean to go back to the old times. I may perhaps be able to see you on my return from the south. Meantime you can keep for me any books bearing on the subject, and all recollections of books which you may not have. After one or two light articles of this sort, I mean to take up weightier subjects.

So this is the way I stand with Empson and *The Edinburgh Review*.

If you have any occasion to write to me during next month, address to Maynooth, as my letters will follow me.

Ever yours most faithfully,

P. MURRAY.

C. G. DUFFY, Esq.

The "new dignity" alluded to in the first sentence of the foregoing letter was that of M.P. for New Ross, which ancient borough had just made Mr. Duffy its representative in the House of Commons.* Dr. Murray's criticism on the novels of William Carleton fills pages 384-403 of the 96th volume of the famous Blue and Yellow, issued in October, 1852. The reviewer has himself described for us the spirit in which it was written; but, reading it now, we certainly think that it errs on the side of lenity. He gives his highest praise to *Fardarougha the Miser* among the larger novels; and among the shorter tales he calls *The Poor Scholar* "the best that has ever been written on an Irish subject by himself or by any other."

Dr. Murray probably carried out his intention of composing for the *Edinburgh* a dissertation on Irish songs and ballads; but it will be sought for in vain in the subsequent volumes of the Review. Lord Jeffrey's second successor in the editorial chair soon retired from that post, and shortly after he died. The new editor

* We have recently come across an epigram about that famous election, which is little known and is worth recalling. The election, it will be remembered, took place only two or three years after Mr. Duffy had been released from Newgate, where he had been confined as a State prisoner.

A year or two since I gave a great shout
When I heard that our friend, Gavan Duffy, was out.
I haven't changed since, not the point of a pin,
But I'm twice as glad now to find that he's in.

was Sir George Cornewall Lewis—whom, as we have heard, Gladstone once joined with the present Lord Acton in pronouncing them to be the two most learned members of parliament at the time. We are left in ignorance of the particular circumstances which accompanied Lewis's final decision, referred to in this second very honourable and characteristic letter of Dr. Murray's, who had refused to modify some statement objected to by the editor. We may, by the way, discount Dr. Murray's admiration, expressed in his previous letter, for the accuracy of his printers by mentioning that his manuscript was so absolutely perfect in all details that only the most careless of printers could mistake a letter or comma in it.

College, Maynooth, May 23rd, 1853.

* **MY DEAR DUFFY**—I received your note on Friday evening, and have been occupied until to-day.

I wrote in *The Edinburgh Review* solely for money, not for literary reputation. The former I wanted badly; the latter, though not indifferent about, still less despising it, I was not, and am not, anxious about. Theology, not literature, is my profession, and the true loadstone of my mind, just as law is of the lawyers, or politics and literature together of your's. The reputation of an Edinburgh Reviewer is undoubtedly very high among literary people, but in my sphere and world of small account. Jeffrey or Macaulay, or Moore or Byron, would be nothing in the theological schools, just as Suarez or De Lugo would be nothing to them, except to crack jokes on, as Moore did. I say all this to account for my brain and pen not being in the least disturbed, as you seem to apprehend.

I said in my last note to you that I was glad on receiving back the MS., and I really was *very* glad. The reason of this feeling, which must appear to you so unaccountable, I promised to explain at our next meeting, but as that is not likely to occur soon, I may as well tell it now.

A strong religious scruple had got into my head about being connected with *The Edinburgh Review*. Though professedly a literary and political journal, yet, of late years especially, it had become rather theological—the theology being of course of a very bad stamp. It occurred to me that there was an impropriety in my contributing to such a periodical. I reasoned myself out of this—still I felt very uncomfortable, though keeping my uneasiness all to myself. There were four articles out of nine in the January number, and two in the last number, more or less of this character. Lewis's note took a heavy weight off my mind—I took it as a grace from God—and have felt quite happy and free ever since. More when we meet. I give you an abstract, etc., on next page, not being able to enlarge—but this will do for you.

Yours ever, etc.,

P. MURRAY.

C. G. DUFFY, Esq.

Dr. Murray, therefore, like Single-speech Hamilton, was the contributor of a single article to the great Review. The only other Edinburgh Reviewer supplied by Maynooth was Dr. Russell, who

began, in 1855, with the article on Cardinal Mezzofanti, which afterwards became the wonderful linguistic biography adopted by Italy herself as the classic *Life* of her polyglot Cardinal. Dr. Russell continued for several years to contribute to the *Edinburgh* under the editorship of Mr. Henry Reeve. But this subject may be reserved for the next volume of this Magazine, of which, as far as human pledges can be trusted, we pledge ourselves to devote the opening pages, and many other pages, to a memoir, too long delayed, of Dr. Russell of Maynooth.

* * *

The foregoing letters were already in type when Sir C. G. Duffy, fortunately for our Magazine, discovered by far the most important of the documents connected with this literary negotiation—a rather long and highly characteristic letter of Thomas Carlyle, which it is our privilege to publish now for the first time. The whole tone and matter of the letter will make the present writer, for one, think more kindly of the author of *Sartor Resartus* than he has been in the habit of doing. The handwriting also is quite satisfactory, very different from the terrifying fragments which have sometimes been engraved as specimens of Carlyle's illegible manuscript. The letter is carefully but peculiarly punctuated, just as we print it—far too small a matter for less distinguished letter-writers to attend to.

Chelsea, 30 Jan., 1852.

DEAR DUFFY—I will cheerfully do all I can for Dr. Murray; and indeed have already as good as done so; of which I hope to communicate the issue in a day or two. I have described Dr. Murray and his Project to the Editor, in question, this morning; and put the question to him, *Will* you deliberately read his Paper if he send one? By this means, taking part of the risk upon myself, I think the problem may be a little *abridged*, and the risk of the other parties less: you will hear at once what answer there is; till then, keep silence, please. My conviction is that any deliberate Essay of Dr. Murray's would decidedly deserve the trouble of *reading* by an Editor; and doubtless I could so have managed it in general, and perhaps with this entangled Blue-and-Yellow in particular; but, as I said, it will be surer, and may probably be briefer, to proceed as now.

Can you send me, one of these days, Dr. Kennedy's address,—the Dr. of whom I saw so much in Dublin, who is Pitt Kennedy's Brother, and who lives somewhere in the southern outskirts, I think—a well-known man. No haste about it, only don't quite forget.

I am truly sorry to hear that your Land Scheme has come to ruin in so provoking and paltry a way. There can *nothing* be done, then, for the poor Irish People a present? Nothing by express enactment or arrangement; but they must follow the *dumb* law of their position and sink, sink, till they do come upon rock? I rather

judge so ; nothing considerable, either for them or for any People or object whatever ; all objects having got so frightfully enigmatic (hideous and *unintelligible*, as the old official *masks* drop off them) and our chief interpreter of enigmatic realities being Lord John* at this moment,—an interpreter that probably defies the world for his fellow, if we consider when he is and where he is ! Well, there is no help : we must all get down to the *rock* ; we are in a place equivalent to *Hell* (for every true soul and interest) till we do get thither ; there, and there only, on the eternal basis, can there be any “Heaven” and Land of Promise for the Sons of Adam (Sons of Hudson, millionaire and penniless alike, I exclude) ; thither must we, as God lives—and God knows many of us will have a good bit to go before we would arrive there, and will need considerable thrashing and tossing before the chaff be well beaten out of us, I guess. It is the dimmallest epoch ; and yet one of the grandest ;—like a putrid Golgotha with Immortality beyond it : I do verily believe (in figurative language) comparable to a “resurrection from the Dead.” It is in such way I look at it, in silence generally ;—and welcome even a Brummagem Cromwell of the French as a clear step forward. “Two-and-thirty years of parliamentary stump-oratory, all ending in less than nothing ; now let us try Drill-serjeantry a little, even under these sad terms !” I find the talk of France to be, and to have been, much sadder than even their Silence is like to be. God is Great.

You are dreadfully unjust to what you call “England” in almost all you say about Ireland ; and in general your interpretation of the former hated Entity is altogether mistaken, too often (I swear to you) at once lamentable and absurd ! I forgive it, as before, but pray always it might alter ! There seems to me no possibility of profit in that direction.

I had a letter from a Brother of Mitchel's the other day, who dates Washington ; an enquiring, struggling, ingenious and ambitious kind of creature, to whom, for John's sake, I made some reply.

Adieu—I hope, only for a few days.

Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

* Some of our younger readers may require to have this once familiar name supplemented by the surname, which a malcontent poet of the time brought into a curious context, slightly but unintentionally blasphemous ;—

“The nine-choired Heaven is not a clique,
The Lord of hosts is not a Russell.”

Hudson, the Railway King, is also forgotten.

THE MASTER OF THE ROSES.

THE Master of the roses
 Lies dead this evenfall.
 The roses, scarlet, gold, and pied,
 Are clustering by the wall.

The Master of the roses
 Was old and bent and grey ;
 And but one human heart is left
 To miss him every day.

But the dejected roses,
 Since June hath brought them here,
 Have sorely missed his ancient form,
 His withered face and sere.

For who will save the roses
 When wind and dust will blow ?
 And who will guard in winter
 Their trees from frost and snow ?

And who will cool the roses
 With showers of gentle rain ?
 The roses miss their Master,
 They whisper and complain.

Soft cheek to cheek, the roses
 Wonder and muse and sigh,
 " Where is he gone, sweet sister ?
 We need him, you and I."

And while they grieve, the roses,
 And while one woman grieves,
 The rosee' Master, he is rich
 Under the mould and leaves.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LITTLE CONVERSATION.

When Mr. Huntingdon entered The Farm, he found Doctor Hayden, Miss Hayden, and Mrs. Wiseman seated with Mrs. Desmond and Mary in the drawingroom.

"Mrs. Desmond," he said, when he had shaken hands with them, "have you been wondering at my audacity? I am taking advantage of this fortunate kinship, doctor. It's a sort of mantle I expect Mrs. Desmond to throw over all my faults."

"Oh, if you have faults by the dozen, keep them to yourself," said the Doctor, "and Mrs. Desmond will never be the wiser. She has no natural talent for discovering them."

"I'm sure she has none to discover now," said Mrs. Wiseman, graciously, "or appearances are very deceptive."

"I have good eyes," said Mary, laughing; "no amount of sun makes me blind to spots."

"Do you hear that insinuation, Mrs. Wiseman?" said Mr. Huntingdon plaintively. "Miss Desmond is most uncharitable; she thinks there isn't the least capacity for goodness in me. Cruel, is she not?"

"Young people are rarely good judges of character," answered Mrs. Wiseman. "They ought to be guided in their judgments by people of experience."

"I don't know that," said the Doctor; "I think they are likely to form as correct, and certainly a less interested, judgment than older heads, grown grey in worldliness."

"Youth is intolerant, and age inclines to liberalism," said Amy. "Perhaps one forgives too little, and the other too much."

"I think it is just as we like people or not," said Mary, "we forgive those who like us everything, and those who don't nothing."

"Well that comforts me immensely," replied Mr. Huntingdon, "since it ensures me the forgiveness of you ladies."

"Ah, Huntingdon, faith you kissed the blarney stone," said the

Doctor. "I never could imply a compliment as neatly; that's what left me as I am—a desolate old bachelor."

"I think an old bachelor one of the pleasantest specimens of humanity to be found," said Mary, merrily. "I don't know but that I prefer single flowers to double ones; it seems to me as if they smell much sweeter."

"Of course you do, my dear," answered the Doctor, "you have taste and judgment."

"An old bachelor is better than an old maid at all events," said Mrs. Wiseman.

"And just as likely as not an old maid is better than a married woman," replied the Doctor. "It is absurd to say she is a bit worse. It is the fashion to think a woman becomes bitter, selfish, meddlesome, and prying because she has not a husband as a safety valve; but I back married women to gossip, and pry, and backbite with any old maid that ever wore a bonnet."

"That's true, Doctor," said Mary. "I know several unmarried women, and I think they are a great deal kinderhearted and more unselfish than many of the married ones."

"I have a large experience of the sex in every condition," replied the Doctor. "I think I shall write a book to clear up this mistake about the influence of matrimony on feminine nature. If celibacy develops some bad qualities in her, matrimony engenders others equally disagreeable. A married woman is supposed to have so much to do she can't watch other people, but I know the dear ladies do take their business very easy. You'll find maiden aunts a great deal more careful and watchful of children than their own mothers, neater in their houses and habits too, and as for crossness, ask husbands about that. It is all a mistake; marriage is demoralising in my mind. Look at Mrs. Desmond as a living example," and the Doctor ended his defence of celibacy with a hearty laugh, as he drew attention to his gentle hostess.

"I think it does not make so much difference, Doctor," she answered with a smile. "A cross old maid would have been a cross wife, and a genial, agreeable married woman would likely have remained so if she were unwedded."

"I can't say I admire old maids," said Mrs. Wiseman. "They have nothing to do but say their prayers, and spending their time in church instead of doing something useful."

"By Jove, if that's what they turn to," said Mr. Huntingdon, "I'll never be one. A sermon has a soporific effect on me."

"It is a great waste of time, isn't it?" said Mary gravely. "Just fancy taking a couple of hours away from the service of the world to

contemplate eternity when you might amuse yourself, trim a bonnet, read a nice novel, or shop down town. The fancy some people have for religion is really wonderful. Amy here, for instance; is she as bad as ever, Mrs. Wiseman?"

"Indeed she is," answered Mrs. Wiseman. "I always tell her she will get her death of cold going out so early in the morning. Of course, I like people to be religious in moderation, but they ought not to forget the duties they owe to society or allow their devotions to interfere with them; there's a time for everything."

"Oh, oh," said the Doctor. "That's meant for Amy. She was lectured on Sunday for going to the Rosary, because there was someone dining with us. Who was it? Oh, yes, Nugent."

"Well, it wasn't polite," said Mrs. Wiseman.

"He had not left the diningroom," said Amy.

"Yes, but he might at any moment, and ladies should always make the drawingroom attractive to gentlemen."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Wiseman," said Mr. Huntingdon. "Mankind would be reclaimed if every lady had such gentle compassion and consideration for our sex."

Mr. Huntingdon looked at the two girls with rather an amused look in his half shut eyes.

"I'm afraid I haven't any compassion in my nature," said Mary. "I like to amuse myself instead of amusing men."

"And I fear I have no missionary ardour," said Amy. "I don't feel impelled to reclaim mankind. I suppose there is a good deal of moral cowardice in me. I'm inclined to shrink from one that wants reclaiming, though I'd do anything I could to help him out of the slough of despond. I'm sure there would be more danger that I'd fall in than hope that I'd pull him out."

"A good wife has often been the saving of a man," said Mrs. Wiseman. "Nothing so good for a wild fellow as to marry and settle down."

"Reclaiming and saving," said the Doctor scornfully. "Women ought to reclaim and save themselves; perhaps it would give them enough to do. Did you ever remark, Huntingdon, how they like to reclaim a brute that has a good account with his banker? Ask Mrs. Wiseman does the conversion and salvation of that young Willie Considine interest her? She'll tell you, if she's honest, that she thinks it would be a great relief to his parents if he drank himself to death."

"Oh, Willie Considine," said Mrs. Wiseman, "a tradesman's son. What could you expect from him?"

"Just as much as I'd expect from any man," said the Doctor.

"Nothing kills me but to hear women's hypocritical reasons for hooking some wealthy sot. They're so patient, so angelic, and so wise, they will win him from all his bad habits. And, faith, I know wives whose patience evaporates very quickly if their husbands once in a way indulge in a glass too much. If they were honest, and put no sentimental gloss on the union, I'd be satisfied, but I can't swallow the pious motives."

"It is quite possible a girl should be fond of him," said Mrs. Wiseman, "and marry him for that."

"Well, if a girl takes a fancy to a man she has often seen under the influence of drink, all I can say is, it is easy to please her," answered the Doctor. "She must be a young woman of course fibre, she is good enough for him. But I greatly doubt if the same loving young woman would marry her sot if she had five hundred a year on her own account."

While they were chatting, laughing, and singing at The Farm, Captain Crosbie looked over account books, and when he had finished with those he read letters appertaining to the election. The hours passed on slowly till eleven o'clock struck. He was surprised Mr. Huntingdon did not appear. They never remained at The Farm so late. He waited and wondered, and at last, weary of doing both, he stood up, put aside his papers, took his hat, passed into the drawing-room, and went out by the glass door into the leafless woods. It was a calm moonlight night; a slight fog crept along the lower ground; the trees beckoned coldly with their skeleton arms, and the withered leaves rustled mournfully beneath his footsteps. He lighted a cigar and strolled quietly along until he found himself near The Farm. He thought he would go further and see if the lights were out. Huntingdon, sometimes erratic in his movements, might be wandering on the top of some hill or other, viewing the country by moonlight. He continued his walk and in a few moments came to the wicket. The lights were not out, but burning with additional brilliancy, for the diningroom, as well as the drawingroom and hall, was lighted, which was not usual. He leaned against the little gate, watching the shadows that were thrown against the blind. Mary was singing, he could not hear the words, but the sweet sounds came to him in the higher notes and her voice was language and music to him. How empty and sad the night seemed—like his life; the green summer evenings changed into the cold ghostly winter. How often he had lingered at the little gate, watching a girl's face, when the full-leaved trees were swaying in the golden light, and the woods were musical with the song of birds. Everything outside seemed wan and lonely, but within that lighted room life was young and beautiful, and he had no place in it. Perhaps

Mrs. Desmond felt a momentary regret that he had not gone there that evening, and that was all. He was not missed or wanted. He turned away in anything but a happy frame of mind, when the sound of wheels caught his attention, and the voices of Peter and Dr. Hayden's servant became audible as the trap was led to the hall-door. Captain Crosbie felt a strange sensation of relief. There were others there, then, beside Huntingdon. He had not the evening completely to himself. He walked rapidly home, and had retired to his room before that gentleman returned.

Next morning brought news that the Ministry were out at last ; and Mr. Huntingdon, concluding that canvassing was his "kismet," prepared to do violence to his nature and begin his solicitous progress through the land. After a hurried breakfast the two gentlemen set out for the county town and put the address into the hands of the printers.

The canvass began in earnest. The villages were thrown into the greatest excitement by the entry and exit of the several candidates. Their heated horses and splashed carriages were suggestive of great public business, national eagerness, and general haste to rescue Ireland from her enemies. It was a gala time for the pensioners on private charity. They swarmed out of the holes and corners, ready to cheer or hiss as the case might be, and the merits of the Parliamentary aspirants assumed a satisfactory monetary aspect. Mr. Huntingdon, having a good deal of treasure on earth, scattered money with a liberal hand, and was, as a natural consequence, pleasantly received by his meagre and attenuated shadow of a mob. His handsome face and winning smile were in his favour, gaining him not a vote certainly, but a hearing. The Conservative candidate was received in silence, but Mr. Maguire got a rapturous reception everywhere. Wherever there was a band, it turned out to do him honour, and long after he had departed it played the national airs, and "God save Ireland" closed the musical utterance of the people.

The answers Mr. Huntingdon got to his petition for support and interest were exceedingly vague, and to anyone else rather disheartening. Men asked each other for what possible reason should they vote for him. Ireland to him was just the value of his Irish rent roll—no more ; men lived, suffered, and died upon his property, and were the same to him as the wild birds upon the mountains ; their welfare had no interest for him ; their misfortunes won no compassion ; there was no single bond of sympathy between them. Why should they be instrumental in forwarding Lord Rossroe's ambition, putting power into the hands of one who, if he were not mischievous, was certainly likely to be a lukewarm advocate of Irish rights ? No ; they would have nothing to do with an absentee. Of course, it was only natural

he should reside in his own country, but it was equally natural they should choose one of their own country to represent them. The Conservative candidate got equally misty replies, except among his own class—the aristocracy. The people would have none of him; but he was a man in power, a magistrate whose sense of justice might be impaired by an electioneering slight. So they kept a civil tongue in their heads, and were respectfully indefinite.

CHAPTER XIX.

BREAKING NEW GROUND.

The weather was lovely, as November weather sometimes is; the air was slightly frosty and very exhilarating. The autumn luxuriance was gone, but a great deal of it was packed away in the shape of ricks of hay and stacks of corn about the humble homesteads. The hens pecked about them; the turkeycock strutted along at the head of his diminished brood; the geese glittered white in the brown potato fields, grubbing up any that might have been left; the ducks quacked about the yard, and gobbled any stray eatables flung out over the little half-door; the weanling calves were in the haggards nestling for shelter against the fragrant hay; the stacks of turf and the potato pit were still of comfortable dimensions; and the external condition of man presented such a prosperous appearance that Mr. Huntingdon concluded that Irish dissatisfaction had no tangible cause, but was merely the effect of a bilious organisation.

"You seem to be very comfortable here," he said to a farmer outside whose door on the road-side his carriage had drawn up.

A row of trees, beneath whose shade several pigs tranquilly wallowed in the mire, sheltered the house from the west wind. The man had risen from his dinner and had come out, followed by half a dozen rosy-cheeked children, who pushed and peeped in open-eyed admiration at the fine gentlemen and the grand carriage.

"I have no great cause to complain, sir," said the man. "Everything thrives with us this harvest, glory be to God."

"I suppose you guess my business," said Mr. Huntingdon. "I came to solicit your vote and interest."

"You're Misther Huntingdon, I suppose, sir?" replied the man. "I know Captain Oposbie well."

"Yes, I'm Mr. Huntingdon, and having so much property in the county I wish to represent it."

"An' very fair you should, sir; but you see we would like to be sure now of some things in our mimber."

"Mr. Huntingdon is a good landlord," said Captain Crosbie, coming up; "and he promises to support various measures for the good of the country."

"Well, he came of a good stock formerly," answered the man; 'tis kind for him to be good, and you're an' undherstandin' gentleman. Captain, an' well liked be those undher you; but you see he is always away, an' we doesn't know much about him."

"He will never be away again so much," said Crosbie. "He will come every year for a while to Fintona."

Mr. Huntingdon looked plaintively at him, and sighed resignedly. Then, addressing the countryman, said—

"I may have the more in my power for being an Englishman. Give me a trial. If you don't like me then, you needn't elect me again."

"But, shure they say, sir, that you'll be said an' led be Lord Rossroe, an' he voted against the tenant-right."

"Ah, you are a politician, I see, and all that sort of thing. Would you not trust me?"

"Faith, sir, by lookin' at your face one would think he could trust his soul in your hands; but we likes to be sure this time, for we badly want the one that'll stand up for the rights of the poor. We likes to be certain, for in shure if we sow black bulls we won't dig leather coats.*"

Captain Crosbie smiled and said:

"Mr. Huntingdon is sure to give satisfaction if the people only trust him, and a good many are inclined to do so."

"No doubt but he ought to have a good chance, sir. He has a good deal of the gentry to back him."

"Well," said Mr. Huntingdon, "you will follow a good example. Have I your promise to support me?"

"Oh, I'll give the quality the lead, your honour. I never likes to be makin' promises till I'm sure an' certain. I'm a poor man, but I keeps my word. Our mather isn't interferin' at all with us this time, so we can act as we wishes."

"Quite right," said Mr. Huntingdon; "that is a privilege every man should have. Are all those fine children yours?"

"Yes."

"No wonder you should be cautious in selecting a person to represent their interests. I will count upon you."

* Different species of potatoes.

"Well, your honour, maybe I wouldn't be greatly against you. I wish you well, and the captain too. You might be doin' a good turn for me yet, when those little boys are growin' up."

"Oh, certainly; I may be able to get situations for them. Fine little fellows. Never forget those who stand to me; I won't forget you, Denis Sorpy. Good morning; you'll remember your promise; good morning."

"Good morning, sir," replied the man; "good mornin', captain, an' God speed ye. But the dickens a promise you got out of me," he added, re-entering his house; "but shure, Biddy, we might as well give 'um all the soft word when it does no harm to anyone. But, please God, we'll have the right man this time, an' he won't be from foreign parts, I'm thinkin'. If 'twas the captain, now, he wouldn't have a bad chance. He has the good will of the people."

Mr. Huntingdon and Captain Crosbie were to dine and spend that night at the Grange, the residence of Sir William M'Mahon, an old friend of the late Mr. Digby Huntingdon. It was an engagement of some days' standing. Sir William, who was one of Mr. Huntingdon's supporters, when he became aware of his intended tour across the country, wrote to ask him to put up for the night at the Grange. It was about twenty miles from Fintona, and as they had made several detours it was past six o'clock as they drove up the avenue. The house was built on the shore of a lake, the end windows looking out on its silvery beauty. Great dark woods lay to the back, and the giant oaks dipped their bare arms in the musical waters. The lights from its many windows flashed a pleasant welcome; there was the bustle of company; carriage wheels were heard driving from the hall-door after leaving their living freight there, and others were audible coming up.

Sir William and his son, an officer in the Guards and an old acquaintance of Mr. Huntingdon's, met them in the hall and made them welcome; they were shown to their apartments, and after dressing for dinner entered the drawingroom, which was full of guests. The suite of rooms was open, and there was the pleasant fresh sound of girlish voices and low laughter. The magnates of the county were assembled, and to those whom he had not already met Mr. Huntingdon was presented. Lady M'Mahon walked by his side, introducing him as they went along, when suddenly he saw Mary Desmond, the centre of a group of young people who were evidently enjoying themselves. For a moment he stood quite surprised, and then quickly advanced, when she bowed to him and shook hands. He looked at her with quite new interest. Up to this he had regarded her as a very nice little country girl, perfectly lady-like, yet of no particular position,

with whom it was very agreeable to while away an idle evening and dazzle with his superiority. Poor little rural maiden, it was quite a treat for her to get the attention and aristocratic compliments of a London lady-killer—the courted darling of the fashionable world. He beheld her now in altogether a new phase of existence, transformed from chrysalis into butterfly. She was very pretty and pleasant to look upon, and seemed to be perfectly at home.

"I suppose I need not introduce Miss Desmond?" said Lady M'Mahon smilingly. "My young people brought her away in triumph yesterday, but we could not induce Mrs. Desmond to come."

"Delighted to meet you here, I am sure," said Mr. Huntingdon to Mary. "An unexpected pleasure. I did not know there was to be so large a gathering. It is quite delightful to meet you."

"I'm suggestive of woods and groves, am I not?" said Mary, laughing. "You never met me out of Fintona before. A sylvan deity at a dinner party is comical."

"I don't know which you grace best," answered Huntingdon, looking at her admiringly. "But a dinner party, as a general rule, savours too much of the practical; it destroys one's poetical images, particularly when one has to take down the wrong person."

At that moment the gong sounded; young M'Mahon came up. "Come, Miss Desmond," he said, offering his arm. "Go on, Huntingdon; do the agreeable to somebody's wife, and she will secure her husband for you."

The dinner passed on after the fashion of dinners. Through the confused intermittent buzz of voices one might pick up fragmentary crumbs of knowledge falling from the rich man's table: tenant-right—won by three lengths—crossed in love—vote by ballot—such a cropper—beautiful camellias—brace of woodcock—poor-rates—under the mistletoe—on the Derby—baby-notice—broke cover.

Captain Crosbie's quick ear caught Mary's joyous laughter. He had not met her since the day of his sentimental outburst. When they sat to dinner, he gave a rapid glance down the table and saw where she was placed, and it made him a little uncomfortable to observe that Mr. Huntingdon's eyes were very often turned in her direction. Unlike that gentleman, Mary's appearance as a fashionable young lady in an aristocratic drawingroom made no particular impression on him. She was herself simply, nothing less or nothing more; surroundings in his eyes could neither give anything to her or take anything from her; in fact they did not occur to him at all. He was a man who put his own value on things, and to the opinion of others he was profoundly indifferent, if any one may call that indifference which is more like unconsciousness.

This peculiarity in Captain Crosbie's nature was rather an unusual one. There is a strong monkey-like tendency in human beings to imitate each other; to walk in each other's footsteps, look through each other's eyes, think the thoughts of others and judge with their judgment. It gives a certain impetus to a "young man's fancy" to see other fellows anxious to get an introduction to his enslaver; it adds fuel to the sacred love-fire to feel he is envied by his male acquaintances.

A woman of the world looks upon her daughter with more tender indulgence when she has many partners and proposals than when she is left unsought by her side; and if her son shows in society an incapacity for gracefully disposing of his hands and feet, her natural love is likely to be obscured for the moment by the consciousness that others are not admiring him. "There are many echoes in the world but few voices," said the great German poet, "and except to a fine ear reverberations are confusing."

CHAPTER XX.

A DANCE.

Lady M'Mahon signalled to the ladies and rose. There was the usual flutter. Mary lifted her eyes to Captain Crosbie, who stood by his chair as she was passing; he bowed gravely but did not speak. She felt awkward and uncomfortable, and did not know whether to speak or be silent, but, as she had no time for deliberation, she also bowed, and moved on in the wake of the rest.

The gentlemen with a pleasant sense of freedom refilled their glasses and discussed the usual topics of conversation, the election being at present the most absorbing one. The married ladies sat round the fires in the great drawingroom, and talked over art, literature, fashions, their babies and domestics, and all matters of common interest. The young girls collected into groups, and held light conversation on flowers, fashions, amusements, and gentlemen, all agreeing that Mr. Huntingdon threw every other man completely in the shade. One enthusiastic young lady declared he was "delightful" and "quite too charming," which mode of expression so amused Mary Desmond that she broke forth into one of her pleasant laughs, which made the ladies at the fire look round with a smile. The gentlemen were coming in.

"Ah, Miss Desmond is enjoying herself," said Mr. Huntingdon to

Captain Crosbie. "What a rare laugh she has; one would know it anywhere."

Captain Crosbie knew it too, and he remembered the first day it fell upon his ear in the Fintona woods like the sudden sound of a wild bird, and how she stood there with the broken sunlight falling on her bright hair. Ah, well, a great deal of a man's life lies outside love-land. He entered into conversation with some of the ladies, all the time keeping his eyes on Mr. Huntingdon, who, he perceived, was making his way with quiet nonchalance towards the end of the room where Mary was seated. He moved gracefully on, overlooking no one in his progress, having a smile and a word for each, until he sank into an arm-chair by Mary's side.

"Miss Desmond, I am worn to death; do have the charity to talk to me and infuse into my exhausted frame some of your delightful vitality. I have not even strength to ask those lovely young ladies to pity me."

"Lovely young ladies are pitiless," said Mary; "the spring of pity is dried up for the present. You remained too long in the diningroom instead of hurrying in with your pitcher."

"Ah, you are laughing at me; but if you knew all I went through to-day! Crosbie, clever fellow, and all that sort of thing, left the talking to me, and to one of my retiring disposition you can fancy the agony of my feelings. Covered with blushes, I assure you, I felt as if I could have wept on some compassionate bosom."

"I'm sure you felt it very much," said Mary. "Your very appearance is suggestive of bashfulness. How many people did you call by new names? Did you shake hands with elaborate fervour? Ah, you canvassers are noble specimens of humanity. I was in the steamer one day last month with your opponent, Colonel O'Donnell; he was touchingly agreeable to the people on board, but unfortunately for my faith I caught him winking at his wife after his effusive hand-clasps."

"You don't suspect me of such hypocrisy? Ask Crosbie; he will answer for my perfect honesty and innocence; for really——" Mr. Huntingdon paused and sighed.

"Really what?" asked Mary.

"I wasn't able to wink," he answered plaintively.

The sound of the girlish voice and laughter reached Captain Crosbie where he sat talking what is called "sensibly" among the seniors. He felt that it was where he ought to be; his place was no longer among young people, and yet there was no spot in the world where he desired to be at that moment but by a young girl's side, and that spot was as shut out from him as if it lay on the other side of the hurrying world.

There was soon a change and a stir at the end of the room. A

group of young people came up to Lady M'Mahon, who gave a smiling consent to her daughter's proposal to get up a set of quadrilles.

Mr. Huntingdon asked her to dance, and when she moved away to see to the arrangements he whispered to Mary, with the air of a martyr:

"Victimised every way! You will have to dance the next round dance with me; the hope will keep me up."

"Ah," said Mary, "that's a phase of the winking. I shall tell Lady M'Mahon."

"By Jove, it is your fault though. You raised this regret. Men are astonishingly sincere as long as they keep away from woman."

"And false when they come near her," answered Mary. "Am I to draw that conclusion?"

Captain Crosbie placed himself where he could watch Mary's movements, and the elders looked on complacently while the young people enjoyed themselves after a more active fashion. Mr. Huntingdon was, of course, an excellent dancer; he went with languid grace through the quadrilles, and then claimed Mary for a valse. They suited each other admirably, and the attention of the observer was soon attracted by their happy illustration of poetic motion. Captain Crosbie heard one gentleman near him ask another who was the nice girl Huntingdon was dancing with.

"A Miss Desmond," said the lady next him. "Her father rented Fintona formerly; I wonder what brought her here."

"Her mother is a distant relation of Lady M'Mahon's said another, "who never forgets kith or kin. They have been always the best of friends."

"Yes; they seem quite intimate. I never met her in society before. Poor, are they not?"

"No," said Crosbie; "Mrs. Desmond is well off; she is not very fond of society, but sees her friends at home in a quiet way. Miss Desmond is not very long at home; she has been at school and in England."

"The father was very extravagant, I believe," said the first gentleman, "like all the Desmonds. Is there a son?"

"Yes; a fine young fellow," answered Crosbie.

"He has got into the constabulary, and is turning over a new leaf in the family annals. He intends to make money instead of spending it."

"Mr. Huntingdon seems rather to admire Miss Desmond," said the lady.

"Shows his taste," replied the gentleman; "she is the brightest-looking girl in the room—seems quite natural, too."

Captain Crosbie's face was generally a grave one, and as he was not particularly happy this evening it assumed a darker and more worn appearance. He walked on a little, and, as his ears were peculiarly acute, he heard the gentleman say to the lady, "how old Crosbie is looking! Quite an old bachelor." The remark was not calculated to soften the expression of his countenance.

If the evening was not agreeable to him, it was extremely so to others. The dance was kept up till the small hours, and when it broke up the young people declared that it was, like all unpremeditated pleasures, the most delightful one ever they enjoyed, even in Lady M'Mahon's proverbially pleasant house.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING-BACK OF THE DEAD.

NO, not the long-prest rose, the empty ring,
The folded hand's cold glove,
The lonesome toy, or gold shorn hair can bring
Your dead to you, O love!

They are not slaves to rise before the charms
With which we would compel
Them to the beating breast, the yearning arms—
I know their moods too well.

They come, they come! But never when you call.
In their own time they start:
At hush of night when dreams begin to fall
Upon the half-shut heart—

Look not for them. They do not love the dark,
Nor travel by moonlight.
They keep to their own country till the lark
Sings herself out of sight.

Then all at once they laugh into your face,
Or blind you with a kiss,
Or catch you in a sudden glad embrace—
My boy, it's you!—like this.

SARAH M. B. PLATT.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

SOME SCRAPS FROM HER LIFE AND HER LETTERS.

PART II.

IN the last quoted of her letters* my young friend gave me leave to make what use I pleased of the letter of a kind English Editor who criticised carefully a poem which he rejected. I am using her permission only now, six years after getting leave, and six months after her death. "All things come round to those who wait." Not in April but at the end of November, 1885, she sent to the editor of *Merry England* this lyrical account of "An April Day."

Now, little gold-head ! whither shall we stray ?
This April evening's wreath of rosy hours,
Twined with the sunlight and lark's lay, in ours,
How shall we wear it ? My merry one, say !
Soon the green spring shall lie drowned in flowers,
Soon through the land the white presence of May
Shall flash till the wee wild-birds in their green bowers
Tremble with rapturous song through the day.

Give me your hand, and we'll hurry to meet
All the delight that young summer is bringing :
Listen will we for the fall of her feet
Where the brave spears of the green grass are springing :
Catch the first throb of her happy heart-beat
From the clear anthem the linnets are singing.

Give me your hand, boy, we'll ramble to where
The home river laughs as it leaps into sight,
Pure as the dawn from the dark heart of night,
Bright like a sword where it cleaves the thin air,
Then links the crags with a rainbow of light—
Only the fairies are sentinels there,
Watching the water's wild musical flight,
Holding beside it their revelry rare.

* It has since occurred to me that I may have been quite wrong in interpolating, even within square brackets, the conjectural "*due*" which I have suggested in Cardinal Newman's note, quoted in the same place. After speaking of "a short letter of thanks," perhaps there was no word omitted (as I supposed) by mistake when he went on : "My thanks are to your American Father and to you," &c. It would be a sort of literary sacrilege to tamper with any, even the slightest, relic of J. H. N.

Gold-head, to-day we will wander away
 Where nature before us tenderly trod,
 She'll let us creep to her bosom and lay
 Our cheeks to the daisies, chained to the sod,
 Their little feet bound by fetters of clay,
 Their starry eyes lifted always to God.

Her pleasant rhymes came back to her from the office of *Merry England*, on St. Francis Xavier's feast-day, with more than the formal "Declined with thanks."

DEAR MADAM—I am very sorry to return your verses, for they have a beautiful and singing quality. But the metre is not quite regular, and the irregularity is not a pleasing one where the second line of the first verse is an heroic, and the rest of the poem is anapaestic. There is not quite enough really careful substance in the verses either, to my mind—though I think they show that the writer is, or will be, capable of very good things.

I am, dear Madam,

Most faithfully yours,

THE EDITOR.

This might seem a sufficiently cordial recognition for an unknown Irish maiden to wring from the cold-hearted Saxon editor at the first attempt; but, as a fact, Rose Kavanagh never made a second assault on the same citadel. She continued now and then to express some mood of her soul in verse, though she never dreamt that she would herself come some day to inspire many verses. Besides the several pieces referred to in the opening paragraph of this sketch, here is the very latest tribute to "Rose of Tyrone," suggested to Magdalen Rock by a passage in one of Rose Kavanagh's letters quoted last month. "But I am not coming much speed on the road to success, since, instead of being away in London with my armour on, it is sitting here I am in the sunshine, nursing my little old cough. Thanks be to God for that same sunshine."

Thank God for the happy sunbeam
 Mellowing glen and brae,
 Thank God for the light and sweetness
 Of that September day,
 When yet your eyes had vision
 On earth God's things to view,
 Although in dreams elysian
 Your spirit heav'nward flew.

Thank God for the heart He gave you,
 Tender, yet pure and bold,
 For the sufferings that cleansed it
 As fire does rough, red gold.

Thank God your words can reach us,
Though years away have flown,
Brave lessons still to teach us,
White Rose of green Tyrone!

What else may be set down to fix this memory in a few hearts besides those who knew her in life? For *they* will not forget her. One young friend wrote of her after her departure: "I knew that she was sick for years back, but little thought it death. Oh, if we could only know in time, how good we should be to people! She was with us often, as you say, for we liked her well. She was one who could fit herself to your every mood." And certainly not least when your mood was gay. "O. K.," who paid a kindly tribute to "Uncle Remus" in our own pages, had scanty opportunities of observing her, though he made the best of them; but he made a mistake where he seems to deny to her a full share of Irish wit and liveliness.

From a kind Donegal parsonage comes this strong testimony: "I do not think I ever met any one to whom I felt more drawn in a few days' time than Miss Kavanagh. Ah, one feels the world is poorer for her absence."

But we have not yet quite come to her death. Let us first set down a few additional notes. Further insight into a beautiful nature may be given by an odd phrase here and there from letters which cannot be printed in their entirety by even the most injudicious of friends:—

"I read Miss T——'s letter with much interest and pleasure, and I read it to my mother too, who also enjoyed much the descriptions and the young girl's delight in her triumphs. It was all very pretty and touching and natural. I think, instead of *spoiling*, warm appreciation and love and kindness like that would make one *good*. The head that would get lost through success would be hardly worth the keeping, I believe. I fancy it is much harder to keep one's head and one's heart, too, through troubles—at all events to keep them from turning into stones. . . . Poor Father Farrell's letters interested me deeply—though I never could understand much about detachment. *Attachment* is the only safe road for me. I never feel thoroughly vicious and dogged and bad, only when I lose faith in people or my affection for them."

"This is a letter about nothing. Only I am so glad Easter is come I want to tell you. Some of the Club children have sent me

an immense bunch of primroses and wild anemones, so that I realize keenly to-day (for the first time this year) that it is Spring."

"Isn't the snow lovely? Knoókmany looks grand to-day. Early this morning the trees were very beautiful under the sun and snow. A robin flew into the kitchen, and I am not clear yet what to do with it—keep it till the thaw comes, of course, if I could ensure its life. We have two fierce old cats, and my little nephew is going about dogging their footsteps for the poor little bird's sake."

Though she was dying all the time, she had a wonderful power of recovering spirits, and seemingly health also; and her letters often report "great and increasing strength—no cough, no anything, and I feel strong enough to climb the Galtees."

She was always bright and cheerful, and sympathising and unselfish. Her dear friend tells us that "she had rare qualities for friendship. She was the most womanly woman, yet with that she had the admixture of masculine qualities which make the rarest of fine natures. She was simple, and frank, and outspoken. Not once in our friendship did I feel that a misunderstanding was possible. She had a steady, clear, commonsense way of looking at things, rare enough in an imaginative nature. She was vexed by no subtleties. I often thought that by way of recompense for her frail health of body she had the healthiest mind I ever knew. To me she was like sunlight and mountain air, and in her dear and wholesome presence no morbid feeling could live long. She had a genius for friendship, and she never let one feel that one had less of her because she loved and was beloved by so many others."

Perhaps from what we have said and let others say about Rose Kavanagh, and especially from what we have let herself say, the reader may have formed a sufficiently vivid impression of this *mens pulchra in corpore pulchro* not to be so much surprised as she was herself that this good and gifted Irish maiden, with that "genius for friendship" which her friend attributes to her, inspired sometimes a love which was more than friendship. She passed through at least one "maze of sentimental troubles"—the phrase is her own. A man of excellent character and qualities, and also of excellent position and prospects—but not a child of that Church to whom she was ardently devoted—proved very earnestly, indeed, and very persistently, that he had "got into the way of liking her

a great deal," as she said, prefacing the statement with "Wouldn't it surprise you to hear?" The result is implied in her words later on: "If I were in any doubt, the peace and relief and sense of liberty that have been growing on me since getting over the crisis would prove to me that I have done right."

Yes, such a life was not to be for her. What her true and indefatigable friend, Dr. Sigerson, calls "phthisis, that subtle disease which gives such increased charm to its victim," was meanwhile making progress slow but sure. On October 25, 1889, she reports: "I have got six months' leave of absence, and am going to Arcachon, in the south of France, some time next week, I hope. The Board and Mrs. Gray have treated me with the greatest kindness and generosity." The result of her sojourn in the sunny south the writer already quoted thus relates:—

"Away from her own country at Arcachon the nostalgia made her heart-sick. It was the first time she had ever been out of Ireland, and she was lonely, and the society little to her taste. Unhappily, too, it was a cruel winter, such as seldom falls to the portion of the South; the snow blocked windows and doors as she wrote to me, and the South, taken unawares, lit up starveling fires which were a mockery of our radiance at home. She came back more ill than she went. She went home to her own North, promising us all that she would come up to Dublin as soon as it was warmer. She never came, though the summer waxed and waned. I suppose she soon knew she would never return, for last September she chose the place near her home where she would like her grave to be. She wrote to a friend of mine and hers even earlier, 'I care for nothing now but love and peace, and I have both abundantly.'"

In July of her last summer (1890) she wrote to me from Mullaghmore:

"I had some hopes of being in Dublin before now, or I would have sooner written. The fact is I do not know when I shall be there—not till I grow a good bit stronger. At present the journey from my room to a seat in the front of the house is about enough. I am not ill at all, but *powerfully* weak and tired, and ready to flare up in fever on the smallest provocation. However, they say this will wear away; but until it does, I am not good for much. If you knew how glad I was to get home! It was bliss. And, barring the sickness, I was never happier in my life than now.

The country is green and lovely. Frank reads out to me a lot. Good-bye for a while."

This time two years, October 2nd, sending to *THE IRISH MONTHLY* her very last verses—a very brief and very beautiful little elegy on Ellen O'Leary—she speaks of "getting on better than usual in the matter of health—have less fever and am able to undertake more. If I am able to carry on my work, I shall be well enough content. One soon gets used to things, mind you! At first nothing would do me but get clean well straight out."

Let me end with another quotation: "She never came back to Dublin after that day in Arcachon in the winter of 1889-90, when the home-sickness and the loneliness did much to negative southern air and the resinous odours of the pinewood. One recalls her as she was in the days when her health was best, and she always looked far stronger than her state warranted—tall and handsome, with a dear fresh Irish beauty that delighted one. It was the most honest face in the world, with brave grey eyes, and a country brownness over the clear tints, as if it loved the sun and the breezes. I used to call her the Wild Rose. I remember that her fine forehead was white under the beautiful brown hair that rippled off it nobly. There was scarcely ever a face and form that expressed more truly the fair soul within. Once an old peasant in the street with a registered letter to post and very uncertain of ways and means, and very distrustful of city folk, caught her by the arm as she passed the portico of the Post-office. "You've got a good face," he said, "an' maybe you'll tell me what to do with this?" An instinctive judgment which it was not difficult to make in her case. With her, indeed, it was,

'A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face.'

If I knew the details of the last months and days of this short life, I should communicate them, for they could not be anything but amiable and edifying. The very youthful kinsman, whose severe criticism on her portrait of himself is duly recorded in the very first of the scraps that we have quoted from Rose Kavanagh's simple and unaffected letters, is our only authority for the conclusion of this story. "In her last days she was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and frequently said: 'God's holy will be done.'

She died peacefully, and without a moan ; and in her last months, though suffering great pain, she never murmured."

This is as much as can be told of the life which wound up finally with the announcement in the newspaper list of deaths at the end of last February : " February 26, at Mullaghmore, Augher, Co. Tyrone, Rose, youngest daughter of Francis Kavanagh of Killadroy." In the previous September she had driven to the Forth Chapel at Dunroe, a few miles from Mullaghmore, and pointed out to her sister the place, marked by a tuft of the heather which she had sung, where she wished to be buried. There on Saturday, the last day of February, after the Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul, her body was laid by many sorrowing friends in its temporary resting-place : for what does not last for eternity is only temporary. To more than one friend her name and her early death have recalled that very famous stanza of Malherbe's, of which this may be offered as a translation :

She was of a world too prone to give
Saddest fate to fairest flowers ;
A Rose, she lived as the roses live
Through a few bright morning hours.

If such an ending seem not Christian enough for the last word of this sketch of a fervent Christian, may we not hope and pray that Christ himself has already, in deed if not in word, said to this Irish Rose, what he said to St. Rose of Lima : *Rosa cordis mei, tu mihi sponsa esto ?*

M. R.

A LOST KINGDOM OF GODS.

THE vast Olympian Heaven vanishes
Like the frail wreck of clouds that travel slow
After a thunder-storm, when eastward far
They sink, for ever fainter, lower, down
In evening dusk among vague dark mountain peaks,
With vague unpurposed thunders, nerveless bolts
Of dull forgetful lightnings; and its King,
Who made an earthquake if he bent his brows,
Goes with his kind in half-forgotten dreams,
Such as we dream, and waking, find are nought,
But feel their nothing present in all the air.

JOHN JAMES PLATT.

FORSAKEN.

THIS autumn gloaming the clouds, grown weary of raining,
Sweep down behind the hilltops, misty and blurred;
The winds have ceased their monotonous complaining,
Thrills through the silence the sudden song of a bird.

Sudden and sweet fall the notes in a silver shower,
Dropping out on the silence—a marvellous rain;
Fairer than gleam of sunlight, than fragrance of flower,
Than whisper of waves on the sand, flows the beautiful strain.

My little bird, dost thou dream of the fair recesses
Of green dim woodlands where, through the summer day,
The leaves sway tremulous in the wind's caresses,
Where through an emerald maze the sunbeams stray?

Dreamer, dost thou forget that the leaves are dying,
That sunbeams hide when skies are misty and sad,
That winter cometh? Dost hear the weird wind sighing
The summer's death-song? Why is thy heart so glad?

I cannot sing with thee; my heart is aching.
One who was here in summer is not here now:
'Twas a sweet dream, ah, but a harsh awaking—
Sometimes I feel his hand upon my brow,

Just where he laid it once with touch so tender,
Looking into mine eyes with bitter regret;
My heart went out to him with a swift surrender—
Ah, but he found it easy to forget.

Woe for the love that cannot change nor wander!
When snows are falling and winter nights are here.
One shall sit by a lonely fire and ponder
On the love that faded out with the fading year.

Alice Furlong.

ALTAR WORK FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A PECULIAR ALLOCUTION.

WHEN the summons came to me to interfere in these proceedings, I began my answer by quoting the chorus of a song which I heard only once, a good many years ago. It described sundry emergencies and contingencies, temptations and invitations, to each of which, or in each of which, the only proper answer was, beyond all doubt, a decided negative ; and accordingly every stanza wound up with this refrain :

“Take courage, my boy, and say No.”

For instance, when you are pressed to mix for yourself a second tumbler ; when you are invited to lay a monkey on the Derby—and I may inform creatures more innocent even than myself that a monkey in this context means a bet of fifty pounds, or something of that sort ; when you are asked to take a hand at a quiet little game of baccarat : in these and in all similar cases

“Take courage, my boy, and say No.”

Now, it occurred to me, when asked to say a few words here to-day, that it would be very well for me to add a new stanza to the old song :

When of vestments the next exhibition
Is held in thy halls, Salem Hill !
We'll gladly attend, on condition
Our part in the show shall be *nil*.
But if Mother Assistant implore us
To make of ourselves, too, a show,
We'll sternly fall back on the chorus :
Take courage, my boy, and say No.

Unfortunately, however, in the end my *No* melted away into *Yes*, as my *Noes* generally do* ; and I answered that, if the Mother Prioress, or her Assistant, persisted in requiring me to open my mouth on the present interesting and edifying occasion, open my mouth I would, even at the imminent risk (like Mrs. Malaprop) of putting my foot in it.

* The printer is requested not to correct the grammar or spelling of this phrase.

The last time I ran that risk—the last time I had the pain (which is more politely called the pleasure) of profaning this religious atmosphere with a few timid pleasantries—Cardinal MacCabe with his usual kindness presided, and the report was read by Father F. Our new report has just mentioned both of them with due reverence, affection, and gratitude; and it would have been a shame if it had not. Poor Father F. has gone to the reward of all his courage and cheerfulness in suffering, and of all his amiable and solid priestly virtues; and in his place we hail one whose acquaintance I made a good many years ago, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. One Sunday in a long by-gone September—I should give the exact date, if others also were not compromised—in the old Augustinian Chapel, in John's Lane, which a stately church has replaced, the old Augustinian bishop, Dr. O'Connor of Saldes, ordained three priests, one of whom, a young Vincentian Father, died before a month was over; another has survived to become Vicar General of the Archdiocese, a Monsignor, and heaven knows what in the future before heaven itself; and the third, who was the oldest of the three, has also managed to survive somehow, till the present moment, when he has the privilege of tendering to his twin-brother in the priesthood the congratulations and affectionate homage of Salem Hill and its Children of Mary, wishing him a long and prosperous reign as Pastor of *Rupes Nigra*.

And so the world goes on, and so the Church goes on. P.P. succeeds P.P., Prioress gives place to Prioress, and Cardinals, and even Mothers Assistant, descend from their high estate; but under all the changes of government the Church goes on, and Salem Hill goes on, and the Salem Hill Children of Mary go on, pursuing with unflagging energy their vestment-making and other work for the altar; and now and then they get up an exhibition of their work, and on such occasions a clever Report is read, and somebody who is supposed to be more or less a proficient in the art of saying nothing at considerable length, is angariated to say ditto to Mr. Burke.

The Mr. Burke to whom I am now to say ditto, is of course the writer of the Report to which we listened with so much pleasure some minutes ago—I fear, already too many minutes ago. I wonder is this writer the writer also of “*A Saint among Saints*,” of which a third edition has just been issued. If so, we know the

opinion of her style, entertained by the greatest master of style. When this beautiful book appeared first, Cardinal Newman, after reading it so carefully as to call attention to a minute misprint, like the substitution of *u* for *n*, wrote one of his kind notes to a friend of the author's, in which he said: "The Life is beautifully written and full of interest." If the great Oratorian were here to-day, he would pass the same verdict on our Report.

It began, you remember, with the old aphorism: "Happy is the nation whose annals are dull." Well, if that be the case, I should strongly advise any nation that wants to enjoy the full beatitude promised by that aphorism not to appoint S. M. S. their annalist. She could not be dull if she tried. In *her* hands the very dullest Report becomes "a sort of mild explosion in *The Harp of Tara* style, 'to show that still she lives.'"^{*} In fact, as I have just remarked in print about Father John Gerard, S.J., the author of "Science and Scientists," among the publications of the Catholic Truth Society, she also is one of those rare writers who are able to be at the same time as grave as a mustard-pot and as lively as a pepper-castor.

With ourselves here to-day the mustard-pot element has not yet been adequately represented; but what if now, by way of variety, I were to try and say something to the point? For up to this, thanks to your Christian politeness in smiling audibly at the proper places, "the entire incident has been punctuated with laughter," as the newspapers say when describing some squabble at St. Stephen's. This, however, is not St. Stephen's, but St. Catherine's; and the spirit of the place demands from us some serious reference to the objects which have brought us together. These are included in the name of this pious Association whose guests we are. The mere naming of their *spécialité*, their specialty, the particular outlet of zeal adopted by these Children of Mary, is a sufficient recommendation of it. "Altar Work for Foreign Missions."

First, Altar Work, work for the altar. The altar of holy Mass, the altar of Benediction, the altar of our visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the altar whose solitude is *not* disturbed by our visits:

^{*} This phrase occurred in the Report to which these remarks were meant as a good-humoured retort. The names of a few persons and places are slightly disguised. More on this subject will be seen at page 420 of our fourteenth volume (1886) in an article entitled "The Work of Poor Churches."

we must love the altar, and we must show our love by work according to St. Ignatius's stern principle, *amor ex operibus*, "love is to be proved rather by works than by words." No wonder that these good Children of Mary should be eager to work for the altar of Jesus, eager to claim as close and intimate a share as is possible for them in the immediate service of the sanctuary.

In order not to glide into a sermon under false pretences, let us see how this feeling is expressed by a gifted Irish American priest who died two or three years ago. Something like the line which Father Faber has, with his wonted grace, turned into English rhyme out of the Italian verses of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and in which the canonised poet pretends to envy the flowers at the altar, the lights that burn before it, still more the pyx itself which contains the sacred host—something like this is the series of wishes which Father Abram Ryan, the poet-priest of the Southern States, supposes a child's heart to form before the tabernacle.

I wish I were the little key
That locks Love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little ball
That tinkles for the Host
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts he loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the Host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar, where,
As on His Mother's breast,
Christ nestles like a child, for e'er
In Eucharistic rest.

But oh! my God, I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

Is not this yearning for closest union, for personal service, for nearness, for physical contact with the beloved Lover of our souls—is it not the natural impulse and expression of true faith and love? And is not this the inspiration of such Associations as the present for the promotion of organised working for the altar?

And then, finally—for really I am just at the very end of my tether, which end is so long a-coming; that it may remind some of you of that cable which the sailors kept hawling in, and hawling in, and hawling in, so long that one of them suggested that a shark must have bitten off the end of it—finally, therefore, “Altar Work for Foreign Missions.” It is an ennobling and consoling exercise of charity to help poor priests and poor people in various neglected corners of the world, where the world-wide Church may have to carry on her divine work under special difficulties. It is very well to have our sympathies drawn outside our immediate surroundings: it saves us from being too parochial, too provincial, too insular, too isolated—if we may join the Italian to the Latin root in describing that situation of our Island-home, which has so deeply affected both its religious and its social history.

Our country is a beautiful little country, just the right size to be loved with a peculiar tenderness; and, as for her climate, just the proper degrees and mixture of heat and cold for honest, working purposes. Better, “the tear and the smile in her eye,” than the hothouse glow of what are called more favoured lands, especially with such amiable accompaniments as the sun-strokes of New York, or the rattlesnakes of Hyderabad—not to speak of those lovely regions in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius and such like places, where the natives are treated occasionally to a drop of the crater.

At a big London dinner last week Lord Coleridge mentioned that once, in Baron Dowse’s presence, it was remarked of some prominent politician that he was not an Irishman. “Well,” said the witty lawyer with his strong northern accent, “we can’t all be perfect.” No, we cannot all be perfect: all men cannot have the happiness of being Irishmen. For, after all, fair as she is, and loveable as she is, Ireland is not the entire world, nor the entire Church. She is only a little bit of God’s Church—a tit-bit, to be sure, but still only a very little bit, what our Report to-day calls “a representative fraction.” May it be to the end a representative fraction! May it always represent fidelity unto death,

may it always represent purity, may it always represent unconquerable Catholicity ; and (to come back to our present purpose and to the present scene) may it always represent the faith and zeal and piety and charity, which for these Salem Hill Children of Mary find vent in their Association of Altar Work for Foreign Missions !

And so may God bless Salem Hill, and its Daughters of St. Dominick, and its Children of Mary, and their altar work and all their other works, along with their prayers and sufferings : one of which sufferings, quite unduly prolonged, has indeed come to end now at last.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. "The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne" (London : Burns and Oates) is a very interesting volume, edited with the literary skill which we have learned to expect from St. Dominic's Convent, Stone. It only reaches to the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England in 1850. The titlepage would lead one to expect here a selection from Dr. Ullathorne's letters ; but the preface says they will be published in a separate volume. There is more variety than might be expected, especially in the account of his early days and of his Australian experiences. By the way, at page 134, in referring to the famous controversy between Gregg and Maguire, the names are given as Gleig and McGuire. We wish that the promised letters of this holy and zealous prelate had been printed in the same volume with this most edifying and candid Autobiography.

2. We are somewhat puzzled as to the precise wording of our verdict on "Dorrie, a Novel. By William Tirebuck, author of 'St. Margaret,' etc." (London and New York : Longman, Green and Co.). The novels that are generally sent to us are intended to be eligible for libraries connected with religious sodalities. "Dorrie" is not a book of this kind. And yet it is not a mere frivolous worldly story, but is meant by the author to have a serious, religious purpose. The poor heroine, though not quite a Catholic, almost dies with the Litany of Loretto on her lips ; and in many places the writer shows that he is deeply impressed by some aspects of Catholic devotion. The brightest person in the book, though a merely incidental sketch, is an Irish girl, Bridget White, whose brightness is partly attributed to her Sunday morning visit to the Catholic Church on Copperas Hill : for the events take place in Liverpool and its neighbourhood. There is great variety of scene, incident, and character in this compact volume of five hundred pages, which, printed in the ordinary three volume style, would easily fill three volumes. Mr. Tirebuck has, we think, attempted more than he has accomplished, though there is much to be

commended, both in the design and the execution of his book. Our ignorance of many of the scenes depicted makes us unable to decide how truthful the pictures may be; yet somehow, we suspect that the author's knowledge about ballet-dancers and so forth does not far exceed our own. The style is occasionally too pretentious; and on the other hand, when it aims at playfulness, the amusement is not always produced in the manner evidently intended. We should really wish to bestow more unqualified praise, but this is the opinion that seems to suit the standard of the readers whom we cater for. Critics, who deal with the ordinary run of novels, will probably, by contrast, venture very justly upon a more generous appreciation of "Dorrie;" and it has been warmly praised by a writer in *The Athenæum* and other critics.

3. There are two books brought out anew in a handsome solid form by Burns and Oates, which it is only necessary to name—a popular half-crown edition of the admirable *Life of the Curé of Ars* by Father Monnin, and the late Mr. Healy Thompson's "*Life and Glories of St. Joseph*," which ought, as a matter of course, to be in the library of every convent, religious community, and sodality, as by far the best and most complete work on its great theme.

4. No. 3 of the Atherstone Series is a two volume novel by Mr. E. H. Dering, called "*The Lady of Raven's Combe*," published by the Art and Book Company of London and Leamington, which is beginning to produce very noteworthy work. The two earlier books in the Atherstone Series are *Sherborne* and *Freville Chase*. Both of these novels are in their second edition, and both consist of two volumes, price 7s. 6d., net. "*The Lady of Raven's Combe*" is in the same form and, we presume, at the same price. Our criticism descends to these very prosaic particulars because the purveyors of Sodality Lending Libraries may be glad to hear of novels of high literary merit, and even brilliancy, which from another point of view have received the warmest praise from Archbishop Ullathorne, who pronounces *Freville Chase* to be "strong and beautiful, and very pregnant with pointed instruction." Some Sister of Mercy writes to the author: "you have done untold good by writing *Freville Chase*—we have had it in our lending libraries for many years." Very high praise is given to the companion novel, *Sherborne*, by *The Dublin Review*, *The Tablet* and *The Morning Post*. We wish we could cite their words, for they would enable our readers to form a higher opinion of *The Lady of Raven's Combe* than any brief notice in this place. Mr. Dering is a man of the world, and a practised man of letters, learned enough to be the successful translator of Father Liberatore "*On Universals*;" and his novels, while lively and clever, are full of sound thought on the most serious subjects, while by no means deserving to be branded as religious or controversial. We strongly advise those who have to cater for any groups of the novel-reading population, to add these three books to their store. They form a series not only externally but internally, for some of the characters in the earlier tales reappear in *The Lady of Raven's Combe*.

5. "One dollar and fifty cents net" is written in a brief form, which our printers, perhaps, could not reproduce, on the front page of.

"Handbook of the Christian Religion, for the use of the advanced students and the educated laity," by the Rev. W. Wilmers, S.J. translated from the German and edited by the Rev. James Conway, S.J., Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y. (New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers) The original work by Father Wilmers has a very high reputation, and the American translation has been produced with great care and judgment. Many persons in very different circumstances would be sure to procure a copy if they had the opportunity of examining its very full and methodical table of contents.

6. An excellent pennyworth is No. 1 of "Sermons in Pictures," which has already reached a second edition (Helensburgh: Macneil and Bryden). It is a sort of conversational homily on the famous picture by the French painter, Millet, "The Angelus," which is admirably reproduced on the titlepage. Many of our readers are familiar with that peasant man and woman pausing at their work in the fields to say the Angelus, their very attitude being a real prayer. J. J. S. makes this the text of a pious and pretty booklet, which, however, says not a word about the Hail Mary, and informs us that the prayer "Pour forth, we beseech Thee" is the collect for the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary from the Book of Common Prayer.

7. The smallest bit of silver added to a shilling will purchase Dr. Schuster's Illustrated Bible History of the Old and New Testaments (Herder: Freiburg and St. Louis). The printing is good, and so are the pictures; indeed we notice that Cardinal Manning says "the engravings are singularly good." The work itself has received the warm approbation of a very large number of bishops on both sides of the Atlantic. We are inclined to assign to it the first rank in its class.

8. The style, sentiments, and incidents of "Madeline's Destiny," by Frances Noble (Art and Book Company: London and Leamington) seem to us rather flimsy and commonplace. It is much less pleasant reading two serious brochures issued by the same Company—Canon M'Cave's lecture on the Old Church of the Britons, and "Tempora Mutantur, or the Return of St. Chad and Archbishop Langton to Lichfield Cathedral." This last clever bit of historical controversy has reached a fourth edition.

9. The Catholic Truth Society has sent forth a new swarm of leaflets and tracts, such as "Mixed Marriages" by the Rev. C. W. Wood, "A Poor Man's Notion of the Church," "Catholic Clubs" by James Britten, "The Drink Traffic" by the Rev. W. H. O'Logan, and "Schools Saving Banks" by Miss Agnes Lambert.

10. The Rev. Henry Brann, D.D., of New York, has published through the Benzigers a very learned and solid essay on "The Great Schism of the West and the Freedom of Papal Elections." And another German American publisher, B. Herder, sends "Instructions for First Confession," translated by a Philadelphia priest from the German of Father Jaegers, the fullest treatise that we have met on the subject.

DECEMBER, 1891.

AT YOUGHAL.

NO place in Ireland is better worth a visit from the lover of Irish scenery, romance, or ancient research than the old town of Youghal, which still stands within its mouldering walls, including here and there a buttressed tower and a quaint arch, such as Cromwell's Arch, at the end of a narrow lane leading from the main street to the quays.

If you come to Youghal as an "oolisher," the Irish name for the bathing visitor of the summer months, you will establish yourself at the modern end near the railway station, above long level sands guarded by lofty sand cliffs which, from their quaint form, are called Clay Castle. Before you will lie the wide sea, the track of the ocean steamers to and from Queenstown, and opposite, to one side, at the river's mouth, the rocky point of a long reach of the county Waterford, hilly pastures and cornfields, and a line of shingly beach forming the harbour of Youghal, in which, lower down, the shipping lies safe just where the Blackwater makes its last curve, and after miles of lovely travel sights the sea. If a thorough knowledge of ancient Youghal be your object, the Youghal of holy days in the centuries as far back as the third after Christ; of Strongbow's knight, Maurice Fitzgerald, who came from his "Tuscan vineyards" in the train of the Norman; of Raleigh and Spenser, of Cromwell, of penal persecutions, and many a romantic tragedy on land and sea, you will keep lower down on the long curving road, flanked by its sea-wall, which leads straight away to the ancient Roman and English stronghold.

Along that pleasant road the sea-river, banked on the other side

by the Waterford hilly cornfields, is with you all the way, and the brown and orange sails of an occasional fishing vessel cast shadows on the green water in the strong sunlight. On your left the land rises above you, ridge on ridge, terrace over terrace, hung with brilliant flower gardens, lined with zig-zag walls, mossed over with every shade of green, and curtained by great trees dense, dark, and heavy foliated, and as old as the town in which Cromwell ate and slept, and Spenser read the *Faëry Queene* to Raleigh in the oriel window of the Raleigh House long after generations of fighting Desmonds had come to lay down their armour and sleep in the Franciscan monastery founded by Maurice, or to lie in St. Mary's Church and dream no more of war—

The knight's bones are dust,
His good sword is rust,
His soul is with the Saints, I trust.

Looking down from their terraced gardens out of the trees are aged dwelling-houses of gentry, many of them bearing marks of having been added to at different periods. Curious old furniture is found in some of these houses, articles of which their owners are proud. I have seen in one of them a couple of chairs and a settee of original pattern carved out of black bog oak by monks of ancient days, and very strong and handsome and ornamental they are.

At the first turn of the road that really leads into the old town stands a row of very tall houses, seemingly of great age, and opposite to them a corresponding row of aged trees bend forward as if blown by a wind, and cast a shadow from chimney to base over the fronts of the houses. One remarks at once that truly Youghal must have been prosperous in former times when such dwellings as these houses with their four storeys and high chimneys found builders and inhabitants. Proceeding, we pass the handsome new Presentation Convent, where lace is wrought by poor Irish peasant girls for queens and duchesses to wear. Further on is a group of still larger and handsomer houses than the last mentioned, of more modern date and handsomely appointed, and these stand on the site of the ancient abbey, built and endowed by the first Geraldine, Maurice Fitzgerald, who came to Ireland with the Normans, and after a career of killing and plundering, grew sorry for his sins, and built a holy house in which he died. Nothing of this remains save some old carved stones discovered by Dr. Ronayne, of Youghal,

when making repairs in his house of "South Abbey," and preserved by him with the devotion of a true antiquary.

Another twist of the road brings us to the beginning of the main street, where again we find good houses telling of the time-honoured respectability of the town. As the street winds along, it is seen to contain excellent shops and many a quaint house of ancient build. Here is a curious front, with peak-gabled form, carved doorway, and narrow window of ecclesiastical pattern, all that remains of John Bendelin's house. There is the strong square building, of large stones, with wide archway, very dilapidated and aged-looking, which is said to be the house in which Cromwell lived in Youghal. On the other side of the way is a lonely tower, part of the ancient fortifications, and forming the corner of a lane leading to the market on the quays through Cromwell's Arch, which also belonged to the walls of the town. In this lane one sees a curious relic of penal times, in the position of two busy cobblers, who work away one on either side of the road, each ensconced in a kind of cellar below the road, and so placed that his hands and work are on a level with the footway. He sits in the dark framework of a dingy open window and stitches away, looking like a Jack-in-the-box, while his customers squat on the ground to parley with him; and occasionally a foot is thrust down to him for an opinion on some of the ills to which worn brogues are heirs to. In penal days Catholic tradesmen were not allowed to work in the town except in some such obscure cellar, and all such were obliged to be beyond the town gates before sunset.

Midway down the main street stands the town clock-tower, tall and grey, well preserved, and under its archway all traffic passes. A striking feature of the main street is the old Red House, some way back from the thoroughfare, enclosed with a court and railings, and almost shadowed over by ancient trees. It is of dark red brick, with white window and door facings, and is built in the style of some English houses of from two to three hundred years ago. It is all panelled with wood within, and has a noble staircase of carved woodwork. Its deep doorways and window-seats give a quaint air of repose to the rooms, of which there is a great number. This old house, having passed through many hands, is now uninhabited and in Chancery; and though you can have it for £30 a year, you will have to give it a new roof, and put it in thorough repair if you mean to live in it. At the end of the main street, near the prison

and the open road that leads away to the famous Ponsonby estate. is the pottery of Mr. W. Curry, who, by the way, was the last inhabitant of the Red House of late years, and died here. The people of Youghal would appear to have had a taste for pottery work from early times, for the manufacture is an old occupation of the place.

Parallel with the main street runs another lower one, following the line of the quays, and ending in the market-place, where all sorts of goods, from fish and fruit to made-up clothing, is spread out for the purchaser, and where little donkeys feed while their masters and mistresses from the country load or unload the primitive carts at their backs. Here women, in wonderful cloth cloaks with great gathered hoods, and girls with scarlet handkerchiefs tied over their hair, and men in the real old-fashioned garb of the Irish countryman, make their bargains, behind them the masts of the shipping and the first stately bend of the beautiful Blackwater. Above the main street, reached by curious winding, uphill lanes, and flights of steps between the houses, runs just under the old town walls the most interesting roadway of Youghal, along which, among great old sombre trees and gardens full of brilliant colour, stand houses of many patterns; the new comfortable cottages, through the open doors of which you see pleasant and neat interiors; gentlefolks' houses of a nice old-fashioned English pattern; a few more modern and another row of those tall, fine dwelling-houses, four storeys high, which must have been built in the days of Youghal's commercial prosperity. This interesting way, which is rather a green lane set high above the town than a street or a high road, ends in the venerable group of ancient buildings which are the pride of Youghal. Deeply embowered, overshadowed, almost hid away in the foliage of trees hundreds of years old, stand the ancient St. Mary's Church, the Collegiate House, and the exquisitely beautiful old Raleigh House. Here you have before you the curious and picturesque outlines of Youghal, tier above tier, rising from the flowing line of the inward running sea, running to meet the river; the line of the quays, the line of the main street, the Upper Green Road, and last, the high old walls, sinuous lines one over another as the land rises in ridges and terraces, grey with old walls, olive and green and black with trees, scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and crimson with flowers.

The group of ancient and noble buildings which are the chief

pride of Youghal stand at the extreme end of the town, finishing the third tier of footways running parallel with the harbour. Irregular green slopes, thick set with great branched trees, and crowned by the mouldering moss-grown walls of the town, rise steeply at their back, so that the buildings with their own mossy grounds are in a thorough setting of the richest green. The road by which they stand, and which is called in the old annals, Mouse Street, is reached by any of the up-running lanes from the main street below. If you come by the last lane of all, Church Street, a narrow street, interesting and picturesque in itself, and containing some nice old-world dwellings, you will see the great Gothic window of St Mary's Church, beautiful among its ivy and trees, all the way before you as you ascend; but if you reach Mouse Street by the first of the lanes, at the other end, by Windmill Lane, a deplorably poor lane which, nevertheless, climbs the hill towards the green walls with a sort of forlorn grace, you will find the walk along the upper road, called Mouse Street, full of the charm of a picturesque and whimsical variety.

On your left, the hillside, you have, first, very poor cottages, then others with a look of neatness and comfort which make you feel happier as you go; next an old-fashioned gentlefolks' dwelling of a quaint pattern, with windows and gardens all making hillwards; and after that a long fantastic flight of narrow stone steps, piercing and winding into the upper green and blue in a way that reminds you of the *vicoletto* of an old Italian town. You have next a stretch of high garden wall, crusted with lichen and tipped with fruit trees; then the Catholic church, deep in its trees and high on its steps; then the parish priest's nice house, where lives at present the revered Canon Keller. Last of all comes the long great wall of the grounds of the collegiate house, beautiful with clustering growths of ferns and the bushy swinging tufts of valerian, with its delicate pink and red blossoms lighting up the dewy green. On the other side of the way, on your right as you travel the road, you look down on the roofs and chimneys of the lower town and the masts of the ships in the harbour; on the Broad of Youghal, where the sea pours in to meet the Blackwater; and on the Waterford cornfields and little homesteads that crown the long headland beyond the ferry. The quaint tower of the old town clock asserts itself above the masts and chimneys, and a picturesque arm of the old town wall offers you a footpath to carry you down to a door in the tower, if

you will go out of your way to explore it. In places more cottages and walls hung with creepers intercept your view, and the openings of the down-running lanes give you peeps and vistas to enrich your sketch-book. At the end, and opposite the long collegiate wall, stands a block of tall dwelling-houses, some of which have a stately and handsome appearance, and are well furnished and inhabited by gentlefolks. And here, at the very end of the picturesque road called Mouse Street, you are face to face with the ancient three, which are the pride of Youghal. Three gates are before you, of the college house, of the St. Mary's Church, of the Warden's, or Raleigh's House. The St. Mary's Gate is the most imposing, and stands in the green angle, between the other two. Behind, and high above them, screened by the heavy-foliaged trees, the ancient wall of the town turns its corner, and enclosing these buildings descends the hill, skirting the Raleigh House grounds, and forming the boundary of Raleigh's garden, where pears and cherries ripen on the gnarled trees that clothe its solid hoariness.

My first view of Raleigh's House was downward, from the graveyard of St. Mary's Church. Fascinated by a swinging ivy wreath and the top of a fantastic chimney, I set my foot in a little hole in the wall as in a stump, and with a spring such as places a lady in her saddle on horseback, I found myself seated comfortably on the wall that separates the mouldering tombs of the Desmonds, and their followers and foes, from the exquisite old Elizabethan dwelling-house which the princely Thomas designed for the uses of the wardens of his projected University. I looked sheer down into a well of greenness, out of which rose the long, slender chimneys closely wrapped in ivy, and the roof-line broken by the angles of the high pointed gables and gablets, and saw turned towards me with the sun dazzling in its small panes, the out-hanging oriel window in which Spenser read the beginning of his *Faëry Queen* with Raleigh.

Entering by the gate you see fronting you the deep gloom of the four great yew trees which stand some yards apart from each other in a shrubbery, forming a little square of darkness. The blackness produced by their density gives extraordinary light and brilliance to the rose-and-scarlet spiked clusters of tall gladiolus, and the vivid yellow blossoms of another high-growing plant, which flourish in a wide flower-bed as a fringe on their shadow. Turning the corner of a wall of trees, you come face to face with

the old house. I cannot tell what it was about its expression which at the first glance brought the thought across my mind, "It is so old, it has lost its wits!" The next time I looked, the face of the old mansion appeared beautifully sane and dignified. Scarlet creepers overhang the upper windows, and embower the deep bay windows at either side of the low, projecting porch. There is an air of old-world repose about the place that is unspeakably delightful, and you do not wonder that Sir Walter Raleigh made choice of it as his residence, for its own sake as well as for the reason that it reminded him of the old manor-house of East Budleigh, where he was born.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, in his very interesting book, *Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland*, quotes from various writers their impressions of the picturesque old house of Youghal. Thomas Dyneley, in Charles II.'s reign, notices the well-wrought ancient chimney-pieces, and "the extreme pleasant garden." Sixty years ago, Crofton Croker wrote: "The house of the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, who was Mayor of the town in 1588, is still to be seen nearly in the same state as when inhabited by him; and many objects are pointed out to which the charm of traditional anecdote is attached. It is long and low, resembling the common English manor-house of his time. In the interior those rooms which we saw were completely lined with small oaken panels, and had large wooden chimney-pieces embellished with very beautiful carved work."

In 1852 the Rev. Samuel Hayman, to whom we owe the *Annals of Youghal*, now, unfortunately, out of print, and not easy to obtain at any price, describing the house, says:—

"A large dining-room is on the ground floor, from which is a subterranean passage connecting the house with the old tower of St. Mary's Church. In one of the kitchens the ancient wide-arched fireplace remains. The walls are in great part wainscoted with Irish oak. The drawing-room—Sir Walter's study—retains most of its ancient beauty in the preservation of its fine dark wainscot, deep projecting windows, and richly-carved oak mantelpiece rising in the full pride of Elizabethan style to the height of the ceiling. The cornice rests upon three figures—Faith, Hope, and Charity; between which are enriched circular-headed panels, and a variety of emblematical devices fill up the rest of the structure. In the adjoining bedroom is another mantelpiece of oak, barbarously painted over. The Dutch tiles of the fireplace are about four

inches square, with various devices inscribed in a circular border. Behind the wainscoting of this room a recess was a few years ago revealed, in which a part of the old monkish library, hidden at the period of the Reformation, was discovered."

Sir John Pope Hennessy says that some of the books Mr. Hayman describes may have been gifts to the Warden from James, the ninth Earl, and Maurice, the tenth Earl of Desmond, both of whom supported and enriched the educational foundation of their great ancestor, the good Earl Thomas. But one of the fifteenth century volumes, Peter Comestor's *Historia Scolastica*, is quoted by Sir Walter Raleigh in the second book of the first part of his *History of the World*. In the same recess was also found a black-lettered volume, printed at Mantua in 1479, of Scriptural events in the history of the world from the Creation to the days of the Apostles. The elder Disraeli has argued that Raleigh could not have written the whole of his erudite folio himself, because he had not the books of reference in the tower of London. But the discovery of one of the first editions of Comestor, and the black-lettered epitome of early historical events, in the little recess in his Youghal bedroom, may indicate the possibility that Raleigh had been taking notes from the remnant of the Desmond library for the *opus magnum* during his frequent Irish exiles.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, once Governor of Hong-Kong and the Mauritius, and at his death owner of Rostellan Castle, the ancient seat of the Desmond who was Seneschal of Imokilly and Inchiquin, was also owner of the Raleigh, or Warden's House of Youghal. In his hands Sir Walter's study was kept as it might have been in the day when Raleigh was Mayor of the ancient Desmond's town. On the wall is the original painting of the first Governor of Virginia, and a contemporary portrait of Queen Elizabeth. Here are the table at which Raleigh wrote, and the oak chest in which he kept his papers. There hang the old deeds and parchments, some with Raleigh's seal, and the original warrants under the autograph and signet of Queen Elizabeth, granting a pension to the Countess Elinor of Desmond. Yonder are two bookcases of vellum-bound and oak-bound books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The sun shines on the brown floor and oak-panelled walls, through the oriel window where Raleigh sat with Spenser, and throws into deeper shade the wide hearthplace, with its rich black carvings rising from either

side of the heartstone to the ceiling. From another window you can peer into the gloom of the four yew trees beyond the scarlet-and-yellow flower fringe of the shubbery, where Sir Walter sat and smoked the first tobacco seen in Europe, and across to the wall of the garden in which he planted the first potato. Some people will tell you that Elizabeth's knight, who was Mayor of Youghal in 1558, planted those yew trees, and built this interesting old house. However, as he lived but two years in this place, and smoked under the shade of the trees, and as the house was the Warden's House one hundred years before his arrival, it is evident that his associations with the place, however interesting, were merely superficial and accidental.

In an earlier part of this paper I have said something of the Youghal of to-day, as it strikes the stranger, with its tiers of buildings above the sea, its ancient moss-grown walls, its terraces and gardens hanging over the town, its old castles and abbeys, its aged, storied church and picturesque collegiate house, and Raleigh's house, its bristling line of shipping, and quays looking over at the mouth of the exquisite Blackwater, which is the *Auniduff* of Spenser and the *Avondhu* of many an Irish tale and legend.

In a very old Book, not now to be found except among the curiosities hoarded by antiquaries, I have read that the Barony of Imokilly was anciently pleasant and fertile, neither mountainous nor level, consisting of two fair valleys, one extending from Cork harbour to the sea, the other from Middleton to Youghal; that it abounded with limestone, useful for manure, and also beautiful with colours, dove, grey, chocolate, and white, that when polished it was equal to marble. This barony was called the granary of the city of Cork, providing corn, fish, and flesh, and being especially rich in fine fatted calves. Ptolemy says it was anciently inhabited by people called the Vodii, a word signifying persons living in a woody territory. The Irish word Imokilly has literally the same meaning; and the name of Youghal—Eo-ghaille, the yew woods—also reminds us in the present day of the fact that the entire tract of country down to the sea was once a forest. The Phœnicians named it from its appearance as they first sailed into it.

This is borne out by the peculiarity of Youghal strand, which is simply a turf bog, covered over with sand and pebbles. Good turf is taken from it occasionally, and great quantities of timber trees, firs, hazels, and others, are turned up continually out of the

sand. The monstrous skeleton of an animal has been also here discovered, one shoulder-bone measuring three feet and a-half in length. On one occasion of a great storm the strand of Youghal was washed quite clear of sand and pebbles, and presented the appearance of an ordinary turf bog. A little observation of the shore and surrounding country shows that the sea is gaining on the land. The great sand cliff called Clay Castle, which faces the ocean quite outside the shelter of the Waterford headlands, is being gradually washed away, and the waves threaten every winter to overrun the houses of the bathing visitors built on the road in front of the long and level sands. Even as far up the river as Ballin-tray a curious evidence of the encroachment of the tide is seen in the condition of some trees which, wading in a swamp, stand destitute of leaves and bark, with a weird and scared look, a picture of desolation and irreparable misfortune, expecting their inevitable doom. In a short time this wood will add to the turf bog under the sea, out of which horns of elk (moose deer) are also frequently dug up. It is impossible to say how many miles of bog extend into the sea beyond Youghal. Another peculiarity of the strand around Clay Castle is that it is strewn with stones which are petrifactions of the sand that is washed from the gradually vanishing sand cliff.

Youghal bears upon its stones the plain marks of its history all the way up the centuries from the earliest days. In Ardmore, close by, St. Declan built his oratory, monastery, and round tower, thirty years before the coming of St. Patrick; and there was a church on the site of the now ancient St. Mary's Church of Youghal long before the Normans came to rule on land and water, before that church was "founded" in 1220, or "re-edified" by Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, whose munificence built the college and collegiate house, and the warden's house, afterwards the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, and now known as the Raleigh House, endowing the institution with £600 a-year, equal to £3,000 of our money. At the lighthouse of Youghal there are three steps cut in the solid rock, which were carved there in the third century, and ever since that date a light has been kept burning towards the sea on this identical spot. In 1190 St. Anne's Nunnery, with a chapel for mariners, was erected here; and it was the duty of the nuns to tend the beacon, which was a large fire in the tower, visible from the sea through an open window. Not till 1848 were the ruins of

tower, a picturesque object at the entrance to the town, taken down to give place to the present lighthouse.

In 1231 Maurice Fitzgerald founded the South Abbey, the first Franciscan monastery in Ireland, and after a stormy life of war and conquest, the bold Geraldine laid aside his sword and took the habit in the holy house, where he died in 1256, in the eightieth year of his age. An old chronicler says: "He was said to be a very pleasant man and valiant knight, inferior to none in the kingdom, lived his life in commendation, but suspected of having a hand in the death of the Earl Marshal Richard, with Robert de Burgo and others." Following his example, his son Thomas founded in 1268 the Dominican Friary, called the Friary of St. Mary of Thanks; and his grave was made in the middle of the choir of the church in the year 1296. Of the South Abbey only a few carven stones remain treasured in the garden of Dr. Charles Ronayne, of Youghal, found by him when making alterations in his house, which stands on the site of the Abbey, as I mentioned before. Of the Friary of St. Mary of Thanks there remains a noble Gothic gable and window, wrapped up in sombre ivy and surrounded by very ancient and lofty trees. It is now known as the ruin of the North Abbey, and the graveyard round about it is "the old mass yard."

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A CHOICE.

IF I might choose one gift God's hand could yield,

What would I crown my life withal to-day?

With love, or gold, or fame, or absolute sway?

Or beauty such as women's who have thrilled

Men's souls and senses till no more they willed

* With their own wills, but only must obey?

Or would I choose to have my mother-clay

Lapping one round whose pain at last were stilled?

What would I choose and what would I forgo?

Would all desire go up in that swift cry,

Were it one little minute's space, *to know*

God's love, which passeth knowledge verily,

And, ere the glory faded off, to die?

Would God that I were sure of choosing so!

E. H. HICKEY.

A CHILD IN THE PARK.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN, JULY, 1890.

YOU come to me with winged feet,
 Oh, sweet—too sweet !
 "Mamma," you say ; then, rosily shy,
 Away you fly. . . .

I send the wind upon his track
 To call him back.
 I follow him with wild eyes wet ;—
 Can he forget ?

I was his mother years ago.
 Through bloom and snow
 That glimmering head upon my breast
 Was warmed to rest.

Silk tassels blew from Indian corn
 Where he was born.
 The Atlantic fireflies led him through
 The dusk and dew.

The slave's light songs had left the south ;
 But that young mouth
 Mocked them, till his dark nurse would weep
 Herself to sleep.

Those hands, once folded cold, so cold,
 With flowers to hold,
 Drop bread into this old-world lake
 For swans to take.

To this green island, ruin-grey,
 He comes to play.
 He leaves his moss-grown rest so deep,
 This tryst to keep. . . .

Oh, men who pass us in the dew,
 What if you knew !
 With shaken heart and shroud-pale face
 You'd fly the place. . . .

My child, the world is sweet ; but oh,
 We two must go—
 We are not of it, Golden-head !
 We both are dead.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

OUR POETS.

No. 25.—REV. ABRAM RYAN.

It is almost two years since any addition was made to this series, which has no representative in the index of our eighteenth volume. In the previous volume were discussed Ellen O'Leary (who must soon be introduced again to our readers), John Todhunter, William B. Yeats, and John Howard Payne.

The "Songs of Remembrance" of Miss Margaret Ryan—known originally to our readers as "Alice Esmonde"—have fully established her right to the title of poet; but already another bearer of the name had met with very wide acceptance as a poet on the other side of the Atlantic. Catholic newspapers especially have for many years been fond of quoting the poems of Father Ryan and calling him the poet priest*; and indeed it was only in the corners of newspapers that his poems could be found till a short time before his death. Several years earlier I had applied to Father Ryan himself, and he had sent me this kind answer:—

Mobile Cathedral,

August 21, 1876.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—Yours of the 23rd ult. has come to hand, together with the magazine which you so kindly sent me. I thank you for the pleasure and interest its perusal afforded me. For my verses, I really scarcely know myself where I could find copies of most of them. They are scattered through the country in scrap-books and in newspaper files; but I reckon many of them (and may be so much the better) have been lost. I have been repeatedly urged to gather the stray waifs and publish them in book-form; but I have always two answers ready, *Qui bono?*—and, if that answer be not sufficient, my second is that my labors are so many, my time so occupied, and my health withal so precarious, that to publish them (revised as they ought to be) would be next to an impossibility. However, if it so pleases you, dear Father, and your readers, I will gather from my friends a few of my random rhymes, and I will forward them to you.

* The following paragraph from *The Ave Maria* mentions another to whom this title has been given:—

Throughout all Flanders there is no name held in greater reverence than that of the poet-priest, Father Guido Gezelle. In the homes of the poor, as well as in the salons of the rich, his songs and legends are read. In the hearts and affections of his countrymen, Father Gezelle is the veritable successor of the great Flemish novelist, the dead Hendrik Conscience. Like the latter, he writes entirely in his native tongue, and his last production, a translation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" into Flemish verse, has been pronounced a genuine *chef-d'œuvre*. Father Gezelle is also a distinguished linguist.

My Bishop has promised me, time and again, to give me release from duty for a while in order that I might give the world a little book; but unfortunately in this country, however it be in yours, the promises of Bishops are not exactly like those of Our Lord.

Trusting, Rev. and Dear Father, that this correspondence, which seems but an accident, may turn out to be a providence, I remain,

In the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

Your humble servant,

ABRAM J. RYAN.

P.S.—Just as I closed my note, I remembered a few old papers which after some search I found amid the usual confusion of my room. I send them, for your amusement only. It has become quite a custom here to publish a little paper during the Orphans' Fair. By reason of the advertisements the good Sisters of Charity realise a large sum of money in this simple way.

Printed hurriedly and often carelessly, you will find in the papers (as we would say) "awful" typographical blunders. Yet even the blunders may amuse you. The verses called "Mystery" are scraps taken here and there from a rather long piece of mine. If the papers give you half an hour's pleasure, that will more than repay me for the postage.

A. J. R.

I received other letters from Father Ryan, but this is the only one I can now find. Looking back over one's life, one often wonders why one did not follow up further some little chain of circumstances which seems to have broken off abruptly; and here it surprises me that I did not utilise in the pages of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* the poems which the author of "The Conquered Banner" so kindly forwarded some five years before gathering them into a book. But they are still sufficiently novel for the majority of our readers. Thank God, while they show the full inspiration of the poet, they show also the fervent priestliness of the poet's soul.

In that pleasant essay in which Mr. Augustine Birrel in the first series of *Obiter Dicta* discusses "the alleged obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry," he says: "When you are viewing a poet generally, as is our present plight, the first question is: 'When was he born?'" But this question is not easily answered in the case of Abram Ryan—so he always spells his name, not "Abraham." Some have said he was born at home in the old land at Limerick; but, though Irish to the heart's core, he was certainly born in the United States. Norfolk, in Virginia, and Hagerstown, in Maryland, dispute the honour of being his birthplace. The year also is uncertain, whether 1834 or 1836.* His parents

*Since drawing up this sketch I have found a brief but careful account of Father Abram Ryan in that fine work, Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*. As the writer gives the full particulars of time and place, he may be considered as settling the newspaper controversy. "Abram Joseph Ryan, poet, born at Norfolk, Virginia, 16th August, 1839; died at Louisville, Kentucky, 22nd April, 1886."

removed to St. Louis when he was about six years old. But *The Post-Despatch* published at St. Louis on the 13th October, 1889, in an article enumerating "the St. Louisans who have climbed the national ladder of fame," claims the credit of telling on that day for the first time the correct facts about Father Ryan; and, as the writer mentions Father Ryan's sister as still living in St. Louis, she may have been his authority for several minute statements made. According to him, our poet was born in Maryland in 1840, and came to St. Louis with his parents when only two years old—though he afterwards makes him out 48 years old when he died in 1886, and therefore born in 1838. He was at the school of the Christian Brothers till his 12th year, when he entered St. Mary's Seminary in Perry County, Missouri. Yet a "nutshell biogram" in our fourteenth annual volume assigns the distinction of his ecclesiastical training to St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Missouri; while in the flabby memoir prefixed to the sumptuous Baltimore edition of his poems he is said to have studied for the priesthood at Niagara, N.Y. The St. Louis journalist, who seems to know his facts, says he was ordained in his 22nd year in the Lazarist Church (St. Vincent's) in that city. It was from St. Louis that his only brother, David, went to join the Army of the South and die for the Confederate cause. His grief for this brave young captain was the inspiration of some of his best lyrics. He fought for the South with his pen, editing *The Banner of the South* for five years at Augusta in Georgia. He had previously worked as a priest at Nashville; but in 1870 he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's, Mobile, Alabama, where he continued till 1883, when Bishop Quinlan released him from parish work, that he might lecture on behalf of certain pious objects and devote himself to literary matters at Biloxi, where Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the South, lived in retirement. This permission was confirmed by Bishop Nanucy. His death happened somewhat suddenly while he was staying at the Franciscan Monastery at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 22nd of April, 1886. He is buried at Mobile; and we have seen some feeling stanzas by some Irish American maiden, named Mary Plunket, complaining that the "Grave of Father Ryan" is neglected. But how can poor mortals keep so many graves in repair?

His mother had died three months before. The dedication of his volume of poems was this: "These simple rhymes are laid as a garland of love at the feet of his mother by her child, the author."

Let me give first the first of Father Ryan's poems that crossed my path—in manuscript in a scrap-book "near the winding shores of Erne." In his own book it is called, at page 43, "Lines, 1875;" but a more explanatory title would be the question which the poet refuses to answer—"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"—as it most certainly does. We omit the penultimate stanza which the poet himself omitted when reprinting it in the elegant volume of which a young Mobile lawyer, Harris Taylor, undertook the risk.

Go down where the sea waves are kissing the shore,
And ask of them why do they sigh?
The poets have asked them a thousand times o'er,
But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed it before—
And they're sighing to-day, and will sigh evermore:
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The waves will not tell you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the beach of the broad boundless deep,
When the night stars are gleaming on high,
And hear how the billows are moaning in sleep,
On the low lying strand by the surge-beaten steep:
They're moaning for ever, wherever they sweep.
Ask them what ails them—they never reply:
They moan and so sadly, but will not tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The billows won't answer you—neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day,
When it passes and murmurs "Good bye."
The dear little breeze! how it wishes to stay
Where the flowers are in bloom, where the singing birds play:
How it sighs as it flies on its wearisome way.
Ask it what ails it—it will not reply;
The voice is a sad one—it will not tell why!
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The breeze will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, watch the wild blasts as they spring from their lair
When the shout of the storm rends the sky;
They rush o'er the earth and ride through the air,
And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair,
And they groan like the ghosts in "the land of despair."
Ask them what ails them—they never reply;
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The blast will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the rivulet's lily-fringed side,
 Or list where the rivers rush by :
 The streamlets, which forest trees shadow and hide,
 And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide,
 Are mourning for ever wherever they glide.
 Ask them what ails them—they will not reply.
 On, sad voiced, they flow, but they never tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 Earth's streams will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
 And the voices that sound in the sky ;
 Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
 There's a sigh in each chord, and a sigh in each key,
 And thousands of sighs swell the great melody.
 Ask them what ails them—they will not reply.
 They sigh—sigh for ever—but never tell why.
 "Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
 The voices won't answer thee—neither shall I.

Father Ryan's muse, like that of his Tipperary namesake, is indeed very mournful and elegiac. He chose sad themes, but not on the scientific principle on which Edgar Allan Poe—to whom, by the way, he has often been compared—pretended to have chosen the subject of his "Raven," simply because sadness is the most poetical of all moods. Death is a favourite topic with him. Sometimes he puts to himself the question "*When?*"

Some day in the Spring
 When earth is bright and glad,
 When wild birds sing,
 And fewest hearts are sad,
 Shall I die then?
 Ah, me! No matter when!

I know it will be sweet
 To leave the home of men
 To rest beneath the sod,
 To kneel and kiss Thy Feet,
 In Thy home, oh! my God!

Some summer morn,
 When all the winds sing songs,
 When roses hide each thorn
 And smiles—the spirit's wrongs,
 Shall I die then?
 Ah, me! No matter when!

I know I will rejoice
 To leave the home of men
 To rest beneath the sod,
 To hear Thy tender voice,
 In Thy home, oh! my God!

Some Autumn eve,
 When shadows dim the sky :
 When all things grieve,
 And fairest things all die,
 Shall I die then ?
 Ah, me ! No matter when !
 I know I will be glad
 To leave the home of men
 To sleep beneath the sod ;
 No heart can e'er be sad
 In Thy home, oh ! my God !

Some wintry day,
 When all the sky is gloom,
 And beauteous May
 Sleeps in December's tomb,
 Shall I die then ?
 My heart shall throb with joy,
 To leave the home of men
 To rest beneath the sod ;
 Ah ! joy has no alloy,
 In Thy home, oh ! my God !

Ah, me ! I tell
 The Rosary of my years :
 And it is well
 The beads are strung with tears :
 Haste, death, and come !
 I pine—I pray for home !
 I know it will be sweet
 To kneel and kiss Thy Feet,
 In Thy home, oh ! my God !

At another time he thus sings the praises of Death :

Out of the shadows of sadness,
 Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest ;
 Out of a land very dreary,
 Out of the world very weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
 Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom ;
 Out of a land filled with sighing,
 Land of the dead and the dying,
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a land of commotion,
 Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,

Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers ;
Out of the land of decay,
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flowerlets and sweetest and rarest,
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguished and ailing ;
Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices,
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,
Out of a land very lornful,
Where in black exile we roam,
Into a joy-land above us
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into our house—" Sweet Home."

Another very different poem ends with a similar allusion to the same favourite song of "Home, sweet Home," of which in an earlier number of this series of papers we have claimed the credit for Ireland. Would Moore call this "a beautiful but rebellious song," as he called Dr. Drennan's, "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood?"

Unroll Erin's flag ! fling its folds to the breeze !
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas !
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never, no ! never while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never ! no, never ! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield ;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up ! wave it high ! 'tis as bright as of old !
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears.
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of Tyranny bloom.

Look aloft ! look aloft ! lo, the clouds drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
 'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high !
 Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh !

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old Banner of Green !
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen :
 What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
 What though for ages it droops in the dust,
 Shall it droop thus for ever ! No ! no ! God is just !
 Take it up ! take it up ! from the tyrant's foul tread,
 Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred,
 And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
 And we'll swear by the blood which the tyrant has shed,
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
 And we'll swear y the thousands who, famished, unfed,
 Died down in the ditches, wild-howling for bread,
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
 And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
 That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread :
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
 Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
 That we'd lift up the green, and we'd tear down the red !

Lift up the Green Flag ! oh ! it wants to go home,
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam ;
 It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
 But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
 Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
 It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
 Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
 And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
 Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
 Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
 That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;
 Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
 To join in the march to the land of their birth :
 And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
 They'll sail to the music of " Home, Sweet Home ! "

Very many of Father Ryan's poems are hymns, written for use, and have no doubt been sung amongst his own people. They

are not patient feats of literary workmanship; and in his brief preface he earnestly deprecates any claim to the title of poet. But true poet he was for all that. His muse is certainly prone to diffuseness. Some pieces, the very metre of which seemed to demand brevity, run to great length. The stern repression of the sonnet did not suit him. Did he mean page 170 for a sonnet? Fourteen lines, and very beautiful lines they are, after seeing Pius the Ninth—but they consist of a quatrain followed by five couplets perfectly independent as regards rhyme. His tributes to the Blessed Virgin are frequent and fervent, for he felt as he sang,

Ah ! they to the Christ are the truest
Whose hearts to the Mother are true.

The following lines are called simply "My Beads." Many an old Irish woman has felt thus towards her well-worn rosary chaplet :

Sweet, blessed beads ! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem ;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every griet
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah ! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died ; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads !
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
The circled chain, and always found
In some "Hail Mary" sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown ;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah ! ye keep my secrets well.

You are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

Though Father Ryan is essentially musical and metrical, his longest and in some respects his best poem is in blank verse—a

romantic narrative called "Their story runneth thus." We cannot give any extracts, but as a specimen of his management of the metre of *Paradise Lost* we must find space for "God in the Night:"

Deep in the dark I hear the feet of God;
 He walks the world; He puts His holy hand
 On every sleeper—only puts His hand—
 Within it benedictions for each one—
 Then passes on; but ah! where'er He meets
 A watcher waiting for Him, He is glad.
 (Does God, like man, feel lonely in the dark?)
 He rests His hand upon the watcher's brow,
 And more than that, He leaves His very breath
 Upon the watcher's soul; and more than that,
 He stays for holy hours where watchers pray
 And more than that, He oftentimes lifts the veils
 That hide the visions of the world unseen.
 The brightest sanctities of highest souls
 Have blossomed into beauty in the dark.
 How extremes meet! The very darkest crimes
 That blight the souls of man are strangely born
 Beneath the shadows of the holy night.
 Deep in the dark I hear His holy feet,
 Around Him rustle archangelic wings;
 He lingers by the temple where His Christ
 Is watching in His Eucharistic sleep;
 And where poor hearts in sorrow cannot rest,
 He lingers there to soothe their weariness;
 Where mothers weep above a dying child,
 He stays to bless the mother's bitter tears,
 And consecrates the cradle of her child,
 Which is to her her spirit's awful cross.
 He shudders past the haunts of sin—yet leaves
 E'en there a mercy for the wayward hearts.
 Still as a shadow through the night He moves
 With hands all full of blessings, and with heart
 All full of everlasting love; ah! me,
 How God does love this poor and sinful world!

The stars behold Him as He passes on,
 And arch His paths of mercy with their rags;
 The stars are grateful—He gave them their light,
 And now they give Him back the light He gave.
 The shadows tremble in adoring awe;
 They feel His presence, and they know His face.
 The shadows, too, are grateful—could they pray,
 How they would flower all His way with prayers!
 The sleeping trees wake up from all their dreams.
 Were their leaves lips, ah! me, how they would sing
 A grand magnificat, as His Mary sang.

The lowly grasses and the fair-faced flowers
Watch their Creator as He passes on,
And mourn they have no hearts to love their God,
And sigh they have no souls to be beloved.
Man—only man—the image of his God,
Let's God pass by when He walks forth at night.

Father Ryan was very effective as a preacher, although (or because) his style and his delivery were very peculiar. Those who were already acquainted with the Poet-Priest of the South will be surprised that we have made no allusion to the most famous of all his poems, "The Conquered Banner," or to his apostrophe to the Sword of Robert Lee with its fervid climax—

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

Those to whom these pages are the first to introduce him will, we trust, feel that they have made the acquaintance of a true poet and a true man in the Irish American priest, Abram Ryan.

M. R.

TIME AND THE LADY.

HASTE, maiden, haste! the spray has come to budding,
The dawn creeps o'er the heavens gold and fair.
Come, see the bud ere breaking, the languid day awaking.
"A moment, Time, until I bind my hair."

Come, maiden, come! the bud has burst to blossom,
The sun has kissed the earth and found it sweet.
Come, lest you lose, adorning, the beauty of the morning.
"A moment, Time, a moment, till I eat."

Come, maiden, come! ripe fruits are on the branches,
The evening star is glowing in the blue;
The breeze's breath grows colder. Come ere the day is older!
"A moment till I sip—I'm then with you."

Quick, maiden, quick! Death's hand has stripped the leafing;
Night frees her clouding hair from bonds that keep.
Quick! lest you're lost for ever, in the gloom to find me never.
"A moment, Time, a moment, till I sleep."

DORA SIGERSON.

ROSTREVOR AS A HEALTH RESORT.

AS many are now considering the advantages and attractions of various health resorts, where they might pass the winter time and early spring, it may be not inappropriate to say something of Rostrevor, whose mild climate and scenic beauties entitle it to a widespread recognition amongst invalids. There are, of course, health resorts better known, more fashionable, more lauded by the guide books; yet, notwithstanding this, there is not a spot in the kingdom can surpass Rostrevor for a certain class of diseases. Nestling under the Mourne mountains, embosomed in woodlands, sheltered completely from the north and from the east winds, Rostrevor looks out serenely on the land-locked waters of Carlingford Bay. The village itself is old-world and quiet, the vulgarizing features of modern decorative art having scarcely yet spoiled it. It is half Alpine, half Norman; the echo of a railway whistle has not yet broken its solitude; the smoke of a locomotive has not yet stained the ever-shifting tintings of its skies. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are many and beautiful; and for those whose health will allow, the ascent of any of the surrounding mountains will afford magnificent panoramas of the country far and near. There are few finer combinations of landscape and seascape in Ireland (and this is saying a good deal) than that which unfolds itself from the summit of Slieve Ban (1595 feet). Far below the blue waters of the bay spread out with many a dimple, till they sparkle far away a silvery pathway winding between wooded shores to the busy town of Newry. In front Slieve Foy (1935 feet) shows his forehead clear out to the sky. To the left the town of Carlingford and Greenore Point show seaward, with faint glimpses of the Dublin mountains; and close beside us lies pretty Killowen. To the right curl upwards the smoke wreaths from the shining homesteads of Rostrevor, with her beautiful church spire tapering aloft over beech and elm, and the dreamy wistfulness of country life hovering with a subdued murmur all around. Farther up the bay is Warrenpoint, with its gay villas and terraces gleaming in the sun; and this scene, girdled with a background of mighty mountains, forms a picture that cannot easily be erased from the mind. Amid such surroundings

one almost instinctively recalls this passage in that most precious of Carlyle's books, "*Sartor Resartus*:" "Beautiful it was to sit there as in my skyey tent, musing and meditating, on the high tableland in front of the mountains; over me, as roof, the azure dome; and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains—namely, of the four azure winds, on whose bottom fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair castles that stood sheltered in these mountain hollows, with their green flower-lawns, and white daisies and damosels, lovely enough; or better still, the straw-roofed cottages wherein stood many a mother baking bread, with her children round her—all hidden and protectingly folded up in the valley-folds, yet there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them."

It would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal to do justice to the natural beauties of Rostrevor; but we must mention the drive to Newcastle (24 miles) one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, which almost equals the far-famed route from Glengariff to Killarney, and with the advantage of knowing neither beggar nor guide nor bugle-horn.

The invalid or tourist will find every home-comfort at Rostrevor. There are two very good hotels, Sangsters' Queen's Arms, one of the oldest in Ireland, at which the famous Yelverton couple put up in days gone by; and the Mourne Hotel, erected in 1876 by Earl Kilmorey at the cost of over £30,000. Indeed, very few people, living in high places, have taken a deeper interest in the welfare of their people than Lord Kilmorey. Besides the hotel already referred to, he has built a concert hall and skating rink, and laid out public gardens where open-air concerts are given throughout the season. When one walks through these grounds when the many-coloured lamps are shining amongst the trees, and the bands discoursing choicest music, and the various groups enjoying themselves according to their fancy, one seems to be transported to some Continental pleasure resort, to Baden-Baden, or even to the leafy avenues of musical Munich herself. Lord Kilmorey also established a line of tramway between Rostrevor and Warrenpoint (the nearest railway station, two miles), and was the means of having a charming promenade constructed which commands delightful views of the bay and mountains.

We are sorry to be forced to add that the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood do not show sufficient zeal in seconding

these efforts. The bathing system at Rostrevor is deplorable, disgraceful. If the landed proprietors and gentry around Rostrevor are anxious to bring visitors among them and render the locality attractive and prosperous, they had better stir themselves and expend a little money on the necessary improvements. It would not cost much to establish proper bathing accommodation, and this would go a long way in making Rostrevor as popular as it deserves to be.

We shall now refer briefly to Rostrevor from a more or less medical point of view, for to the invalid scenic beauty is after all only a secondary consideration. Let it be, however, at the outset understood that we disclaim any intention of being dogmatic, and we only sketch the subject in outline for the information of the lay-reader.

The complaints to which Rostrevor as a health-resort is more or less adapted we divide as follows :—

- (1). Consumption in its early stages.
- (2). Bronchitis and bronchitic asthma.
- (3). Convalescents recovering from acute diseases, and from surgical operations.
- (4). For the over worked—mentally or physically—seeking temporary rest.

In the treatment of consumption there are several points to be considered as regards climate, and viewed from these Rostrevor is very suitable.

(A) *Pure Air*—Consumptive patients, or even those with a tendency towards that insidious disease, should shun city and town life.

(B) *High Temperature*—The mean annual temperature of Rostrevor is 50 degrees, which almost equals that of Torquay, Bournemouth, Ventnor, Eastbourne, and Hastings, and is only two degrees below Glengariff, whose mean annual temperature is 52 degrees, favoured by the proximity of the Gulf Stream.

(C) *Proportion of Ozone in Air*—Rostrevor is completely surrounded by mountains except towards the south, and from this point warm and gentle breezes are wafted from seaward, saturated with ozone, and consequently free from every organic impurity, and not too bracing for the most delicate lungs. Sea air also exercises a sedative and soothing influence over the nervous system, and thus benefits those who suffer from sleeplessness and nerve-

excitability—complaints commonly met with amongst persons who are affected with consumption, and amongst those who suffer from the wear and tear of every-day life. Vegetation around Rostrevor is considerable, it is well wooded, and the climate is sufficiently moist, and so swayed by sea influences, that daily extremes of temperature are slight.

Professor Tyndall writes: "Wherever the air is dry, we are liable to daily extremes of temperature. By day in such places, the sun's heat reaches the earth unimpeded, and renders the maximum high; by night, on the other hand, the earth's heat escapes unhindered into space, and renders the minimum low. Hence the difference between the maximum and minimum is greatest where the air is driest." Thus it should be remembered, particularly by those having weak or delicate chests, to select some locality for residence moderately moist and warm, such as Rostrevor, where daily extremes of temperature are absent. In concluding this section of our paper, it may be mentioned that in the years 1884 and 1888, according to the Registrar General's Report, the deaths in Rostrevor district *from consumption and diseases of the respiratory system*, were only 3·5 per thousand. Few health-resorts can produce a better record than that. We may also quote the following observations from a local journal which confirm our own impressions:—

"We are now in a position to give reliable statistics concerning the mortality of the Lough districts, and we propose dealing with the different localities from time to time, until we have exhausted the information kindly placed at our disposal by the Registrar-General. We shall first treat of Rostrevor for the twelve years 1877-1888, but we desire to explain that the 'Registrar's district,' covered by the returns, is a wide area, with a population in 1881 of 3,202, whereas the *native* population of the village itself, in which the visitors are mostly interested, is only 706. We find that in the whole of this large district there have been, in the twelve years under notice, only 2 deaths from measles, 2 from scarlatina, 1 from typhus fever, 12 from whooping cough, 1 from diphtheria, 3 from enteric fever, and 6 from diarrhoea. On an average, 30 persons have died each year, aged 'sixty years and upwards.' In 1884 the annual death-rate was only 11·9 per thousand of the population of the entire district. We notice in the returns that, as is usual in the country, the rate of infant mortality is high. We

consider that the deaths of infants under one year old have no bearing upon the question at issue, and if, therefore, we exclude the eleven such deaths in 1887, the death-rate for that year would be about 13 per thousand."

Putting aside cases of consumption pure and simple, Rostrevor is equally suitable for bronchitis and asthma; in fact most bronchial affections do well there. It is suitable furthermore for patients recovering from surgical operations, or for convalescents from acute diseases. For the over-worked, mentally or physically, it also affords a quiet and charming resting-place to recruit their shattered strength.

We do not wish to weary our readers with further observations on the statistics of health, or the mortality returns of Rostrevor; and we have only done so thus far to show how favourably it can be compared with other resorts, better known and more fashionable, though less healthy and less picturesque. It is to be deplored that Irishmen should patronize English and foreign health resorts, and neglect their own. They will talk, for example, of Bournemouth; they will flock thither in their crowds; yet in every respect its climatic advantages, not to speak of scenery, are far below those of Rostrevor. Again, they will recount the beauties of Torquay and Ventnor, while at home they overlook the little paradise of Glengariff. Others will sing the glories of St. Leonard's, or Brighton or Eastbourne—forgetting that Howth and Bray and Kilkee are in existence. But our friends may answer: "in Ireland there is no society; your health resorts have no social attractions; to reside there for any time would give one a fit of the blues." Let our reply be, remain at home, give the country the advantage of your society, and patronise *your own* health resorts instead of flitting over to England, or to France or Germany. Spend your money amongst your own people. You would find your health as much, if not more, improved; you would have plenty of social attractions, for who are more sociable than Irishmen themselves? You would benefit your country, for she is sadly in need of it. And after all, you would only be doing your bounden duty to your native land. Instead of being attracted *from* your country, you should attract strangers to yours.

The following remarks amongst others have just appeared in a leading Irish newspaper; they contain both a warning and a reproach, and our people should take them to heart, if only in the

name of common sense. Why should they let England and Scotland thus take the lead?

"The vast stream of tourists which annually pours through the Continent might, with some judicious enterprise, be turned into this country. At present two conspicuous drawbacks militate against such a result—the want, namely, of suitable local accommodation at a reasonable tariff, and the lack of effective advertisement. These two points should have the earliest attention of the Tourist Association which our correspondent suggests should be immediately formed. Again the train and car services throughout Ireland could easily be bettered, an example being taken from the wonderful perfection of the carriage system at present at work in the Trossachs and the English lake district. The navigable power of our rivers might be called on to furnish an admirable service of steamers. Some months ago a lengthy correspondence was published on the subject of tourist traffic on the Upper Shannon, and it was then pointed out what an extensive region of the most beautiful scenery was practically unvisited through lack of proper means of conveyance. This is only an isolated case of a very common defect. Our mineral springs, such as Lisdoonvarna, can compete with any in the three kingdoms for hygienic value, but it was not till quite recently that any attempt to open them to a wide public was effective. Our seaside resorts are unequalled in the world. Whether one thinks of the charming natural attractions of the coast from Killiney to Bray, or such a wild magnificent coast line as there is in the neighbourhood of Kilkee, the competition of any scenery in the world may be invited. And yet how little we have ourselves done to make it more widely known! The influx of a considerable body of tourists every year would, it goes without saying, be of incalculable value to this country in many ways. It would give a fillip to our decaying industries; it would open up hitherto unknown regions, and create in some of the poorest districts of the land a thriving centre of local enterprise; it would tend to develop and foster the numerous neglected mineral springs of the country; and it would react on ourselves by fostering in us a love and appreciation of a natural scenery that needs only to be properly exploited to attract the admiring gaze of tourists of every nationality."

In concluding, we again remind our readers of Rostrevor and its many advantages in climate and scenery, and also the facility

with which it may be reached from Dublin or Belfast. Health above everything must be sought; what are we without our health? "A healthy beggar is happier than an ailing king," writes Arthur Schopenhauer. Among health resorts, for a variety of diseases, to some of which we have briefly alluded, Rostrevor is second to none.

ROBERT JAMES REILLY.

BROTHER GILES AND THE THEOLOGIAN.

[ONE OF THE "GOLDEN WORDS" OF THE BLESSED EGIDIUS.]

A LEARNED Doctor paced upon the shore,
 S. Austin's pages turning o'er and o'er.
 Question of God's foreknowledge filled his mind
 With restless thoughts and terrors undefined—
 Till, by his frightened fancies led astray,
 From doubt to doubt, he came to blank dismay.
 Just then, a simple Brother passed along,
 And to Our Lady sung a joyous song;
 But when he saw the Priest so sore oppressed,
 His song he ceased, and humbly him addressed:
 "You seem unhappy, Father. May I know
 If in that Latin book you find your woe?
 Forgive me, Father, if I seem too bold,
 For pain is oft relieved when it is told."

"Ah! Brother!" sadly then the Priest replied,
 "You, simple souls, have joys to us denied.
 You laugh and sing because you ponder not
 The mysteries deep of man's eternal lot.
 But would you know what question racks my brains?
 Alas! 'tis this: '*Who knows what God ordains?*'"
 "Nay, Father, pardon! to my simple mind,
 You look for comfort where you cannot find.
 If you would seek refreshment from the heat,
 The ocean rolls its waters to your feet.
 Why strain your eyes across the boundless plain?
 Why to the distant billows cry in vain:
 'In central ocean lies a hidden cave—
 Bring thence the brine my weary feet to lave?'
 So is God's gracious Providence outspread
 With depths unfathomed by the pilot's lead.
 Yet why repine? Enough, if we explore
 The ebb and flow upon the neighbouring shore.
 The tide of daily grace brings daily joy—
 Why, seeking further, present peace destroy?"
 The Doctor paused in thought, but paused not long;
 Then joined the Brother in his joyous song.

T. E. B.

SICUT TABERNACULA PASTORUM.

O H, I cannot tell it ! The child of another land, she came to our sweet south-west to tarry awhile. It was not to rest, for she was in the midst of her power and vigour ; it was not for recreation, for she was too active-minded and busy. Her eye was bright, her face was rosy, her step was light and strong. She looked on the broad surface of our old river ; it wore its pleasantest smiles ; her heart went back to her own mountain lakes ; and she talked of their deep blue and and their stillness ; likening them (in their being uplifted towards heaven) to the sacrificial cups that were offered in the Old Law, and (in their purity) to the more sacred one offered on Christian altars to-day. It was gladsome and bracing to hear her talk of mountain climbing, and eyes turning up to lofty summits, and down into cozy glens beneath.

Ah, me ! the summer sun shone when she came ; the autumn leaves had not fallen ere she fell ! *Fugit velut umbra !*

And the brown woods, hanging on the height, never looked so holy and so tender and so inviting. Rambling through them, she told of that beautiful custom in her own Alpine country, where from the lofty summits the shepherd wound at twilight a bugle blast, and down the mountain side, like messenger from heaven, it bore upon its way, awaking echoes from rock and glen ; and every hamlet and lonesome cot poured its inhabitants to its doors, where they reverently doffed their hats, and spoke in whispered breath the sacred Angelus first brought from heaven by the Archangel. Then for a moment they knelt them down, each one upon his threshold, and viewing the departing sun tip the mountain outlines with his last but loveliest rays, they thought of God, and how blest are they who sleep in the arms of the Lord.

A pause was there. What did she think ? What was she listening to ? Was it a passing angel that whispered in her ear—blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; with His princes shall the Lord place them, with the princes of His people.

It was perhaps but the leaves that fluttered ; and she went on.

They listen for a moment, and once again is heard a blast—this time a final blast—from the far-up mountain height. The peasants, for response, kiss hands first to the shepherd on the

mountain side, and then to one another. They shut their doors, put out their fires, and peacefully retire to rest. That bugle blast is the shepherd's last good-night to the dwellers in the valley.

While she spoke, the western sunlight came in level shafts through theavenued wood, and the light gale woke up from the breast of the broad river.

"It is chill," she said.

That night she sickened. It was a night of raving and of pain. She struggled and toiled, and beads of perspiration stood upon her brow. Is it true, I wonder, what our popular belief asserts, that it is leave-taking the poor weary spirit is then—visiting friends far asunder and long while parted, taking a last farewell of the haunts and scenes of rosy childhood?

Mount Pilatus came to her lips, that rugged stern peak among the Upper Alps called after the false judge that had the hardihood to judge and condemn the Sinless One, and which could be seen (so she used to say) from her childhood's home. And she talked of one there with venerable hairs and a beating heart. "O mother!" she called, and she flung out her fevered hands, "shall I not see you once before I go? Gladly my heart would rest—gladly my heart would rest," she whispered low, like the subsiding of a storm in her own mountain land—"gladly would my heart rest in Paradise if I saw you only once!"

Ah, haunting form of a mother's love! In her waking moments, in her greatest agony, it came as a spell to soothe pain, to quell the tumult. "Ah, mother—if I could see you once! I do not ask ever to see the others. Oh mother, if I could only see you once, I could rest!"

Alas! hundreds and hundreds of leagues lay between the poor exile and her mother in their highland home; the mother that knew nought, and guessed nought, of how her poor child was struggling and writhing in the strong grasp of sickness. Oh! for tears to speak the pain! Before that mother ever knew of the sickness of her idol, her idol was dead.

The wet winds of the west wailed over the breast of the sobbing river, and bedewed the leaves of the autumn woods with tears. Now and again the sun peeped out, but immediately withdrew, and left the wailing wind and the hoarse surges to sing the exile's dirge. And mourning hearts came too. They were not those who had played with her in childhood, or in whose veins ran kindred

blood. But it had well been said that nature makes us kindred all; one touch of nature makes us all akin. Soft Irish hearts they were; tender as their own skies, teeming in affection as their honeyed vales, and true as the green on their faithful hills. They were with her in her moments of pain; they nursed her, they hung over her, they loved her; and with the readiness of Irish hearts, they gave her not alone their own love, but they all but made up for the love of mother and absent friends.

They gathered around her bier, and their tears fell as sincere and sorrowful as if the poor dead had been surrounded by those she had left in her far-off land. They bore her to where the evening rays light up the ivied spire that tops the neighbouring hill. The afternoon sunshine smiled, as if heavenly peace were all around while the beautiful service was read; and the lapping surges, as she was laid to rest, hoarsely breathed Amen.

O. K.

A TYPE-WRITER'S SONNET.

[INSCRIBED TO J. S.]

A SOLEMN moment this when first my muse
The typoscriptor's magic keys hath^upressed !
Unskilled as yet to work her full behest,
But still a sonnet she will ne'er refuse.
The happy instrument she deigns to choose
Is No. 2 of Remington—the best,
As far as one may judge to whom the rest
Are as unknown as is to-morrow's news.

O Remingtonian Number Two ! be thou
Henceforth the medium to enrich mankind
With plenteous prose and very scanty rhyme.
But lo ! we've reached the closing tercet now,
And in this dainty casket lies enshrined
My first type-written sonnet for all time.

M. R.

WON BY WORTH.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN

CHAPTER XXI.

DARBY'S BED.

The morning sun rose on a pure white world ; there had been a change of weather during the night, and the snow, falling steadily, had softly covered the earth. There were great wreaths on the evergreens and on the hedges, and soft little billows lay between them. It was very lovely—the crisp dryness of the ground for days previous kept the snow clean and light, and the sun shone brightly out of the heavens. The terrace walk outside the drawingroom windows had been swept, and the young folk, comfortably wrapped up, walked up and down, enjoying the bracing beauty of the morning. The holly berries came out in vivid relief among the dazzling snowdrifts ; the blackbirds flitted close to the ground from tree to tree ; the sparrows twittered tumultuously ; the familiar little robins perched here and there with a knowing expression in their round bright eyes, as they gave sidelong quick glances at nature as represented by human beings. Soon the dogs rushed out, barking joyously and scattering the snow in every direction, pursuing and tumbling over each other in their wild gambol.

At the far corner of the terrace a wee boy and girl were holding a grave debate on the weighty matter of setting a trap for the birds. It had been constructed that morning by the buttons, who had thereby incurred the wrath of the butler, a functionary whose conception of the value of time was extremely vivid, particularly when there was company in the house. Buttons was now holding forth with great animation on the proper placing of it to Regy Lisle and his sister Ida, Sir William's grandchildren.

"Down in the wood, Misther Regy—that's the place you'd catch um ; they aren't half so hungry near the house."

"Can't you bring me to the wood, Roche, and let us get a good place?"

"Mamma wouldn't like it, Regy," said Ida. "You'd get wet in the snow, and I couldn't go with you."

"What do girls want in such places?" said Regy. "We could

go this minute, Roche, if we had the bread. They'd never miss us. We'll set it near Darby's Bed; birds are always there in crowds."

"I have bread in my pocket," replied the provident Roche; "but shure the butler will be looking for me. He nearly killed me for making this when he caught me."

"We wouldn't be a minute away; we could run round by the stables. These girls will never let the birds come here."

"That's true, then," said Roche, "they're always laughing, and frightens um away."

"Girls are always laughing, or crying, or something," said Regy in a tone of contempt.

"Let us go, Roche. Ida, let you stop here till we come back, and they won't ever miss us."

Ida was not at all pleased at being disposed of so lightly.

"Oh, take me, too, Regy. I'd like to go, too, and I'll hold the bread while you and Roche are setting it."

"You'd get all wet, miss. Sure young ladies oughtn't to be goin' along with boys," said Roche.

"Ah, do take me, Roche; it isn't wet at all," entreated Ida, beginning to whimper.

"Well, then, Ida, aren't you very bold?" said Regy. "What a little tomboy you are, running after boys. Be quiet, miss."

"Well, sure, let her come, Mither Regy. I'll carry her on my back, an' let you take the basket. If we leave her, she'll begin to cry, an' we'll be followed for certain."

"Oh, that's true, Roche. That's a good boy, and I won't be a bit heavy. You needn't take me up till we come to deep places, and I'll tell mamma how good you are."

"Iyerra, don't, Miss Ida, don't let on a word. Shure she blamed me before when Mather Regy tore his knickerbockers the day we went trappin' the rabbits. Don't say a word for your life."

"There now," said Regy despairingly, as he heard quick foot-steps coming near, "we can't go at all. Girls spoil everything."

"What's this you're saying of girls, you small woman-hater?" said Mary Desmond, as she turned the corner.

"Oh, Mary, is it you?" said Regy, greatly relieved. "You aren't a spoil-sport. Roche and I want to set the snare at Darby's Bed, and Ida was beginning to pipe. Let you keep her, and I'll give you the first blackbird we catch."

"I'd like to go," said Ida, pursing up her little mouth. "I'd like to go to 'Darby's Bed.'"

"Don't cry, Ida," said Mary. "Let the naughty boys go. You and I will stay here and throw snow balls."

"They aren't bold if they let me go with them," pleaded Ida, tearfully.

"What shall we do with her?" said Regy, in intense disgust. "She'll cry in a minute."

Mary caught up the child. "Come," she said, "we'll all go together, and I'll carry Ida."

"Oh, Mary, you are good," said Ida, clasping her round the neck in great glee. "It will be lovely; and I can walk sometimes, and we might catch a bird in the wood. I'll give it to you, surely."

"You are the only one of the girls that's any good," said Regy, approvingly. "The others are only a bother. Let us come on. Darby's Bed is a grand place for birds. I'm sure there are lots of them there to-day."

The party wended their way rapidly through the grounds round by the back of the house and by the whitened hedges, until they reached the desired spot just within the wood.

"Shall we set it here?" said Regy, stopping at a particular place among the trees.

"Stop a minute; don't. George Lloyd would spot it," exclaimed Roche. "He has eyes like a ferret. Look, sir, here in the shade is the best place. Indeed I'll be up to the same Georgy," he continued, "an' break his nose for him some day when I haven't my clothes on me."

"Haven't your clothes on you, Roche?" said Mary, laughing.

"I mean these ones, miss; if I went to fight with him, he wouldn't lave a button on the livery, though I'm more than his match; an' then I'd catch it, as I often did before."

"Wouldn't it be better not to fight at all?" said Mary; "and then you and your buttons would escape."

"Boys must fight," said Regy; "but girls don't know anything about such things."

"Sure, I must fight, at any rate," replied Roche. "What would you think if we pushed it farther back, Misther Regy? No one would get a sketch of it here."

"Would the birds see it, do you think?" asked Regy, doubtfully.

"Faith, then, maybe they wouldn't, I'll venture it here. Shure, the fighting does be put on me, miss, they never let me alone, and, plaze God, I'll blacken Larry Meehan's eyes the next time I catches him. If you were to hear him yesterday calling out 'buttons, buttons!' after me, when I was sittin' behind me lady, an' I daren't spake a word, only stick out my tongue at him. Thank God, I'll soon be too big to be buttons."

"You are very tall," said Mary. "Are you twelve yet?"

"Deed, then, I am, miss, an' fourteen. Isn't that grand, now, Mr. Regy?"

"Will a bird soon come?" said Ida. "We shall wait till we see it going in?"

She was standing on the top of a long flag laid on the top of two other ones sunk into the earth.

"Will I get some of the berries, miss?" asked Roche, who was impressed by Mary's agreeable bearing; "they are fine and red here."

He jumped up on the flag to reach them, where they clustered in crimson beauty.

"Take care you do not spoil 'Darby's Bed,'" said Mary, "the stone is loose."

"Where is it?" asked Ida; "show it to me; I don't see a bed."

"There is the bed, Ida; you should lie on the flag, and get a nice soft stone for a pillow."

"I shouldn't like it, Mary. I shouldn't like mamma or baby to sleep here."

"Usen't Druids kill people here?" asked Regy, "and all their blood used to run off the flag."

"I don't like this place," said Ida, plaintively. "I'd rather be at home with mamma."

"Oh, goosy-poosy is afraid," remarked Regy; "a big black Druid might come and eat her up."

"I'd like to go home," said Ida. "This isn't a nice place. I'd like to go home."

Roche tied his handkerchief round the branches of holly, and they turned to retrace their steps. After a while they diverged from their former path, hurried along, came out upon the carriage drive, and just in front of half a dozen gentlemen who were enjoying the pleasure of a cigar. The bird-catchers were taken aback, except Ida, who called out in unembarrassed innocence—

"Oh, grandpa, we set a bird-trap. Mary carried me all the way, and 'twasn't Roche's fault."

"By Jove, Miss Desmond, you ought to have included us in your party—rather enjoyable exploring woods," said Huntingdon. "Have been listening to your voices. I would I were a child again. Never got any attention since I grew up and was able to appreciate it. Think I must begin to set snares once more."

Captain Crosbie came forward and said, "You must be tired, Miss Desmond. I shall carry the child home if you will allow me."

"I won't go to you," said Ida, hiding her face in Mary's neck. "I don't like you. I'll stay with Mary."

"Oh, Ida, that's not fair," said Sir William; "you are heavy, little woman, and Mary will be tired."

"I'll go to you, grandpapa; he's an ugly man," said Ida; "I'll go to you."

"Oh, I don't mind carrying her at all," said Mary. "She's a light little thing. We get along beautifully; and see what lovely berries we got."

"Oh, Master Roche, of course," said Sir William; "always up to mischief."

"Grandpapa, it was I made Roche come," interrupted Regy; "it is I who bring Roche everywhere, and he's very good."

"Oh, so I'm told," said Sir William, smiling. "Roche is a babe of grace by all accounts; but, Mary, you are the ringleader to-day."

"Shall I run home, grandpapa?" said Ida. "Mary wouldn't let me for fear I'd get wet."

"Yes, run home, little woman. Nurse will change your boots when you get in."

"Mary will come with me," said the child. "We'll run a race, Mary."

"I'd like to run, too, but it would not be dignified enough, I suppose," whispered Huntingdon.

Mary had let Ida slip to the ground.

"Come, you little tom-tit, I'll carry you," said young M'Mahon, catching her up and placing her upon his shoulder.

"Uncle Willie, uncle Willie," said the child in great glee, clutching him round the neck.

Mary gave a smiling, general bow, and she, young M'Mahon, and the children moved on, while the men returned to their cigars and deliberations.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELECTIONEERING AND OTHER MATTERS.

Mr. Huntingdon, accompanied by the rest of the gentlemen, drove next day to the neighbouring village of Lisduff. Sir William was extremely popular among the people. He was kind-hearted, liberal, and an excellent magistrate. He was a better farmer than politician, and merely took up Huntingdon because of the friendship that had existed between him and his father. He quite agreed with the philosophic remark that the man who made two blades of corn grow where one had been was man's greatest benefactor. "Equality of

rights, liberty, higher education," were a mere jingle of words to him. He did not want to cram himself with book stuff, and he could not comprehend that others had a differently constructed palate. Bread-stuff, that was the desideratum. Good crops should comprise the sum total of human desires.

It was a market day in Lisduff, and they drove slowly through the streets, the crowd receiving them in ominous silence. The coachman had to proceed cautiously because of various booths which were erected suspiciously in the way. When they arrived at the square, they got out of the carriage and mingled with the people, Sir William having a word for everyone as he passed along. He and Mr. Huntingdon called at the parochial house, where they were received politely. It was a mere matter of form, as they were well aware all the priests were in favour of the popular candidate. After a quarter of an hour's chat they returned to the carriage, from which some of the party were to address the people. The village was evidently in the hands of the enemy. There were various flags, and long green scrolls reaching across the street from house to house, on which such suggestive sentences as "Home Rule for ever," "God Save Ireland," "Unity is Strength," appeared in large white letters. A ballad-singer was shouting at the top of a very cracked voice a new version of the "Shan Van Vocht," written by some rural poet. Mr. Huntingdon and Sir William got upon the box of the carriage, and the latter proceeded to try his oratorical powers on the crowd.

"My friends, I have come here to-day——"

A voice in the crowd cried out, "You was always a friend, Sir William, why are you turnin' tail now?"

"My friends, I came here with Mr. Huntingdon."

Shouts of "No Huntingdon, down with Huntingdon, 'tis a rale huntin' we'll give him."

Mr. Huntingdon took up his hat and bowed gracefully.

"My friends, Mr. Huntingdon has come all the way from England to——"

"He ought to have staid till we sent for him, Sir Billy. We did without him for a good while."

"To have the honor of representing——"

"Oh, Lord, isn't he very fond of us all of a sudden?" said another voice.

Sir William was not blessed with a very even temper, a defect which the absolute authority of a country magnate was not calculated to correct. He became very red in the face, but restrained his indignation and began again :

"My friends, I am here——"

"'Twould be better for you to be at home," said a voice, "mindin' the pigs."

There was a general laugh and cheer. Sir William's latest hobby was the regeneration of swine; he had imported a new breed of these animals, and was feeding and rearing them after some foreign fashion.

"You ought to be savin' your bacon, Sir Billy, an' let the 'lection alone."

Sir William lost his temper and gave expression to some forcible language, rendered empathatic by a little profanity.

"Them is his prayers," said a voice; "may-be he hadn't time to say 'em this morning."

"Give him a hearin', let ye," said another. "Sir William was always a good friend—long life to ye, Sir William."

"And long life to the pigs," said a third

Sir William sat down in a white heat and took out his handkerchief to wipe his head.

"How soon ye forgot the timber he gave us out of his woods to keep the cold out of our bones in the winter," said a woman's voice.

"That's the truth, no matter if he go wrong a start."

"Three cheers for Sir William," was the answer. The cheers were given with right good will, and then silence reigned.

"Thank you, boys," said Sir William, standing again. "I knew you wouldn't refuse to give an old neighbour a hearing. All we ask is fair play, and now you will listen to Mr. Huntingdon. Though he lives out of the country, no one can say anyone was wronged on his properties. His father was an old friend of mine, and I like to stand to his son——"

"You ought to stand to your country first, Sir Billy," said a voice.

"I'll let him speak for himself now," continued Sir William, "and fair play, boys. Give everyone a hearing."

Mr. Huntingdon stood up. His eyes glanced tranquilly over the assembled crowd, and rested on a country girl who was trying to get up on a donkey cart, which the swaying and crush of the people rendered somewhat difficult. His clear sonorous voice broke the silence like the ringing of a bell.

"I have Irish blood in my veins," he said, "and I cannot begin to speak till that pretty girl who wishes to hear me is in a position to do so."

There was a general laugh. The girl was soon standing in the cart, where there were several other feminine listeners.

Mr. Huntingdon resumed—

"I am not accustomed to public speaking, and my naturally bashful disposition is against me."

"'Tis in my eye," said a voice, "yourself an' itself could be married."

There was a laugh, and the speaker continued :—

"It is not my fault that I was born an Englishman, it was an accident about which I was never consulted. I like the Irish just as well as I like the English. I should be only too happy to steal an Irish wife from among you, but fate is against me on account of my birth, and I would be rejected by the ladies as well as by you."

"Iyeh, you handsome rogue," said a female voice.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled and bowed.

"If I am ignorant of some things you think essential in your representative, I am in good hands and may be set right." He inclined his head gracefully to Sir William. "My being so little in your lovely island is, I know, against me. It was my loss. A loss I intend to repair by never remaining away for such a length of time again, and if you give me the honour of representing you in Parliament shall return to my native land, proud, indeed, and determined to be true to the trust reposed in me, by faithfully fighting for Irish rights."

There was a chorus of voices—"No, no. Home Rule for ever." "You haven't pledged yourself." "More power to your deludherin' tongue." "Three cheers for Sir William and the pigs."

There was silver showered among the birds of prey, old women and children gathered round the carriage. There were a few scattered cheers, and the carriage drove homewards.

Mr. Huntingdon sank back in the carriage exclaiming—

"By Jove, Sir William, this electioneering does stir a man's pulses. Very exhausting, though, to a novice."

"Confound themselves and their pigs," said Sir William, "one would want the temper of an angel to stand them."

It was late when they arrived at The Grange; they had very little time to refresh themselves by a change of toilet when the gong sounded for dinner. Though the day's political success was dubious, it in no wise affected their spirits. The candidate was perfectly content whatever way the contest turned out; if he were beaten in Ireland, he had only to wait for a time until one of Lord Rossroe's boroughs was vacant, and there was no difficulty about his being returned there. He could afford to take the world easy, and consequently he did so.

When Mr. Huntingdon entered the drawingroom, he appealed to the ladies for commiseration on his bad prospects, and as a rule he found them delightfully sympathetic. He sought Mary Desmond as usual.

"Well, Miss Desmond," he said, standing before her, stroking his silky moustache, "any luck with the snare? Our birds seemed rather shy, I must say, though there was plenty of chaff."

"So yours wasn't a triumphal march," said Mary. "The national knee didn't bend to do you homage."

"By Jove, no, but the national voice was very personal in its utterances occasionally; it commented on my outward man with ingenious candour, and my mental capacity was measured to a nicety."

"What did they say?" asked Mary. "I have no doubt they made very wholesome remarks: an election is a magic glass in which a man is given every view that others take of him."

"A most unflattering mirror," replied Huntingdon. "My vanity has been laid low. They gave me to understand, with admirable simplicity, that I was a fool, and that they were puzzled to know what, being a fool, I wanted to do in Parliament, while the way in which—figuratively speaking—they threw Sir William's pigs in his face was quite pitiful."

Mary laughed. "They have the greatest regard for Sir William for all that," said she; "but they are true to their principles."

"Well, Mr. Huntingdon," said Lady M'Mahon coming up, "I am glad the day has not affected your spirits."

"With such a pleasant evening before me," he answered, "I was proof against the arrows of fortune. I have been telling Miss Desmond that larger doses of unpalatable truths were given me to swallow to-day than I have ever taken before—they must have a beneficial effect. Sir William's pigs were made honourable mention of; dead cats were introduced into the conversation, but fortunately did not appear except in figures of speech; and I was kindly advised to go home and wash off my paint."

The evening passed pleasantly away. Mr. Huntingdon won the good opinion of the gentlemen in the house. He had lost some of the languid manner which had disposed them to judge him as unmanly and affected. His stay in Ireland was evidently having a beneficial effect on him. It was the first time he had got off the beaten track of a luxurious routine existence passed in the fashionable world, where amusement was the end and aim of life.

Captain Crosbie kept aloof from Mary, though he never lost consciousness of her presence. He listened to the various remarks made on Mr. Huntingdon's attention to her, and began to speculate himself on the possibility of its being serious. He did not take his manner as a faithful index of his feelings, for he knew it was his usual one where pretty women were concerned; yet there might be a deeper meaning in it. Mary was a sufficient cause for any such effect.

She was certainly the most attractive girl at The Grange. Her sweet, frank manner never degenerated into fastness, and her gaiety was infectious. The animal spirits of some full-blooded, loud-voiced, thoroughly robust persons have often rather a depressing effect on others of a less exuberant vitality. They are stricken with a sense of their incapacity for such high-pressure cheerfulness, they are put by it altogether below the mark; they smile feebly in forced sympathy with the strong cast-iron laughter of their oppressor, and their little words float on the great roaring tide of opposing speech like fragmentary straws.

Mary's merriment was of that kind which is effective in a house, but never oppressive.

"Why, Mary, I thought you and Captain Crosbie should be great friends; your mother had always a great regard for him," said Lady M'Mahon; "and you seem very distant to each other."

"It is not my fault, Lady M'Mahon," answered Mary. "I'd speak to him if he spoke to me."

"He's a very good fellow," said Lady M'Mahon. "I wonder he doesn't get married."

"He must be a woman hater," said Helen M'Mahon. "I have devoted all my spare moments to him, and I am sure he is not in the least impressed by my agreeableness. It would be quite delightful to touch the heart of a man like him."

"I think you would find it difficult to effect, Helen," said her mother. "He doesn't wear his heart upon his sleeve, and when Captain Crosbie loves a girl he won't do so lightly."

"Well, mother, he won't love me, that's one thing certain. I have tried all my blandishments, and I'm afraid I didn't even amuse him. I was acting the part of Madame de Maintenon."

Lady M'Mahon had come into the girls' room a few minutes before retiring, and sat in an arm chair before the fire.

"I'm sorry for it, my dear," she said in answer to her daughter's last remark. "I think so well of Captain Crosbie that I should have no fear for your happiness if you fancied each other."

"Would you think him good enough and young enough for Helen?" asked Mary interrogatively.

"Indeed I should," was the reply. "Captain Crosbie is good enough and young enough for any girl. His affection would be something more real and assured than the love of a boy, that is often but the outcome of enthusiasm and fancy. Then Captain Crosbie has the advantage of being able to marry at once. Engagements are a weary thing."

Helen M'Mahon sighed. She thought of a youthful face on a hill

station in Afghanistan, which she might never see again, and she thought uncertainty was unutterably weary.

"What can people do but wait?" said Mary. "If they love each other, they won't think of anyone else."

"Well, romance and engagements will be to the end of time," said Lady Mahon. "Some will turn out well, and some will turn out badly, just like marriages, and just like everything else in life. I wish you would not go to-morrow, Mary. Helen would like to have you for a few more days."

"I should be delighted," said Mary, "but mother has such a cold, and I am sure she is lonely without me. Peter will be at the Cross to-morrow to meet me."

"I don't like to press you, dear, as she is not quite well; but you will soon come again? You know there is always a welcome for you."

"Indeed I feel that," said Mary, clasping her round the neck from behind. "You are very good to me."

"Remember, that's mother's very best head-dress," said Helen. "Restrain your ardour accordingly."

"You must enjoy having Mr. Huntingdon at Fintona," said Lady M'Mahon; "he seems very agreeable."

"Oh, indeed I do," said Mary. "He is great fun, and it is very pleasant when they drop in to tea sometimes."

"Were you as friendly as that? He seems to admire you very much, Mary."

"He seems to admire everyone," answered Mary, laughing. "He has a most devotional manner. If he asked you to have a second cup of tea, anyone not listening to the words might take it to be a declaration of love. But I like him very much; he is really entertaining to talk to for a while."

"But he has paid you more attention than anyone else. How do you know what might come of it?"

"Dear Lady M'Mahon, are you really serious?" asked Mary in astonishment. "What on earth should come of it but amusement? I, a poor girl; how could anyone dream of such a thing?"

"They do, my dear, all the same, but it is evident you are not one of them."

"Such a thought would never occur to me," answered Mary. "Is it because he was civil and attentive to me? Why, I believe he is engaged to Lord Rossroe's daughter. Oh, would it not be horrible if people thought that he was flirting with me and that I was encouraging him?"

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear. No one will suspect you of doing anything unmaidenly. It is only natural you should be intimate, and he is a sort of cousin, too."

"A very distant one. Would it not be awful, though, if anyone thought I looked seriously on his attentions? If he asked me to marry him, and I refused, every one would say what a fool I was; and yet what should I do if I had to spend my life with him, though, indeed, I like him greatly? But, thank God, there is not the least fear he will tempt me."

"Would it be a great temptaion?" asked Lady M'Mahon.

"It would not," answered Mary. "The world would not tempt me to marry a man I didn't care about."

"Ah, girls! how differently you will value the gifts of fortune in ten years' time! Youth is independent of everything—it is sufficient for itself."

"I hope I may be the very same to the day of my death," said Mary. "Mother is not rich, and of course some people look down on us for that; but are not those whose friendship we value fond of us? I don't care in the least what view the great world takes of me; I am as happy as a wild bird in Fintona woods."

"But we hope to see you married, Mary; it would be a great happiness to your mother to have you well provided for."

"Oh, have I not Harry to take care of my old age?" answered Mary, laughing.

"I heard, mamma, that the Dorans are very attentive to Captain Crosbie, hoping he would take a fancy to Julia."

"It is not kind, my dear, to say a family are polite to a man for such a motive; probably the Dorans did invite Captain Crosbie, and would be very glad if he and Julia fancied each other; he is a very desirable match. I am sorry I did not hear that before. I could have asked her here, and they would have met on neutral ground. We can ask them at Christmas. Julia is a very nice girl. Good night, my dears, it is time for me to take myself away," and Lady M'Mahon kissed the two girls and retired to her room.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE LATTICE.

SECURELY, through the sonnet's fourteen bars
 As from a lattice, Poesy looks down,
 While other citadels of song are blown
 Into the dust with every wind that wars.
 No storms assail her here, no fashion mars :
 Immortal wreaths have round her casement grown
 Through which she marks our human smile and frown,
 Or lifts a pensive gaze to holy stars.

O Poesy, be ever safe immured
 Here where the mightiest have paused to sing,
 And fledgling bards lisped forth their waking note ;
 And, haply to thy cloister-prison lured,
 May flights of music stay a wandering wing,
 As once of old in Barbara's tower remote.

ELINOR MARY SWEETMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

1. The tenth volume of the Pseudonym Library, published by Fisher Unwin (London : Paternoster Square), is "John Sherman," by Ganconagh. Like the writers of the No Name Series, published on the other side of the Atlantic at Boston, and like the nymph in Virgil's Eclogue who runs away to hide herself but *cupit ante videri*, these pseudonymous authors have no objection to be known by their real names ; and accordingly Ganconagh claims as his own a song already given to the world by Mr. William B. Yeats. We are therefore justified in recognising our young Irish poet in this new character of storyteller. It is an additional surprise to find that this novel does not deal with anything wild or fantastical, but is a pleasant narrative treating of ordinary persons and events. It is not a prose-poem like Longfellow's "Hyperion," but a real story like his "Kavanagh." The scene shifts backwards and forwards from Ballah, a little town in the west of Ireland, to London, and from London back to Ballah. The descriptions both of scenery and character are full of quaint little touches of very subtle observation. The style is perhaps most remarkable for a dainty simplicity, lit up now and then by a striking thought

and even a brilliant aphorism. We shall watch with interest the impression made by this story on the Saxon critics—who will be considerably puzzled by the wild Celtic phantasy, “*Dhoya*,” which fills the last twenty-five of the long, narrow pages of this aesthetically printed volume, already in its second edition.

2. Mr. T. D. Sullivan (who on the titlepage suppresses the initials M.P.) has gathered “*Blanaid, and other Irish Historical and Legendary poems from the Gaelic*,” into one volume, which has been admirably produced by the publishers, Messrs. Charles Eason and Son of Dublin. The subject of the title-poem was treated by the late Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce; but Mr. Sullivan tells the story more lightly and rapidly in a series of ballads. He deals with our old legends in quite a different spirit from Aubrey de Vere, and still more from Sir Samuel Ferguson, in whose stern epic strain the same names often figure. “*Blanaid*” only occupies a fourth part of these two hundred pages, three of the others being almost equal to it in length—“*Aillean and Baille*,” “*Ossian’s Journey to the Land of Youth*,” and “*The Voyage of the O’Corras*.” Mr. Sullivan has the full spirit of the true Irish bard, and tells the old tales delightfully. Yet we prefer the short ballad at the end best of all, the long familiar and ever welcome “*Death of O’Connor Mac Nessa*,” which is as pleasant as a story and as holy as a sermon.

3. “*Peter, or the Power of a Good Education*,” by Don Bosco (London: Burns and Oates) is presented in a readable form in English by the zealous Irish lady to whom we owe a *Life of Don Bosco*. As Lady Martin gave her name on previous titlepages, we venture to thank her by name for this fresh fruit of her piety and literary taste.

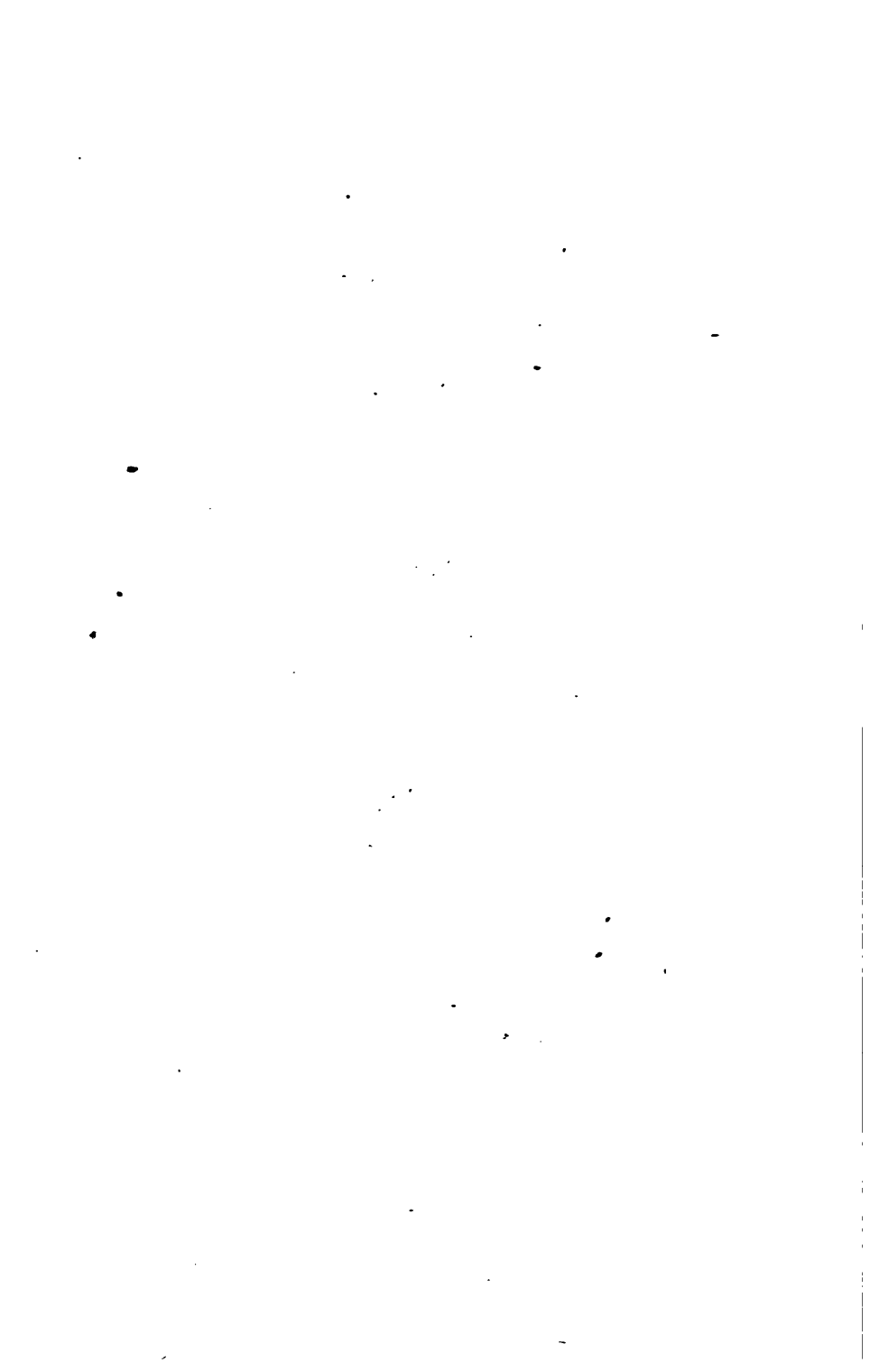
4. Among the latest publications of Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, are volumes 7 and 8 of the sermons of Father Francis Hunolt, S.J., translated from the German by the Rev. Dr. Allen of South Africa. Each of these volumes consists of five hundred large octavo pages, and the price of both together is five dollars. They are well printed and strongly bound. Four remaining volumes are in preparation, but each set of two volumes has a certain completeness and unity of subject. The sermons are admirable in their fulness and solidity, and Dr. Allen has discharged his difficult and laborious office in a careful and thoroughly competent matter. The marginal notes and the indexes increase greatly the practical utility of this work, which our priests at home will fully appreciate when they become acquainted with it.

5. The same firm sends us the ninth annual issue of "The Catholic Home Almanac," which is really excellent, far better than anything of the sort produced on this side of the Atlantic. The illustrations are all good and sometimes beautiful, and they are very numerous. There is a great deal of varied and interesting matter, the best of the stories being by Miss Sarah Trainer Smith. In a much smaller and more convenient book-form appears "The Catholic Family Annual" of the Catholic Publication Society of New York. It is in its twenty-fourth year. Much of its contents is specially interesting to American readers, but it is excellent value anywhere.

6. "A Jacobite Narrative of the War in Ireland, 1688-1691, with illustrative letters and papers," is announced as on the eve of publication. It is edited by Mr. John T. Gilbert, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., who is the highest authority on Irish historical literature of the period, on which many of his works have thrown new light. This new volume, which is limited to two hundred copies for subscribers, will, among other illustrations, reproduce the rare portrait of Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, Commander-in-Chief of the Jacobite forces in Ireland, with a fac-simile of his letters.

7. The Catholic Truth Society has sent forth another issue of useful penny tracts, and a shilling volume of the papers read at its recent conference by the Bishop of Salford, Father Casartelli, Miss Agnes Lambert, and others. We must postpone till next year our notice of the Reminiscences of the late Dr. R. R. Madden (London: Ward and Downer), and Mr. Heneage Dering's translation of Fr. Liberatore's Political Economy.





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